SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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A list of authors and their contributions for

JULY, 1934

Will Roosevelt Surrender?

John T. Flynn—Roosevelt Faces 1936 1

Stuart Chase—If Roosevelt Fails 7

David Cushman Coyle—Recovery, Reform—or Both? 13

Helene Mullins—The Philosopher's Farewell to His Body—*A Poem* 12

Kimball Flaccus—Elizabeth—*A Poem* 15

James Boyd—The Dark Shore—*A Novel*—Part III 16

Mary Ellen Chase—The American Father Attends His Wife's Reunion 22

Edward Harris Heth—Primer for Maine—*A Story* 25

Stephen Bonsal—Heyday in a Vanished World—The Emperor's Funeral—John L. Sullivan, Saloon-Keeper 29

Virgilia Peterson—Where the Apple Reddens—*A Story* 36

Straws in the Wind:

Claude Bragdon—Mickey Mouse and What He Means 40

Helen Christine Bennett—A Housewife's Everyday Buying 43

Catherine Kearney—Nurses Are Human 46

Louise Bogan—To Wine—*A Poem* 45

William Lyon Phelps—As I Like It 49

Books for Your Library *Book Reviews* 2

Behind the Scenes *Biographical Notes* 10

We Give You—the Hotels 12

COVER DESIGN AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

In Scribner's *Summer Fiction Number*

AN ALL-STAR CAST

Short Stories

"Mule in the Yard"—William Faulkner.
A humorous tale which ranks with the author's "Spotted Horses" (*Scribner's* for June, 1931).

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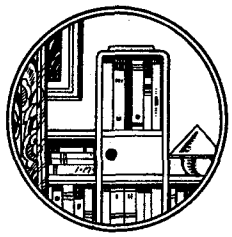

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THE NATURE OF MANN

Joseph and His Brothers. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Why should Thomas Mann choose to spend ten years in expanding a familiar biblical story? The question naturally presents itself. But consider his record. This is the man who, in his early twenties, began to write the story of his family, reading it to them in installments in the evening for diversion. The result: a masterpiece. This is the man who went to Davos Platz in Switzerland and thought it would be nice to write a short story about it. The result: ten years later, *The Magic Mountain,* another masterpiece. And now, when things Jewish are at a discount in Mann's native land, he produces a three-volume novel about Joseph and his brothers. Why did he choose to do it? It's probable that he didn't choose. That he never has chosen. That in whatever he has done the subject has chosen him.

There's an advantage in this way of working—the theme proves its power in advance.

The first volume of this trilogy is before us now in translation and we can see for ourselves what strong enchantment has, for ten years, chained a Nobel Prize winner to the very ancient affairs of a small tribe of sheep herders in Asia Minor. Or perhaps we can't see fully and at once. Perhaps only gradually as the breath-taking sweep of the story unfolds do we realize what it is that Thomas Mann has fished out of the well of the past.

There is a Prelude that occupies the first fifty-six pages and serves a threefold purpose: to orient the reader in time, to introduce him to the dream-heavy intellectual background of the story, and to indicate in some measure the meaning of the book. It is a miracle of compression. The essence of a world is there. In it, too, is a subjective history of the human spirit, the measure of its self-knowledge as it has been stored up in myth and legend in the memory of the race.

And, with that, a foothold has been won in time, an outpost three thousand years in the past, from which the reader can survey what has gone before and what is to come after.

All this might seem to indicate that we are dealing with an anthropological or philosophical investigation and not a novel. Certainly it is like no other historical romance that has ever been written. But the story remains. Never has Mann's narrative skill been more brilliantly displayed. In fact, as one reads along, the conviction grows that all the author's previous work was preparation for this—his beautiful tracing of family relationships in *Buddenbrooks,* his humanization of metaphysics in *The Magic Mountain* and his constant passionate preoccupation with "the first and last of all our questioning and speaking and all our necessity; the nature of man."

If, as is arguable, one office of literature is to illuminate life, this novel makes a contribution whose full importance only time will demonstrate.

The translator, Mr. Lowe-Porter, was faced with more than ordinary difficulties and met them with his usual skill. Nevertheless there has been appreciable loss in translation—as perhaps is inevitable in the case of a writer whose clarity and precision of style are warmed and vivified by an all-pervasive humor.

Denver Lindley.

STRONG BUT NOT FLAWLESS

The Land of Plenty. By Robert Cantwell. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Because this second novel of Cantwell's goes rather to pieces in the end, and because there is still in it strength and charm, breadth of conception and fine writing, it strikes me as being that common phenomenon in the case of young writers just getting into their stride: a second-rate novel by a first-rate talent.

Whether the author is too ambitious and hasty in this instance, or whether he never will master the art of organization, I cannot say: it is clear only that *The Land of Plenty*

(*Continued on page 4*)

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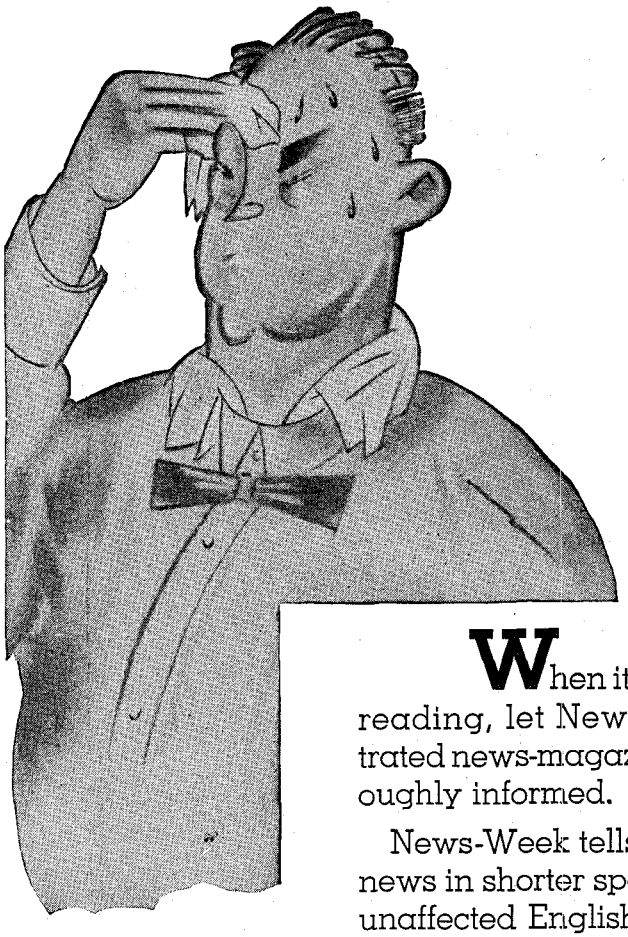

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(Continued from page 2)

lays down a lot of true and even bricks and ends up without a building. The first half of the book concentrates upon one hour in a Western lumber factory where the lights have gone off on the night shift, working on the eve of the Fourth to get out a rush order. In the dark, still heat, the threads of dissatisfaction and frustration—the relations of working men and working women, of bosses and their stooges—are picked out one by one, and suddenly woven into the rough web of insubordination. And so far it is very good, with the factory, rather than any one character, dominating the whole, giving spirit to the whole, looming there idle and immanent and meaningful, a fine study in realism. But in the second part, "The Education of a Worker," this central point is forsaken for the scattered houses of the mill town, from where the various people are finally drawn to mix in an unorganized and tragically futile strike that leaves young Hagen with a groundwork of bitter understanding, with memories of his fellows mobbed and beaten, his girl slugged, his father shot down. The trouble, I imagine, lies in the fact that this youngster whose education we follow has not been given sufficient importance as a character to draw things to a focus before the climactic movement. But if the book thus seems to fail in fulfilling the promise of its earlier chapters, it is largely because it promised so much. From first to last there is a strong stir of life in it, a good rank breath of reality. These people are no mere types; their desperate situation is no piffling exception. Here, Cantwell says by implication, is the way things stand in your land of plenty, and what do you know about that. It is because what he has to say is so sound and good that you wish its fictional expression could have been better.

OTIS FERGUSON.

CHRISTIANITY AND NO JOKING

STATESMANSHIP AND RELIGION. By Henry A. Wallace. Round Table Press. $2.

CRISIS GOVERNMENT. By Lindsay Rogers. W. W. Norton & Co. $1.75.

Older than the mother-in-law joke and just as sure-fire is the wisecrack to the effect that Christianity might turn out to be a good thing if ever it were tried. When Secretary of Agriculture Wallace says in his new book, "It is the job of government, as I see it, to devise and develop the social machinery which will work out the implications of the social message of the old prophets and of the Sermon on the Mount," he is using phrases which have slid off political and clerical tongues so easily and so often that they do not strike with a blow that could be described as shattering. What arrests one's attention is the simple truth that Mr. Wallace, who is not a glib man, knows what he is saying and means it; and that in a time of danger, the Administration, for which he has come to be so distinguished a spokesman, is acting with that idea as its unmistakable premise.

What are the two great implications of the idea? Mr. Wallace's book puts them plainly: one, the brotherhood of man, that is, *every one belongs;* two, *a change of heart is possible*

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in any man. That the New Deal is actually being devised and operated on the assumption that this premise is valid lays it open of course to the attacks of those who hold to a different point of view; but Mr. Wallace's straightaway statement of principles should clarify matters for those whose complaint is that the Administration is utterly inconsistent and without a philosophy. Mr. Wallace is not naïve; he knows that the material of government and religion alike is flesh-and-blood men—some great, some small, and all human—and he knows that the machinery of control is important. What he is concerned to point out here is the simple and always revolutionary notion that men's hearts are infinitely more important. This *is* Christianity; let its friends and enemies make the most of it.

Professor Lindsay Rogers' *Crisis Government,* a properly informed, rapid and facile survey of the vicissitudes of parliamentary institutions since the war, is in tone the precise opposite of Mr. Wallace's hard-won, personal revelations, being ninety-nine per cent devoted to machinery and one per cent to flesh-and-blood. The author's sincere and affectionate admiration for Mr. Roosevelt accounts for the one per cent. He would perhaps have served Mr. Roosevelt better had he put a little more time on the book.

BYRON DEXTER.

A NEW FIRST-RATE TALENT

THE UNPOSSESSED. By Tess Slesinger. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Miss Slesinger's first novel makes it amply apparent that she will offer serious competition to most of our better-known women writers. Standing at opposite poles from such a novelist as Kay Boyle, whose work once held promise of a brilliant writing career, but seems now to have degenerated into affectation and preciosity, Miss Slesinger handles the intimate relationships of men and women with the competence and penetration that were at one time the hallmarks of her elder contemporary. Widely known thus far chiefly for her short-story, *Missis Flinders,* her book is, from any standard of evaluation, an achievement of which she may well be proud.

Yet it offers a strange paradox. With many others of her literary generation, Miss Slesinger has swung to the left, and her novel represents both the power of left-doctrine and its limitations. Her purpose is to demonstrate, in fictional terms, the bankruptcy of the intellectuals, a class that has always maintained a search for abstract truth, that has always straddled political fences, and that now finds itself at a dead end. Politically, the thesis cannot be contraverted; unable, except with difficulty, to swallow the dogmas of Communism or Capitalism, the intellectuals as a class are dispossessed, unpossessed by any convictions worth consideration. Over their plight Miss Slesinger makes fine literary hay; in a long chapter entitled "The Party," she delivers herself of some of the finest social satire of our time. It has penetration, it has bite and intellectual validity. She states her case bril-

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liantly and the implications are obvious. There remain however certain aspects of the theme that somehow negate her point, that demonstrate once more the inevitable bias and limitations of a work consciously aimed at expounding a doctrine, no matter how subtly the doctrine may be expounded. For one, though she has chosen easily recognizable types of the intellectual to lambaste with a hearty vigor that speaks well for her vitality as a writer, there is not a valid intellectual in the book. They are, if they are anything at all, pseudo-intellectuals, a type as constant as the sun and the tides, that would be bankrupt spiritually, intellectually and economically under any regime.

Then again, the story, *Missis Flinders*—it does not completely fuse with Miss Slesinger's novel, is appended as a last chapter and possesses existence of its own—somehow further negates her thesis. For while she has obviously related the story of Margaret Flinders' abortion to the bankruptcy of the intellectuals ["in a regime like this, said Miles, it is a terrible thing to have a baby—it means the end of independent thought and the turning of everything into a scheme for making money"] the real dilemma here is far from the intellectual Miles' reasons for not having a baby, and the real tragedy here is Margaret Flinders' desire *for* a baby, and this human situation, whatever may have brought it about, economic pressure, illness, accident, Miss Slesinger has handled with a delicacy of perception and execution that demonstrates that she still has her eye on issues that will remain major for all time, no matter how vehemently the left wing may insist that they are minor.

Alvah C. Bessie.

In All Countries, by John Dos Passos. *Harcourt Brace.* $2.50.—In his travels through four countries—Spain, Russia, Mexico, and the U. S. A.—Dos Passos has been almost exclusively concerned with observing and listening to the fermentations which, to him, comprise the beginning of the transition to the classless world. His travel sketches and articles, and his comments on his experiences (some of them less than 500 words) concern real things, issues and people. They have vitality and importance. His great gift for perceiving the reality beneath pretense, pomposity and both conscious and unconscious deceit, raises this collection of short pieces to the rank of required reading for all who want to know what is going on in the U. S. A. and the world.

Out of Chaos, by Ilya Ehrenbourg. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. *Henry Holt.* $2.50.—Not a great but stimulating novel of Soviet life, containing elements usually absent in Soviet fiction, such as romance, philosophy, and even mysticism, things put under taboo by orthodox Communist critics. A balanced picture is the result. Against a background of giant projects in process of birth, the character of Volodya stands out as a symbol of the conflict between the old and the new, the dreamer and the man of action. Such a confusing host of people! The tempo is energetic.

Queen Victoria and Her Ministers, by Sir John Maurott. *Dutton.* $3.50.—Disraeli, Palmerston, Rosebery, Salisbury, Peel, Gladstone, and the other great figures described and analyzed in their diplomatic relations to the Queen—who was equal to them all. For the student of the Victorian age.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCVI JULY, 1934 NO. 1

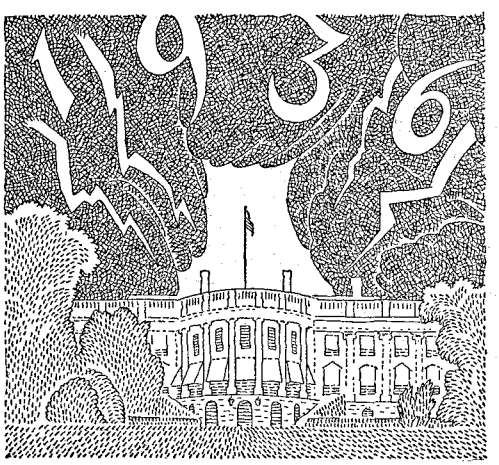
Will Roosevelt Surrender?

NOW IS THE CRUCIAL TEST OF THE NEW DEAL · BIG BUSINESS, THE INFLATIONISTS, LIBERALS, AND RADICALS ALL ARE BATTLING TO WIN THE PRESIDENT · THREE BRILLIANT ANALYSTS HERE VIEW THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC BATTLEFRONT · A GROUP OF ARTICLES BY

JOHN T. FLYNN · STUART CHASE · DAVID C. COYLE

Roosevelt Faces 1936

By John T. Flynn



It is but yesterday that Roosevelt was riding up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Lupercle, closing the banks, issuing proclamations, moving apparently with swiftness and decision through the opening scenes of the great drama of the New Deal. We have rushed so breathlessly through the hectic months since that first week that it is difficult to believe the Congress which went into power with Mr. Roosevelt has already practically ended its career. It is even more difficult to realize that before many months the generals and colonels and staff officers of the political parties will have their maps and charts out preparing for the next presidential campaign. Indeed the congressional elections a few months away are but the first skirmish of that battle.

At least two things are fairly certain. One is that the President still rides high in national favor. The other is that the generals and colonels just referred to are about as confused a set of warriors as have ever looked through the fog at an approaching battlefield. Not, indeed, since the Cleveland-Blaine battle of 1884, when Conkling "stalwarts" and Garfield "half-breeds" split the Grand Old Party, has mugwumpery obliterated party lines and factional divisions in such universal confusion.

The Democrats are as confused as the Republicans. But they are not driven to fret about it so anxiously. They are in power. But they have lost their bearings as thoroughly as their ancient enemies. The silence that envelops the leaders attests this bewilderment. The lips of the Jim Watsons, the Reed Smoots, the Herbert Hoovers, have their zippers drawn. Senator McNary, leader of the Republican Senate minority, is reported to have said the time has not arrived yet to put on their show. The truth is no one has yet been able to compose an acceptable scenario for that performance. Ogden Mills and young Teddy Roosevelt have ventured their protests in a few faltering sentences. But the sounder politicians among the Republicans see plainly enough that criticism of the President up to now is apt to go off in the hands of the gentleman behind it.

The reason is clear enough. The people like Roosevelt. He has exhibited to them a charming and reassuring personality. He stepped out on the stage in his famous act of "Happy Days Are Here Again," just as one of the world's worst tragedians was leaving the

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boards after one of the glummest monologs in history. Roosevelt came on with one of the best faces for a depression year just as Hoover left with one of the worst countenances for such a period that politics has ever turned up.

Moreover, the people liked what Roosevelt called action—any sort of action. They were sold on that idea. If a patient has cancer something *must* be done about it and they do not want a doctor who shakes his head and says, alas! there is no cure for cancer yet. Off with a leg, give the patient herbs and roots, poultice him with swamp mud, give him beetle soup, anything, so long as you do something, whether you know what you are doing or not and whether what you do makes the patient worse or not. One thing is sure, you will make him feel better for the nonce by means of the psychic anodyne.

Furthermore, the thing the American people are primarily interested in is recovery. In spite of all its breakdowns, and all the abuse heaped upon it, they are still not so much interested in radical changes in the capitalist system as they are in getting it back on the road at full speed. Roosevelt has assured them the motor is running again. They can hear the faint purring of the cylinders. There has been an unquestioned lift in business. At least it seems that way. General Johnson says it is due to the NRA. Others think it is the AAA. Still others say it was the CWA. People for the most part think it was the FDR. This being so, they like him for seeming to produce the effect they hunger for. As usual they have erected him into a giant being. He is Moses, Lycurgus, Cagliostro, Herman the Great, Houdini, Mussolini, and Rudy Vallee rolled into one. He has produced a revolution. If you ask them what the revolution is, they cannot tell you. But they like the idea just the same.

But while this is true, they are not so universally sure about all his medicines as they were a few months ago. Here and there extensive groups have begun to ask themselves if they have not been a little bit fooled about some things. The thoroughgoing inflationists, for instance, believe they have been paltered with. They bide their time but they grow weekly more bitter. Feeling in the far Middle West about the New Deal itself, apart from its chief evangelist, is full of scepticism. In Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, western Kansas and Nebraska there have been murmurs which, ere this is printed, may have risen to outright revolt. Their products—live stock, metals, sugar—have not fared so well at the hands of the New Deal. Labor groups here and there are becoming either troubled or even hostile. They feel that NRA has sold them out. In the South reactionary employers denounce the NRA and a reference to secession is received with uproarious cheers.

The veterans' bonus veto has summoned the powerful legionnaires to arms. The air mail episode, justly or unjustly, hurt the President's popularity amazingly. The big business leaders who swarmed to the Roosevelt standard now are wondering if they teamed up with a false friend. The liberals are convinced that they have been ditched. The President has made the mistake of trying to team up the Morgans and the Tugwells, the Astors and Harrimans and the Huey Longs, the Baruchs and the Wheelers. A team like that can't play together, no matter how good the quarterback. One thing only holds them all together for the time being. That is the feeling that perhaps recovery is on the way. And, as Al Smith is said to have put it, while the President is steering in that direction, it won't do for any fellow to be caught not pulling on his oar.

The most serious blow to Republican morale has been, not so much the temporary lift in business, but the NRA. When Roosevelt hoisted that banner the whole G. O. P. contribution list marched down to Washington in a body and threw itself on his neck. For years, during which millions poured into the campaign chests of Mr. Bliss and Mr. Nutt, the Republicans could not get up the courage to modify the Sherman anti-trust law. The Democrats not only did it, but handed big business on a silver platter the thing it had been praying for for twelve years—self-rule in industry. They did it without the contribution of a red cent, as one Republican editor observed, but through sheer dumbness. Now Washington swarms with industrial v.p.'s and corporation "economists" weaving the pattern of the New Deal. Mr. Myron Taylor, Mr. Alfred Sloan and Mr. H. I. Harriman, as Mr. Lippman puts it, occupied front rows in this New Deal. Just as thirty years ago a Republican Roosevelt made off with most of the salable timber in Mr. Bryan's platform, now a Democratic Roosevelt has kidnapped the Republican campaign contributors and the unwritten, but most valuable, planks of the Republican platform.

On their side, the Democrats are no less at sea. They are by no means comfortable with their new bedfellows. The Woodrow Wilson wing has seen the Sherman Law, the Clayton Act, the Federal Reserve System, the League of Nations, and all the liberal advances of Wilson's first administration torn to pieces. The Bryan wing sees the tariff made unanimous, a Democratic President supporting ship subsidies, peacetime financing with interest-bearing bonds, monopolies and mergers fostered, the extension of credit for private profit, doles to bondholders and the Democratic donkey bridled and saddled and mounted by Big Business. All the old speeches are worthless, all the old slogans and shibboleths pointless.

Statesmen on both sides of the aisle in Washington

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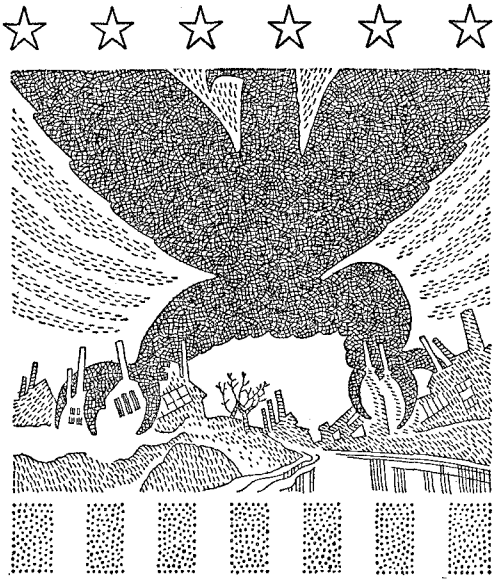
unite in but one thing—hatred of the brains trust and, that, alas, does not even exist. There never has been a brains trust, just as there never was such a person as Calvin Coolidge. Both, like Lydia Pinkham, Doctor Munyon, and Father John, are pure inventions of the advertising man in an incurably romantic country.



This hatred of the phantom brains trust is based on the fatal notion which lies at the root of all our present ills, namely, that the whole problem with us is one of politics and business; that the politicians understand the politics of the situation and the business men the business end of it and that, between them, practical men all, the thing can be worked out. The appalling omission here is that the disease is neither political nor business, but economic, and that this is a field of thought which neither politicians nor business men know anything about and that, alas, economists know little enough of and are not encouraged to know any more about. People who were shocked at the crude spectacle of an ignorant old man operating with a penknife on the paupers of Welfare Island are not at all horrified at the equally grotesque spectacle of country prosecutors, small-town bankers and big-town promoters, hardware merchants in politics and corporation lawyers, bond, rug, and grocery salesmen and a few "economists" of the type who, like medical advertising testimonial doctors, can be hired on any side of any question, dealing with the profound and terrifying problem of national economic disintegration with the tactics and philosophy of the football field under the captaincy of a quarterback.

Now the first test in this performance is at hand. The general result can hardly be questioned. The President will hold his majorities in both houses. But the special results are not so certain. The depression still holds dominion over the cerebral processes of the American people. The fate of the recovery program during the summer and fall will decide whether the Democratic majority which will certainly return to Washington will be the compliant batch of "yes" men who now hold office or an emancipated set of legislators who have looked into the eyes of their constituencies and decided that the President is no longer an omnipotent and unquestioned hero.

A collapse in business in the fall would, of course, accentuate this result. There will be, however, in my judgment, no collapse of sufficient obviousness to precipitate such action. The President can postpone it, if it seems imminent, beyond election, by increasing government spending. Critics have called attention to the fact that up to now he has not spent nearly as much as Congress has authorized. They misjudge the President. He is primarily a politician. He deliberately holds back enough to afford him a large margin for spending in the fall as political strategy may indicate. While, therefore, there will be no clear-cut collapse, there may be a slowing down of industry and such a clear necessity for expanding government outlays that faith in the recovery program and hence in the President's wizardry will be seriously shaken. The effect of that will be twofold. It will send back to Washington an emancipated and self-assertive congress filled with both credit and currency inflationists. Then will begin Mr. Roosevelt's battle for a second term.

It is interesting to me to observe how most Americans think second terms come to presidents as a matter of course and that the president who fails to get a second term is an exception. The contrary is true. Since the Civil War—that is for nearly seventy years—we have had but three presidents (out of twelve) who were elected twice in succession. Cleveland's two terms were not consecutive. In the twenty years from 1876 to 1896 no president was re-elected. Those years, like these, were dominated by the depression psychology. Historically the odds are against re-election. Even if the President knows nothing of economics or finance, he is a master politician. And we shall see how he picks his way through these next two years against the odds of history. My own belief is that there will swarm into Washington in January, 1935, a collection of senators and congressmen ablaze with inflationary zeal. And this will not make the President's difficult trick of getting re-elected any easier.

At this point the fate of recovery will control all. We have to ask ourselves, first, what will be the course of political movement if the nation experiences recovery? Second, what will happen if we have another business collapse? Third, what will be our course if, instead of recovery or crash, we merely drift along as at present under the influence of government spending?

First, what will happen if the nation experiences

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recovery? Then, the President, I believe, will go definitely to the right. He has been on that side from the beginning, though that is becoming obvious only lately. Up to now he has played radical and liberal against conservative, keeping both guessing, both claiming him, but both in doubt. With recovery, however, assuming it arrives, a difficult problem will demand attention early in the life of the new Congress. That is the fate of the NRA—that Frankenstein which the President created and which now threatens to turn upon him.

First of all, it is now becoming plain that the NRA was a triumph for big business. The minimum wage arrangements and the shorter hour plans which occupied the attention of the NRA in the first weeks of its life gave it the appearance of being a great movement to the left on the side of labor. The dubious clauses of Section 7a—the collective bargaining section—were accepted by the country as a great charter for the unions. Of course, big business had no objection to minimum wages and to shorter hours—provided they were not cut too short, as in the Black bill. But it did care a good deal about the modification of the Sherman anti-trust law, the right to make trade agreements to control prices, production, trade practices. It got all this. Then labor began to learn that the so-called collective bargaining section was a delusion and a snare and that if it was a charter for unions at all it was a charter for the hated company unions. Wages were raised, in the lower brackets chiefly, but even these wage increases were more than cancelled out by rising prices. The little business man began to realize that the pace of his extinction was noticeably accelerated under the codes. Labor came to the conclusion that it would have to fight for whatever it got under NRA as it did in the past, and now against NRA as well as against the employers. Consumers began to lift their voices. Demands for the revival of the trust laws and the creation of a labor board to protect labor, as well as for a larger share in the management of the codes by labor and, perhaps, consumers, began to trouble businessmen last spring. Big business came to the conclusion that its next step must be to hold fast to the advantages which accrued from the Sherman law modification and get rid of the perils of exorbitant labor and consumer demands and the consequent tightening of government control.

If we have recovery there seems little doubt that big business leaders will have an excellent chance of succeeding in this. First of all, it is doubtful if the whole NRA scheme could be successfully piloted past the Supreme Court if the emergency passes. This will give the administration good reason for wishing to find a formula for dealing with the situation when the NRA expires next June. Who will find that formula? Will the Republicans beat Roosevelt to the solution? That logically should be their objective. The Republican party is still the party of big business even though the faithful have for the moment wandered from the fold. If it can work out a proposal to ditch the NRA, get the benefit of all the dissatisfaction it has engendered, and at the same time save for big business the modification of the anti-trust laws on the theory that business must be permitted to organize to end the evils of unrestrained competition, and do all this with a flourish of phrases about Americanism, individualism, prosperity, and so on, it may yet regain its old position, though hardly in time to be re-elected in 1936 if prosperity returns and continues.

But it has one outside chance. Prosperity must not merely return, it must linger with us for a while. Prosperity by the end of 1934 and continuing into 1935 and the early part of 1936 would beyond a doubt be ready for a new collapse as the elections approach. If the life of prosperity should follow that curve the Republicans would be in a position to contest the election powerfully with Roosevelt and, even if they did not win, could recapture much of their lost place in Congress and, beyond a doubt, some of their old control over various naturally Republican states.

On the other hand, Roosevelt may find this formula first. And if he does he will be in a way of destroying the Republican party altogether and making the Democratic party the party of big business. If prosperity comes, I look for that development. Roosevelt's natural position is on the right. Johnson once before announced that he favored turning the NRA over to the tender mercies of the Chamber of Commerce. Roosevelt did not denounce that bold move. On the contrary, he merely said the time was not yet ripe for it. When will the time be ripe? When prosperity returns, when the administration must face the question of continuing or ending the NRA, in the early days of the next Congress? The NRA could be turned over to the Chamber by the simple expedient of permitting the NRA Act to lapse, and passing a law modifying the anti-trust laws. Labor could clamor. But organized labor as at present led would possibly support the scheme. Matthew Woll has already declared for the modification of the anti-trust laws. If Roosevelt makes this surrender to big business—and it is probable in the event of recovery this year—the Democratic party will be entrenched as the champion of organized business. If recovery continues Roosevelt will sail through to an unprecedented victory. If recovery wanes and we begin another depression in 1936, he will no longer be able to retreat to the liberal position. He will be hopelessly discredited. The historic moment will have arrived for the launching of a powerful third party upon modern radical economic issues.

But suppose the second alternative should be our lot.

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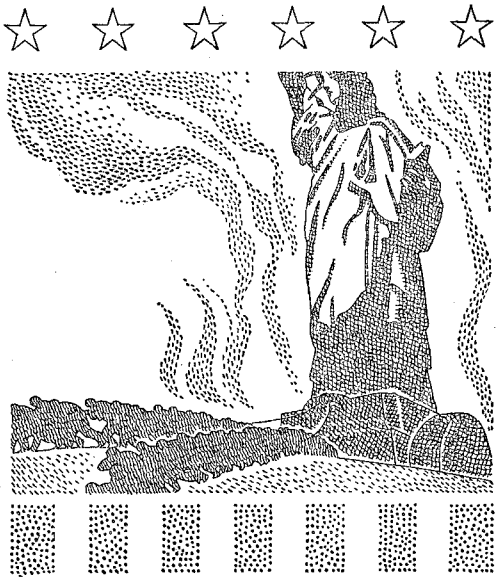
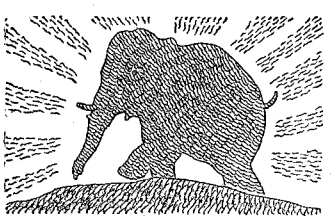


Suppose we should suffer another business collapse. I cannot help doubting that we will have such a complete collapse—anything resembling March, 1933. After all Roosevelt has in his hands already too many implements for staving it off for a good while. He would clearly be able to see it developing. He could then call upon any one or all of several weapons. First of all he has expended almost three billions less in emergency funds than he estimated in his budget message and he could put these into service. He still has large powers to inflate the currency under the Thomas bill and, since he has devalued the dollar in terms of gold, could expand the currency a billion or two with very little difficulty. Whatever was done would, of course, be rushed forward without any confession of default being made. We would be told it was done to put the finishing touches on the great structure of good times already approaching completion. I think, therefore, we may dismiss the possibility of a major complete collapse unless the President falls into the hands of some pretty rash adviser.

The third alternative is altogether more probable, namely that we shall dawdle along up and down the fitful curves of business. There is not the slightest doubt that the current lift in business—which has been unmistakable—has been due almost entirely to the infusion of government funds into the blood stream of industry. The casual observer has perhaps taken no heed of the extent to which this has gone on. Since October 1, 1933, up to the middle of April, 1934, or a little over six months, the government had poured $3,116,222,000 into circulation—cold cash paid out in emergency expenditures by the federal government over and above the general expenses of the government. This represents money paid to farmers, to workers, to banks, to railroads, to public works projects. This means that nearly $470,000,000 a month has been handed out by the government in those six months. Last year in the same period the government emergency expenditures were about $112,000,000 a month.



These vast outlays, paid out in relief, in wages, in various forms, moving on into circulation, would easily account for all the improvement that has begun in business. I do not here criticise these outlays. But we ought to be realistic about the matter and recognize that the results which have flowed from these rescue funds cannot be described as recovery.

As long as these payments continue we will be protected against any such dramatic collapse as visited us at the end of the Hoover administration. But as the condition continues the government will be compelled to increase, rather than decrease, these payments, in order to keep up the appearance of survival. If then it is a continuance of this condition which lingers with us, what will be the course of politics as the first moves in the next presidential battle are made?

In what direction will the President move? Will he go to the right or to the left? Up to now observers like Mr. Mark Sullivan, who was one of Mr. Hoover's stalwarts, have been describing the NRA, the AAA and various other Roosevelt stratagems as a trend to communism. Of course, nothing could be more preposterous. Putting business trade associations in charge of business, recognizing the Steel Institute as the legislative and directing body of the steel industry—to take a single example—is not communism. Paying out huge sums of money to private corporations to keep them afloat and to perpetuate private ownership; guaranteeing the deposits of privately owned banks; paying out vast sums in subsidies to private proprietors—whatever it may be, and whether wise or not, this certainly is not communism or socialism. Yielding to various types of vociferous minorities seeking special treatment is not going to the left. A government is not moving to the left when it grants a subsidy in the form of a tariff to a Pennsylvania steel manufacturer. And it is no more on the left when it grants tariffs and bounties to wheat growers. Mr. Roosevelt up to now has been using the rich resources of his political talents to preserve the capitalist system intact and he has resisted in every possible way any attempt to make any breaches in the shaky walls of that system. It is unfair and untrue to criticise him as a potential communist. When he yields on the question of fundamental economic control and fundamental economic objectives, he will be moving to the left and not until then. The presence of a single alleged radical professor—Rexford Tugwell—as an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture is seized on as a mark of Roosevelt's radicalism. But Tugwell is outweighed by a host of reactionary souls in posts of the highest importance—Secretary of Commerce Roper, Secretary Hull, Secretary Swanson, a big navy fanatic, Secretary Morgenthau and, above all, a swarm of former Wall

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Street and big business subalterns who hold posts of control in all these departments.

The failure of recovery to establish itself will have some fairly certain effects. First, the inflationists will sweep over Washington like a storm, and with irresistible force. Then will descend upon the capital all the industrious pressure groups, the veterans' lobby, the bank depositors' lobby, the silver lobby, the sales tax lobby, the tariff lobby, and a whole host of lobbies representing insistent bodies of voters who believe that the technic of recovery consists in putting the public treasury at their disposal.

Will Roosevelt, thus beset by legions which cannot be put off longer with clever political compromises, elect to fight them and die in a last-ditch battle like Grover Cleveland, or will he continue to be the perennial politician and hunt for the most numerous groups with which to ally himself?

By this time, the Republicans will have recovered sufficiently to make things unpleasant for him among the "sound" Americans. Big business will be ferociously against the panaceas, for all of them will involve heavier taxation. It would be easy to forecast what Mr. Roosevelt would do if he had a policy and a philosophy. But no one can say what Mr. Roosevelt's social and economic philosophy is. One can only guess at this. There is good reason to believe that all the elaborate devices for bringing back happy days do not sit easily on Roosevelt's type of mind. He is, like so many other Democratic liberals, an old-fashioned liberal after all, who, despite what he was led to say in speeches, believes in rugged individualism. Many signs in Washington indicate that he is losing his cocky confidence in his own measures. He has publicly confessed the failure of his money policy. As I write he is said to be very glum over the NRA mess. Members of his cabinet talk out more freely about individualism, about old-fashioned freedom of action, about the dangers of regimentation.

But as the situation develops retreat from "doing something about it" is going to be more and more difficult. The problems will become more imperious in their demands. His own party followers are going to press for action of all sorts. He has but two shots left in his locker—credit inflation and money inflation. The former he may attempt with a great housing program. This he should have set in motion when he was inaugurated. It would be on the way to producing results now. But he threw away that golden opportunity largely through the folly of General Johnson who sold him the idea that the NRA would produce recovery. He may resort to housing now, but perhaps now it is too late. It is certainly too late to produce results fast enough for the inflationists. Hence in the end he may find currency inflation or perhaps a combination of the two—housing financed by government money issues—the easiest course. Currency inflation will fail to produce the results prayed for, of course, except for a fleeting moment. Meantime the tax problem will grow insistent. This will consolidate the owning and employing groups once again under the banner of the Grand Old Party where they logically belong.

There still remains the inevitable rise of a third party. What form will it take? Alas, outside the two leading parties are assembled every conceivable variety of political opinion. There are the socialists who have a definite economic and social philosophy. But there are many hues and shades of socialists. There are groups such as Doctor Dewey's League for Independent Political Action—the L. I. P. A.—which includes many socialist thinkers as well as leaders and also many extreme left-wing liberals who cannot be called socialists. Then there is a Farmer-Labor party which has led a kind of casual existence in the Middle West but is now being galvanized into promising vitality by a group of younger leaders such as Howard Williams, of the L. I. P. A., and Alfred M. Bingham, a son of former United States Senator Bingham and one of the ablest and most active of the young radicals. There will have to be a good many compromises of opinions to weld together all the forces of discontent which have given up hope of intelligent action from the two old parties. If Roosevelt stands firm against inflation there is no doubt that the inflationists' group, led by such men as Father Coughlin, will be ready to make a common cause with any party which will put the money issue near the top of its standards. The raw material of growing discontent and hopelessness, if recovery withholds its return much longer, will present a third party leadership with a magnificent opportunity. A third party may decide the election in 1936. If it does, it will be Mr. Roosevelt who will be the victim of its rise and power.

Stuart Chase in discussing the economic future presents a point of view differing in several particulars from that of Mr. Flynn in his political analysis above. The analyses by these two effective and well-known critics are supplemented by David C. Coyle's article, following Mr. Chase's, in which he presents a definite program for revival of the heavy industries.

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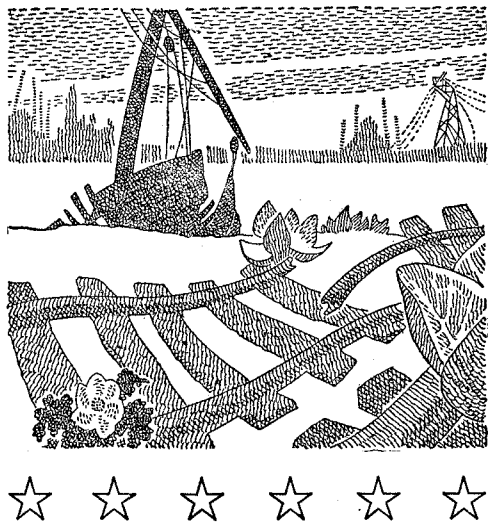
If Roosevelt Fails

An Analysis of Alternatives and a Call for a Program

By Stuart Chase



THE blast of Professor Doctor Wirt was the opening gun in a campaign which I expect to see grow in volume and intensity. It is a minor matter that the gun exploded in the breach. The big news in the story was the enormous public interest which the charges stirred up. One does not have nation-wide hook-ups to congressional committee rooms unless the nation is eager to listen in. More and more we shall hear the phrases "long-haired professors," "impractical visionaries," "theoretical cranks," "orders from Moscow." The old slogans will be taken out of camphor, dusted off, and discharged in all directions.

The campaign will be headed by hungry Republicans, by Wall Street boys who do not want to be regulated, and by certain big business men who are eager to get their feet in the trough again. Behind these field marshals will march multitudes of privates with a grievance against life in general, and too ignorant or too weary to make an attempt to understand the world in which they live. It will be a formidable aggregation, controlling a great deal of publicity, and I look for mounting salvos.

I understand, if I cannot agree with, the business man who honestly believes in another whirl of the business cycle. Thousands do. He wants a profitable boom tomorrow, and is willing to take his chance on the depression of 1941. He knows that under the traditions of business, what goes up must come down, and that booms and depressions have recurred in regular sequence for a century. He is perfectly correct in assuming, furthermore, that profitable booms are not compatible with extensive government regulation. He is tired and sick of being in the red. A healthy smear of black ink on his ledgers looks better to him than all the constructive legislation ever heard of to prevent future panics. So he cries: Get the government and the meddling Brains Trust out of business, and give us a chance! The United States Chamber of Commerce is making the welkin ring as I write.

This is a perfectly understandable, human position. But—and here is the point—if we unregulate the business man completely, will he get his boom? Is he correct in assuming that there is another whirl or two in the traditional business cycle? The only argument he advances is that booms have always succeeded depressions in the past—look at '73, look at '93, look at '21. This is the same kind of argument the horse and carriage makers advanced when the automobile came along: people had always ridden in carriages and always would.

I am convinced that we cannot go back to the Good Old Days of booms and depressions, much as many of us would like to. Why? Because capitalism, to put it bluntly, has walked out on us. The government did not push it out, it took up its plug hat and walked out. After one hundred fifty years of progress onward and upward, we came to a day in March, 1933, when every bank was closed. Check money had ceased to function, and check money of course is the only important kind of money in the modern world. Private capitalism, as a means for keeping the economic machine going, had reached its end. In a few more days, without instant and spirited government intervention, the nation would have toppled into an abyss of indescribable confusion. The government got the banks open, got check money circulating again, and ever since that day has stood under the economic system as foundation stones stand under a house.

Why did capitalism collapse as an automatic, self-governing system, and why cannot it be cranked up again? There seem to be some rather cogent reasons.

The flywheel of the capitalist engine is the manufacture of capital goods. Unless new opportunities for profitable investment are constantly opening up, unless new factories, mines, skyscrapers, apartment houses, are constantly being built, the engine will not turn over. It is the wages and salaries paid to the workers who produce capital goods, plus the wages and salaries of those who make consumers' goods, which barely provides a big enough pot of purchasing power to clear the shelves of the consumers' goods and services pro-

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duced. In 1928 and 1929, we needed some 15 billions worth of new capital goods, employing about 10 million workers, to keep the system going. Even then there were more than 3 million unemployed. If the flywheel halts, discharging workers, diminishing their purchasing power. the whole capitalist economy goes into a tailspin.

To keep capitalism in operation as a self-supporting system today, we need capital goods industries paying good wages to 10 million workers. In that every new factory built in this division increases the amount of goods which can be thrown on the market, the capital goods division must constantly *grow larger*. It has steadily expanded for one hundred years at a compound interest rate of around 4 per cent, and it *must continue*. Capitalism is an expanding system; it cannot stand still. If it is to expand, new markets must constantly be found—at home or abroad. In the past they were found. Capital goods workers were kept busy building new factories for bigger populations and expanding trade. Capitalism was a ruthless system, but it met the pragmatic test and worked. Unless, however, new opportunities for profitable investment are constantly opening, profits and interest will lie frozen in banks, and not enough purchasing power will be released to buy consumers' goods save at ruinous prices.

Where today shall we turn for expanding markets and bright hopes of profitable investment? Six barriers block the road.

1. Population is growing very slowly now, both in the United States and in the West generally. Here we shall probably reach a maximum by 1940 and then decline. This puts a definite limit on zooming real estate values which, when all is said and done, have been at the heart of American business expansion since the *Mayflower* landed. From one point of view our history might be written in terms of one great real estate boom.

2. The frontier has closed. We no longer have free lands to colonize and develop.

3. Foreign trade is virtually at a standstill due to economic nationalism, and the equipping of backward nations with factories and power lines of their own.

4. The American industrial plant (the capital goods sector) had been built, by 1929, to a point where it could produce, on the average, twice what the market called for. There were at least three times as many woolen mills, for instance, as the nation needed, and four times too many filling stations. Meanwhile agricultural surpluses in wheat, cotton, oranges, what not, were beginning to pile up. Precisely where is a field for profitable investment, with such an excess of productive capacity everywhere? Look at the surplus of skyscrapers in New York. Who wants to put money into new skyscrapers?

5. Technological unemployment—the displacement of the man by the machine—is steadily whittling away at purchasing power, all over the industrial front. Improvements are made in depressions rather faster than in normal times.

6. There is no great new industry on the horizon. It must be something *brand* new, like the automobile, to have much effect. If it is a new substitute, like electric furnaces for oil furnaces, it helps capitalism very little, for it may destroy more jobs than it creates.

Now we might hurdle one or two of these barriers, but capitalism must hurdle all six to get on its feet again. And once it has hurdled them, it must keep on accelerating the production of capital goods. The only way I can see to do it would be to start a vigorous war. This opens up vast opportunities for profitable investment—until the debts come home to roost a few years later. But in modern wars, alas, the government always does more controlling of business than ever. This is no solution for business men who want to be let alone.

Another way to describe the impasse of old-style capitalism would be this. Modern power age technical methods have loaded the *supply* side of the supply and demand equation. Too much cotton for the market to absorb; too much copper, butter, radio sets, boots, steel rails, what you will. Great surpluses are overhanging the market. Similarly a great surplus of labor, due to technological unemployment, overhangs the market; similarly capital itself is a drug on the market, with excess plant capacity on every hand. Capitalism is a scarcity system, developed in a shortage economy where demand constantly outran supply. It is increasingly bewildered and battered in an abundance economy where supply outruns demand. There is no hope for old-style capitalism when the curb of invention and cheapened processes reaches a certain point. Sooner or later that point *must* be reached. I am convinced that it was reached about 1930 in the United States, and that the depression was the inevitable result. If I am correct, this makes a new type of depression altogether.

If we are to eat—millions of us—ways and means must be found to plug the hole left by the collapse of the capital goods sector; by the abdication of old-style capitalism. A year ago and more, President Roosevelt and his advisers rushed courageously into the breach. They distributed federal relief and rebates to farmers, raised wages through the NRA, got under the banks and insurance companies, devalued the dollar, and all the rest of it. A fine hodge-podge if you will, but *they plugged the hole*. Make no mistake about this: it was the government which kept the economic mechanism turning over, and it does not behoove us to be overcritical about how it was done. Anything is better than the pit we were headed for when the banks began to snap in February, 1933. The Durable Goods Industrial Committee estimates that one-third of the whole na-

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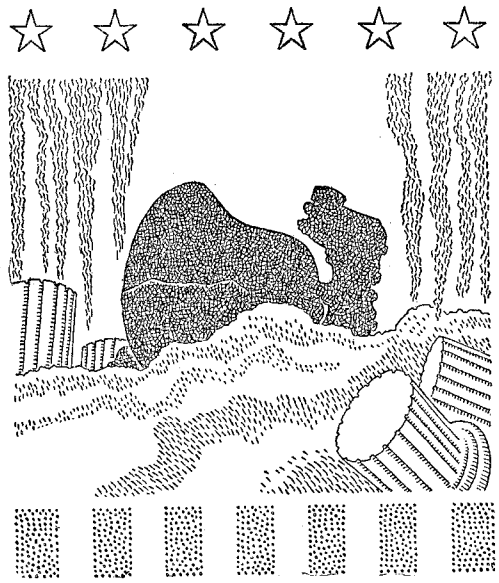
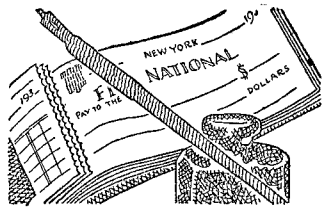


tional income in 1933 was provided directly or indirectly from government sources, and expects 40 per cent to be so provided in 1934. Uncle Sam is underwriting American industry to the tune of 7 or 8 billions a year.

The machine has revolved, and most of us have eaten if no more, but the capital goods industries are still flat on their back. New construction in 1933, for instance, was less than a quarter of what it was in 1929. What small stimulus it has lately received has been chiefly from the government public works program. The old flywheel is still all but lifeless. If the Securities Act were abolished, the effect would be small, for the anemia which afflicts new capital issues lies much deeper.

I do not deny that the capital goods industries can be revived to a degree. They might even enjoy a little boom. But the fuel which would make them burn more brightly would be primarily the installation of those improved processes and labor-saving devices which have been steadily perfected during the depression. When the installations were duly made by the more progressive business units, manpower would be discharged, while the less progressive units would be forced out of business, turning *their* manpower upon the streets. Furthermore, this boomlet, if we got it, would hardly be sufficient to absorb seven or eight million workers, and hold out that promise of steady expansion without which private capitalism cannot operate unaided.

Due to prodigious government spending, business in the consumers' goods sector is feeling better. A few black ink figures are to be seen, and confidence is returning. The business man's spine is a function of his profit and loss account, and now many spines are stiffening. The campaign is on to discredit the Administration, decapitate the Brains Trust, throw the government out of industry, and allow capitalism to function as heretofore. And the campaign managers are too shortsighted to see that what brought them their black ink, stiffened their spines, and made them sleep again of nights, is precisely the thing which they now want to kick downstairs.



Suppose that the President gave in to their demands, and said: "All right, boys, take the system back. It keeps *me* awake of nights, and is just one headache after another. I'm sick and tired of the whole thing, and I'll be delighted to be relieved of the responsibility." So he pulls the plugs, one after another, as one pulls them from a telephone switchboard: pulls out the NRA with its wage and hour controls, pulls out the CWA and its two or three million jobs, pulls the PWA, the relief to farmers of the AAA, pulls the CCC boys out of their camps, the TVA, calls the RFC loans, gets out from under the banks, refuses to guarantee any more deposits, drops the farm and house mortgage relief program; cancels all appropriations for feeding and maintaining the unemployed and their dependents—pulls the meddling government out clean!

What would happen? One clear, ringing call from the dear old *Herald Tribune;* and after that, I am afraid, the dark. Twelve million roaring unemployed; 30 million starving with relief funds cut off; 6 million raging farmers; out from the woods, 300,000 young CCC men with axes in their hands and fire in their eyes; banks and insurance companies falling like ten-pins; prices crashing into the basement; wages down to a dollar, 50 cents a day; the stock market trying to locate the centre of the earth. In short, we should be where we were when Mr. Hoover left office, plus an ominous increase in social bitterness and wrath.

It would be a salutary lesson, perhaps, but over-drastic. Bedevilled with care and anxiety as he is, I doubt if the President would give the system back to the business man unless he were driven to it by a superior force. He has some consideration for the rest of us.

No. The federal government, and the federal government alone, has kept the pulmotor going. The *methods* are open to criticism, but the fact is not. Granted that the government must plug the hole left by a diminished production of capital goods, and keep it plugged for the indefinite future, what kind of men do we want in Washington, and in the government service generally? Do we want chair-warmers, boob-thumpers, "deserving Democrats," utility magnates, Silver Shirts, Wall Street Boys, political old-timers with an I. Q. of 41, the stuffed shirts of 1929, bankers with a gold neurosis—or men who recognize the imperatives of a surplus economy, understand the formula of capitalism, and know something about the world in which, for better or worse, we must live today; men who have no cure-all, who know that mankind has never passed this way before, that we must experiment, and that somehow a new formula to replace an abdicated capitalism must be found? I, for one,

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can but thank God for brains in times like these. I only wish there were more of them.

II

The government has kept millions of us from starving in the last fifteen months, has found millions of new jobs, has disbursed billions in purchasing power. In the face of this concrete achievement, the bellows of rage and fear from a minority who want more profits, lower wages, and longer hours, is, to put it mildly, colossal effrontery—especially when one feels, as many careful students do, that if the bellowers were given a free hand, the whole economic system would almost immediately fall on them. Reduce wages as they may, they cannot get the capital goods sector together again.

All this does not mean, however, that the measures the government has taken in a desperate emergency are the best measures. Far from it. What I have tried to drive home is the fact that the hole was plugged with whatever came to hand. In stopping a dangerous leak, one is not fussy about the cloth he rams in. He may ruin a number of good sofa pillows and embroidered guest towels. He has no time to decide on the least costly and most efficient materials, and then go down cellar and get them. He has to *act,* before his house is inundated.

Considering the character of the emergency and the speed which was demanded, I have very little criticism to direct against the administration for its first year's performance. It did what it could, and did it better than I thought possible.

Now, however, we are entering a second phase. Are we going to leave all these sofa pillows and miscellaneous rags in the hole, or look about for some boards and cement? What is the government's long swing policy? The time is fast approaching when this must be made known. If the government feels that the emergency is over, and that it can shortly withdraw from the economic front, allowing private business to operate unaided, we ought to know it, and speedily. I want to get my trunk packed, and head for Mexico or points south. So will every one else who has the faintest conception of what such a move would mean. I do not believe that the administration has any such wild and brutal idea in mind, and I know that some of the government's advisers have not.

Well, what has it in mind? If the government must continue to underwrite the economic system for the indefinite future, if not forever—due to the collapse of private capitalism as an automatic provider—what is the least costly, most efficient, and most human way to do it? What kind of boards and cement does the government propose? Work must be found *outside* private business for at least 10 million persons, and as machines become more efficient, for a slowly rising army above that. Credit must be found to finance the work of the technologically unemployed, whether it be in public buildings, improvements, forests, health service, or other non-profit-making activity. This means billions of dollars a year. The national debt cannot stand accretions of billions a year for very long, at 4 per cent or 2 per cent, or any per cent. The credit must be non-interest-bearing and non-redeemable. In other words it must be *created,* and not borrowed. Such a type of financing is theoretically feasible, but utterly unknown to capitalist practice. Within the next year or two I believe that a program along this line will have to be put into effect. Failing it, a wild and roaring inflation is sooner or later inevitable.

Again, we cannot go on ploughing under cotton, and reducing crop acreage. What this amounts to is paying the farmer for not working, while the deadly surplus will spring from the ground on fewer acres by more intensive cultivation—more pounds of crop per acre. The AAA as an emergency measure has tided the farmers over a year, but as a permanent program it does not make sense. There is no solution save in deliberately planning for millions fewer commercial farmers. This entails millions of new jobs somewhere on the industrial front. This is a task which cannot be left to chance, or to the blind play of business forces. Farmers are upstanding American citizens and will not be dumped into the ranks of the unemployed and the homeless, without a first-class row. Already they have showed their mettle.

Government debts and the plight of the farmers are only two of the many grave problems which the emergency measures have not settled, but only postponed. Others include the 200,000 coal miners who will never enter the pits again because of improvements in coal utilization, the drift of the railroads toward bankruptcy due to increasing technological obsolescence, the still frozen assets of most banks, the insolvency of hundreds of towns and cities, the collapse of the public school system, the rotten financial condition of much urban real estate, the slow ruin of the professional and middle classes. CWA jobs looked mighty good after two or three years of unemployment, but competent engineers, architects, and skilled artisans cannot be expected to live on $20 a week, nor can they long be contented with digging sewer trenches, and cleaning up litter.

If private business cannot take the economic system back and put these people to work, somebody must put them to work, or provide for them. Waiving the human question altogether, if the unemployed and their families were allowed peaceably to starve to death, the economic system would only find itself in a worse jam, because the loss of their consumptive power would

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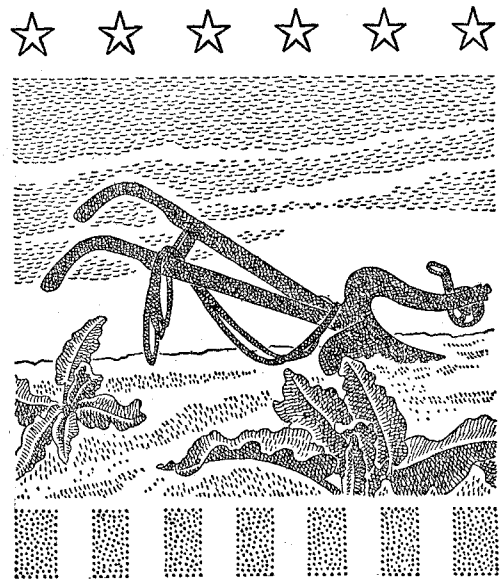
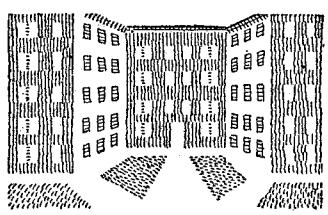
aggravate the problem of overproduction. Markets would be further diminished, making any return to old-style capitalism the more remote.

In a hasty, clumsy way, the government has provided for these extra-economic men and their families. But a permanent, dignified way has not been proposed on the scale demanded. The Tennessee Valley Authority is a splendid laboratory in long-term planning, but it cannot care for millions of extra-economic men; nor can the subsistence homes division.



A continuation of the patchwork means a gradual disintegration. Nobody is satisfied, now that the fear of imminent disaster is passed. The emergency measures do not please workingmen, farmers, small business men, clerks, professional people, debtors, creditors, bankers, or big business. And no group is induced to swallow its dissatisfaction by a hope that, in the long run, the administration's program promises a better way of life. The great virtue of the Russian experiment is that the mass of the people believe that a tightened belt today is the preface to a big meal tomorrow. There is a definite five-year plan, looking toward a definite increase in living standards. This creates a solid political force behind the government. In this country nobody knows whether the administration really favors debtors or creditors, labor or big business, farmers or urban workers, small investors or Wall Street, consumers or advertisers. No group feels that it has a stake in the government's policies. Every group is accordingly suspicious and restless.

Before long the President and his advisers must announce a long-term program for these problems which private business cannot solve, and which are to remain permanently on the government's doorstep. Failing this the administration must fall. It can fall in either of two ways. First, by letting the Republicans come back under proper Constitutional auspices; second, by surrendering to an unconstitutional dictatorship which will bear some resemblance to what in Europe is called fascism. (Some hold that it might fall before a really radical third party. This is the way I would like to see it fall if it must, but as a matter of practical politics, the chance seems remote.)



If the Republicans return, they will either have a permanent program of their own—which is exceedingly improbable—or they will scrap the emergency measures in the idiotic hope that private business can carry on alone. The only program so far announced is sound money, a balanced budget, reduced taxation, and down with the New Deal. As I have pointed out, this means a retreat to February, 1933.

If fascists seized the state, they would have a long-term program, and I suspect would keep the economic mechanism turning over in a feeble fashion at the same time. The program would be appalling, but it would at least be a program—which is more than we have now; and far more than the Republicans will ever give us. For that reason a fascist movement might have wide popular support. The program would probably include an extreme and belligerent nationalism, a huge military establishment, a distinct prejudice against Negroes, Jews, and foreigners, a large public works program for the unemployed, subsistence farming, the strict regulation of Wall Street, price fixing, the glorification of the lower middle class. Communists and Socialists would be hunted down and silenced with some asperity, but the dictatorship would be a rigorous collectivism, carrying no comfort whatever to believers in free enterprise and old-style capitalism. Like Mr. Roosevelt's, its first task would be to stop the leak; otherwise the economic machine would not revolve, and its political power would not be worth one second-hand purple shirt.

Whoever aspires to political power in this Republic must be prepared to give jobs or doles to upwards of 10 million able-bodied citizens, and to spend enormous quantities of public funds. This primary axiom, needless to say, requires a huge collectivist organization.

III

President Roosevelt still has the confidence of the masses of the people. They do not know where he is headed but they believe in him, and are grateful for his spirited leadership in the crisis of 1933. They would follow him, I believe, in a fairly rigorous program, if it promised economic security; if a tangible goal were held before them. It could be set up under Constitutional auspices, and could avoid many of the cruelties and absurdities of a fascist dictatorship. The program would have to be directed to certain group interests at the expense of other group interests. Only so would enough political pressure line up behind it

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to force it through. It could not please everybody, particularly large owners of property hitherto vendible. It would take unlimited courage and a certain amount of ruthlessness to drive it forward.

What would such a program look like? I do not know, but here are a few of the principles which any program of this nature must promote. Remember that the objective is solely to keep the economic machine revolving with a minimum of waste and loss, and a maximum of economic security for the great mass of Americans.

1. The nationalization of the banks.
2. The reduction of the debt burden.
3. The financing of public works, especially housing, on a vast scale by non-interest-bearing credit.
4. A reduction in working hours.
5. The control of new investment.
6. The control through government monopoly of foreign trade.
7. The resettlement of millions of displaced miners, farmers, city workers, in new communities where both wage work and home gardening may be practised.
8. The nationalization of energy—including coal, oil, and electric power.
9. The nationalization of transportation and communication.
10. The payment of minimum wages, by industries and by localities, to provide an adequate standard of health and decency.
11. A redistribution of the national income, through stiff income and inheritance taxes.
12. Federal support of education, health, and scientific research.
13. The calling of a Constitutional Convention to simplify the present unwieldy political system.
14. A minimum standard of subsistence for every person, whether he works or not, provided he is willing to work. (If he is not willing, he will have to be supported anyway, perhaps in a hospital for the mentally defective.)

Any such program, which would both plug the hole left by the decline of capitalism, and promise some sort of adequate life for Americans, must comprehend either these principles or others equally drastic. If it is too much for us to swallow, the alternatives are plain. We can go back to February, 1933, and start spiralling downward again, with nobody plugging the leak, ending God knows where. Or we can put on a colored shirt and throw out Mr. Roosevelt and the Constitution, yet be forced to accept many of these principles plus others which are as cruel as they are stupid. Europe, as capitalism fails, is turning rapidly in the latter direction. The spectacle is not inspiring.

There is, you say, another alternative. Granted that the leak must be stopped by collective action, why not pension the unemployed, and let private business go on as heretofore without nationalization, regulation, and interference; England is doing something like this now. She is, and there are 2 billion pounds, over 10 billion dollars, of capital sitting idle and unused in British banks; giving purchasing power to no one, and ultimately destined to explode the British financial system. Putting the unemployed on the dole keeps them from starving, true, but is of no help in expanding markets, without which private capitalism cannot maintain an equilibrium.

The key to an economic system which will function in a high-energy civilization such as ours—and England's—is found in the promotion of spending rather than saving, in financing consumption ahead of production. And this is precisely what private capitalism cannot allow—for capitalism by its very name means the constant and profitable reinvestment of capital and savings in productive enterprise.

No, I am afraid the immediate alternatives are only three: a long-swing program by Mr. Roosevelt to be laid down without unreasonable delay; a Republican victory followed by deflationary nightmare; a fascist dictatorship—which might or might not turn into something better some day, but would certainly be intolerable for a while. The only freedom for business is to be found in the second alternative, which would be complete freedom for American industry to select its most favored form of nose dive.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S FAREWELL TO HIS BODY

By Helene Mullins

FAREWELL, O body that has served me long—
Kindly, when I have treated you with kindness,
Vindictively, when I have done you wrong.
Soon you will be untenanted and mindless,
Among the ruins of a vanished past
Some few remember, while the most forget:
But the spirit which left you sorrowfully at last
Will seep in a thousand forms through the coarse net
Of death, and live anew. Familiar friend
Of a lively journey, here you stop and stay
While I go on. For you the well-known end;
For me another and mysterious day.

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Recovery, Reform—or Both?

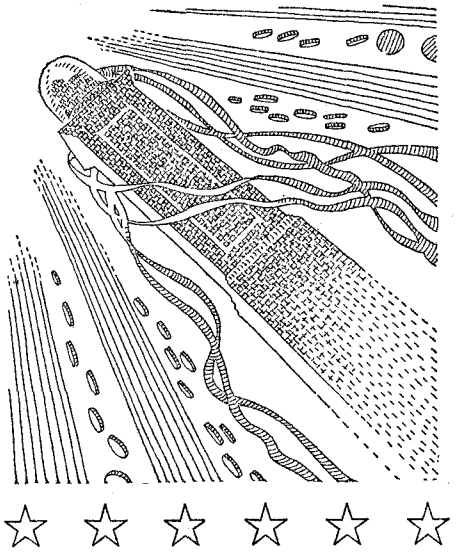
Business Activity Without Bursting Booms

By David Cushman Coyle

IF this country is going to get back to a state of high business activity more is needed than just the purchase of new shoes and hats. Somebody will have to employ the great capital-goods industries: building and machinery, stone and lumber, cement and steel. In a "normal" recovery there must come an outburst of new long-term investment, the floating of new issues of bonds and stocks, and the sound of the riveter must be heard in the land.

But the revival of long-term investment has in the past followed a full deflation of the capital structure of industry. Bonds had defaulted, mortgages had been foreclosed, business concerns had been wiped out, until the total of business liabilities had been cut down to less than the amount that business could carry. After a drastic cleaning out of debts, there was room for new investments and the building of a new debt structure. The full deflation of capital was the "corner"; and this time we never reached the corner because we got frightened, set up the RFC, and stopped the deflation of capital. The old debts of the "new era" are still with us. Perhaps some of the bonds are selling at fifty, but in the main they are still resting full weight on the neck of business. It is hard for new debts to find a place to stand; and yet there is an insistent demand that the way be cleared for new flotations and new investment so that the capital-goods industries may be reemployed and recovery may come at last.

Even though we never passed the corner of thorough deflation of capital, yet there is a chance that normal recovery may be on the way. From somewhere new money and new enthusiasm will have to come, and there is one possible source: the stock market. If the Government will remove the teeth from the securities bills and in other ways show a sincere desire to retreat from interference with "natural" processes, there may come a burst of enthusiasm in Wall Street, that shrine of eternal hope. A twenty-billion-dollar rise in stock values this year might be sufficient to set off recovery; and no doubt there is enough liquid money in the banks to produce such a rise, if suitably manipulated. Now, a twenty-billion-dollar rise of stock values is a twenty-billion-dollar inflation of the volume of money, a fact that most of the experts are slow to recognize and slower still to proclaim. Negotiable paper is a kind of money, because it can be exchanged at its market value for anything else you choose. A fifty-thousand-dollar house is not money because it has generally not an immediate market. But an active listed stock is money because it is a piece of paper that can be exchanged any time, like a ten-dollar bill. Any one who holds a stock certificate worth a million dollars is, for the moment at least, a millionaire; and, for the moment at least, he can do anything that a millionaire can do. So a twenty-billion-dollar rise in the price of negotiable securities would add twenty billion fiat dollars to the purchasing power of the owners of negotiable securities, thereby causing those individuals to act in a different way from the way they have been acting recently. Then stocks would be put up as collateral, banks would inflate credit, new issues would be floated, and we engineers would get jobs hoisting for Mr. Roosevelt that same mighty pile-driver that descended with such a noble bang on the head of his distinguished predecessor.



From then on, spring would come in with a rush. New office buildings, well plastered with guaranteed mortgage bonds, would sprout in all progressive cities. Industrial plants would be modernized by putting in all the labor-saving devices that have been invented in the last four years. Local governments would borrow money and build all the public works that failed to pass the PWA; and Walter Lippmann and Leonard Ayres would sing full-throated from the topmost bough. There is something wrong with this picture.

Prosperity in the past has always involved an inflation of security values and bank credit; but in the past the scale of operations was so small that the booms bursting in air never quite wrecked the nation. Times have changed. The collapse of the last boom was so unpleasant as to put in some question the stability of our social order. The next one, if there is a next one, can be counted upon to go faster and land harder. The "sound money" type of inflation, in which the Government preserves the national dollar intact while Wall Street prints its own, was all very well in the earlier stages of economic development; but it gets a bit too exciting as the scale of operations grows larger. When even Mr. Morgan gets his feet wet, the weather may be said to be getting unusual. Some type of recovery in which the in-

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flation of paper can be kept within bounds would seem to be, as the doctors say, "indicated."

In the first place, somebody has got to spend enough money to employ practically all the workers in the country at high enough wages to make them buy more than mere necessities. The people are not going to begin by spending any such sum of money out of their own private pockets. The employers of labor are not going to furnish any such sum of money for shorter hours and higher wages, as the NRA is asking them to do at the present writing. Blood cannot be squeezed from a turnip nor higher wages from an employer who is not selling his product. (As for cracking down on the American people, history tells us that it is quite apt to result in hitting the nail on the thumb.) The fact is that there are only two possible sources of extra money for irrigating business and increasing employment. One would be the idle funds now lying in banks, waiting, like the little toy dog, for a return of the chance for sound investment. If a capital levy were practicable, this deluded money might be seized by the Government and poured into public works. But at present there seems little chance of an effective levy on idle funds. The other source of money for starting the works is Federal inflation. Bonds can be sold to the Federal Reserve in return for fiat bank credit, and the credit can be spent by the Government on a Federal employment program. This is the same kind of inflation that was largely used to finance the war, and it was controlled in this country after the war because the United States had a strong tax system that gave the Federal Government a budget surplus.

But there are certain dangers that must be avoided. First is the danger that bonds may be sold to the public. After the war it turned out that the inflation had been largely nullified by savings. Those who had bought Liberty Bonds on credit created by the banks had paid up their loans, and owned the bonds outright. Then with prosperity and a heavy Federal surplus, the Government paid off several billion dollars' worth of the bonds, thus injecting large quantities of liquid capital into a rising stock market. The result was unfortunate. If such a mistake is to be avoided next time, the bonds must be held permanently in the Federal Reserve Bank as a base for inflated credit, until the Government is ready to pay them off, when the payment will cause the credit to vanish instead of injecting money into the securities markets.

In the second place, the Federal Government will have to hold and exercise power to prevent the stock market from climbing aboard and running away with an inflation of its own. Possibly the securities bills may serve to hold down stock-market activity, although that is not their primary purpose. Possibly other measures may be needed. Anyhow, no recovery of business had better show its head if the stock market is to be allowed to rise freely at the same time. History teaches that Federal inflation can be controlled and was controlled after the war, but that "sound money" or stock-market inflation, once it gets loose, invariably runs away, as it did under the benign influence of the late Mr. Mellon.

After business has been made active and profitable through Federal expenditure then the problem will arise of paying the bill and controlling the inflation. Obviously the first necessity is a powerful tax structure that will give a surplus of revenue when business is fully active. The fact that such a tax structure existed in this country after the war, and did not exist in Germany, is the chief reason that our inflation did not run away while the German one did. But more is needed than merely an adequate revenue in good times. Private finance in good times has powerful inflationary tendencies of its own, and the Government must be able to keep money out of the hands of private finance or else there will be a boom. For this reason the Federal taxes will have to be laid on incomes rather than on sales. Sales taxes tend to lower the rate of business activity while leaving ample capital funds for inflating finance. The boom that followed reduction of our Federal income taxes after the war is an illustration of this fact. Income taxes, on the other hand, reduce the rate of investment without drawing money out of the market for goods and services. They therefore tend to increase the average size of all personal incomes while restricting the growth of debt. The tax structure needs therefore to be strongly based on graduated income and inheritance taxes. The upper brackets should be set high, so as to eliminate the strictly cumulative type of income from the system, throwing the main load on the savings portion of the middle-class incomes. This alone would reduce noticeably the pressure of funds in the capital markets. Then the surplus revenue should be used to pay off the bonds held by the Federal Reserve, so as to deflate credit and counteract any tendency toward private financial inflation. This program for controlling and stabilizing prosperity is of course not yet on the docket in Washington because the time for discussing it has not yet arrived.

Finally, something has to be done to keep within bounds the permanent size of the Federal payroll. The Government, theoretically, might take all the national income every year and distribute it to all the people as wages and salaries; but in practice this country will prefer to keep most of its economic activities in private hands. If the Government, in order to stabilize prosperity, has to employ everybody who cannot find a job in private employment, the answer is to encourage private employment. Put in another way, if the Government has to seize and spend all the surplus unspent incomes of the people beyond the small amount that business can soundly absorb as capital, then the answer is to prevent the appearance of large masses of unspent income. Unspent income, except in the highest brackets, is the product of fear. There is no use in preaching spending to a man with a family so long as he is afraid. Nothing but release from fear will make people spend as they go, and that means a guarantee of basic economic security through old-age pensions and through various kinds of insurance and free services. All these devices are well on their way, and if the other factors of recovery are provided they may be expected to appear in due course.

The possibility of a boom-proof recovery depends, then, on a number of links, all of which have to be supplied in reasonably adequate degree if the whole chain is to hold the load. The Government must start the wheels by a spending program so large as to destroy unemployment; the money must be truly spent, not lent; the temporary financing must be by credit inflation

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not by borrowing from the public; the graduated income taxes must be powerful enough to balance the budget in prosperity; and the people must be given a guarantee of security so that they can spend without fear.

Seems like a fairly long list of musts, but after all it is no longer than the list of things you must do in proper order if you want your automobile to run. The machine is there; the engineers built it; it can produce great quantities of enjoyable goods and services. But if you insist on believing that to spend money is wicked and to save is virtuous, you will just have to suffer until you make up your mind to accept the universe and treat the machine according to its own nature. Too bad, but the same is true of automobiles, cows, buzz-saws, wives, and all other creatures, animate and inanimate, in this difficult but interesting world.

The supposed conflict between recovery and reform is merely a device of the devil to let us in for one last ecstatic spree of the same old kind. The only kind of recovery that this country can get in the absence of reform would be a stock-market boom and an outburst of private investment. More Radio Cities, new automatic machinery, bigger and better municipal debts, more oil wells for the militia to close, more coal mines to compete with Kentucky, more Peruvian bonds to "stimulate" foreign trade, and more instalment selling to make those who do not have money spend instead of those who do. There are some, even in Wall Street, who doubt whether any possible intoxicant can be distilled that will stimulate the people to another investing spree on a large enough scale to re-employ ten million men, directly or indirectly. But suppose such a drug can be found, suppose Mr. Roosevelt calls off the New Deal and kneels humbly beneath the piledriver, then we are asked to believe that after a few drinks of the good old pre-depression stuff we should suddenly become cold sober and control ourselves. Maybe.

The fact is, the only kind of recovery that will stay by us is one that is rooted and grounded in reform. Perhaps it is impossible for us to get any other kind, or perhaps we must have one more gorgeous smashup before we are satisfied. Either way, some day those who survive will learn that recovery without reform is an airplane without a rudder.

ELIZABETH

By Kimball Flaccus

On the first day my eyes delighted
In your soft hair, your indolent grace,
I swore that Antony never sighted
So warm and beautiful a face;

Don Juan never lifted glass
To lovelier maid, with ardent toast.
I thought you an American lass
Inhabited by an old-world ghost.

Did I not sense beneath that beauty
Of dreaming gaze and molded brow
An intellect bred for sterner duty,
I should not urge as I do now:

Remember the arbutus growing,
How fields were cleared in desolate wood,
The pioneer ambushed at spring sowing,
The stony furrows dark with blood;

Turn back your mind to that September
When frost leaped like an avalanche
Of scarlet down the hills, remember
The apple on the leafless branch.

Your fathers bent lithe arms to sawing
Sweet yellow timbers out of trees,
Contrived a clipper from a drawing
And drove her into treacherous seas.

Stout hearts from hills no storm could sever,
Those searching eyes would cut through foam;
Let you return, as they did ever,
In thought to your original home.

They had a quarterdeck to cover
With endless steps, and stars to watch;
You have long pavements to discover,
A cigarette, and a flaring match.

You have this poem, poor substitute
For the delirium of the spring,
But may the music of my flute
Remind you how the veeries sing

For joy, or some such foolish reason,
When Indian-pipes break from the ground,
What time the blackberries are in season,
And where heartsease is to be found.

Take arrow-head for eidolon
To keep you strong as well as gay;
New York, even as Babylon,
Is built of straw and fire-baked clay.

But northern hills are ribbed with granite,
Oldest of all New England stones,
That hardened when this molten planet
Shuddered, and felt the need of bones.

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The Dark Shore

James Boyd's Novel of an America That Was

PART III

Synopsis

THE FIRST PART of the novel paints in the background and sets the pace of the life of Midian, a Pennsylvania town on the banks of a great river. The reader first catches a glimpse of Clara Rand, blue-clad, slim and young, on the steps of her home, which is the most distinguished in the town. Of brick and brownstone with a stag on the lawn, it has the massive elegance of wealth in the '80's. Clara's father, John Rand, is an old Roman, blessed with a humorous mouth and a sharp eye. His family had followed the course of the river from the days of Indian massacres, when they stood siege in their own fort at the headwaters, down to the present. John Rand began his rise to fortune by floating coal down the river on barges.

Between John Rand and his daughter there is great comradeship and affection. She prefers driving with him behind a good horse to the accomplishments of piano or the painting of china. A conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Rand reveals that a new young man from Philadelphia has come to town and seems about to be included in the social set centring around Clara and her brother, George, and his wife. Fitz-Greene Rankin is witty and attractive. He bestows his attentions upon Clara. Discreet inquiries reveal that his social qualifications are of the highest. Clara is attracted to him but resents the inquisitive attitude of the town.

The people who are introduced in the first part of the story, in addition to Clara and Fitz and Clara's parents, are: George Rand, married brother of Clara; Ellen Rand, wife of George and sister of Mun; Mrs. Worrall, Ellen's mother; Monroe Worrall, Ellen's brother. Clara's group of friends includes Good Doggie Trimble, Big Sister, Meta Betts, Anna Lyle, Jeanne Balso.

Clara finds Fitz intelligent, amusing company, and they "go together" more and more, but Clara gives only occasional thought to the possibility of marriage. Fitz proposes and Clara accepts, although she is distressed at leaving her father and approaches marriage timidly. A kaleidoscopic summer of gaiety is followed by the wedding in the fall. Fitz is unfailingly kind and considerate, but Clara is at first unable to comprehend the change which marriage brings. She senses, during the honeymoon, what seems to her a withdrawal of Fitz within himself. "She was no prude, she hoped; and, however unbelievably in ignorance, she hoped she was no fool. But such things, lying so utterly beyond her glowing, if nebulous, vision of him, had made immense and most abrupt demands on her."

When she returns to Midian to live in the house on River Street which her father has given them, she finds joy and contentment but still cannot quite fathom the nature of her husband. She grows increasingly fond of him but her love varies between a protective love and the love of one protected.

After a year of marriage comes a sudden revelation. Fitz returns from a business trip to Philadelphia. His worn look, the hint of loneliness, almost of despair, about him stirs her with great pity which is translated into passionate love. "She began to see it now. What a prig, ignorant, supercilious, and conceited. She had looked on herself, in her passivity, as conferring an inestimable boon upon him. And she had looked on him, at worst almost with hatred, at most with tolerance, as unworthy of that boon. And all the time, desolate, baffled, but patient, he had been waiting and hoping for that moment, to him inexplicably delayed, when she would be able to see and feel and seize their common joy. . . . Poor Fitz! All her life long, she would make it up to him."

XVI

IN the bedroom the gas log muttered. The gas lamps had been lit an hour, but it was not time for supper yet. Seated at the window she knitted steadily on a brilliant scarlet glove for Fitz; the needles twinkled, the scarlet worsted caught the light; in her lap the ball of yarn stirred. She had no time to lose. Christmas was almost here again. It was incredible. What a swift, perfect autumn it had been. Let poets write of spring. For her autumn, this autumn, would stand as the time of beauty, love, and wonder. On Saturdays and holidays the coach had rolled down flaming country roads, past heaps of winter apples scattered through low-spread orchards, past glowing pumpkins among the shocks; the hard, clear air was filled with the clink of toggle chains, the wink of brass, the mingled staccato of the trotting horses. High aloft, gently swaying as they rolled, she had sat beside Fitz-Greene, felt his warmth and strength as they rolled through autumn. They had driven Norah too—in the buggy given her by her father in recognition of her married status—close to each other on the narrow seat, flying along, well muffled, in the light narrow body, sometimes until a sharp, thin sickle moon had warned them home.

Her eye fell on a brown chrysanthemum which stood on her bureau still, though long since withered on its stalk. That, too, had been a day to be remembered. The football game. Breakfasting here in the dark and the trip in the cars and college friends of Fitz's getting on at nearly every stop. The stretch of docks and endless buildings as they crossed on the ferry. Then the coach-load of Aurelians driving up Fifth Avenue. They waved their orange flags, the coach-horn sounded, people turned, smiled, cheered, "Hurrah for Princeton!" "Hurrah for Yale!" Other coaches

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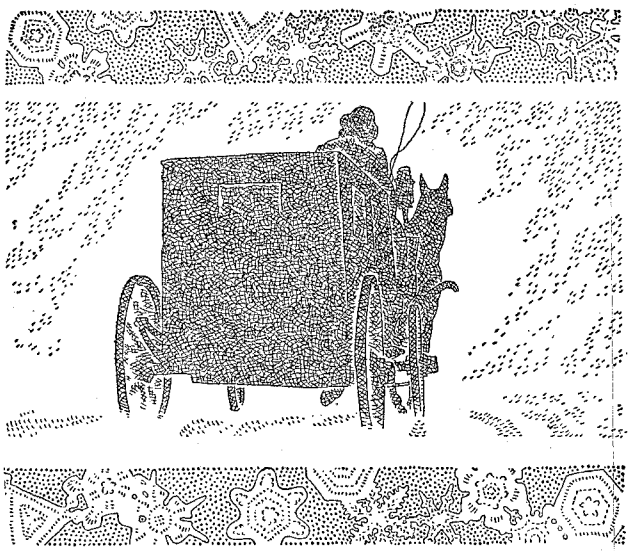

overtaking, being passed, orange coaches cheering; blue coaches jeering—she was furious.

The crowds stamping on wooden bleachers, canvas jackets plunging, canvas bodies thudding, the mud-stained pile which toppled and fell. Then Fitz-Greene throwing his hat clear into the field and all the Aurelians hugging her. Those nice Aurelians. A horrid little boy had run away with Fitz-Greene's hat, she had seen him but didn't care.

All the way home, she had slept on his shoulder. Levi had driven them from the station through the dark silent town; and Fitz-Greene, still explaining about the game, had undressed her and put her to bed.

"It was that tackle-play that did it," he kept saying.

"Yes," she murmured.

"They never knew when it was coming."

"Never knew." She felt like the dormouse in *Alice in Wonderland*.

"The score was on an end play. But that's because those tackle plays had pulled the end in. It was smart."

"Treacle, treacle, treacle."

His face was against the hollow of her neck. When he laughed, it tickled her insanely.

"Oh, dear," she moaned.

"You are so cunning," he said. "You're sound asleep." His arm came under her knees, the other around her. She was rolled into a deft bundle, rolled into bed. She clung to him happily.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," she said. "I do love you so."

Though it was almost Christmas now, she kept the big chrysanthemum in a narrow vase on her bureau.

That had been Thanksgiving: immediately, it seemed, they went sleighing, stinging faces above their soft, warm, fur-bundled bodies, slightly swaying to the sleigh's light balanced motion. Thin bells and steaming backs and balls from flying hoofs; black trees, white banks, the icy river. And now, again, they skated between the islands, and almost all the men asked her to skate with them just as they had before she married, but not with the same mysterious and seductive dash of fervor. She was a married woman and her relationship with men, reaching its peak on her wedding day when they had crowded on the dock, so to speak, loving and moist of eye and somewhat fortified with rum, to wave her a tender adieu, had dropped abruptly to something wooden and lifeless, to a mere shell of that which had departed. It was too bad, she should like to have had them still feel loving toward her. Why should they not continue? But her dethronement in accordance with the customs of the country was a minor point. She had Fitz-Greene, that was the major point and all other points besides. Yet it was just because she had him that she wished the other men would still be thrilled by her. She would have thought that if a man was at all stirred by a woman, he would be doubly stirred by the sight of her in love, by the thought of her possessed. But men's minds, or, at all events, the minds of young American gentlemen, did not work that way, and she was bound to admit that from the point of view of peace and civic order, the system had advantages. Yet she could have wished for a continuance of their affection as a tribute to Fitz-Greene in a sense, and in another sense, even more obscure, as a satisfaction to her awakened and inexhaustible radiance.

Her needles paused. She looked out the window into the dark for the yellow lights and the black, rumbling shape of a public cab. Fitz-Greene had left that morning before daylight to see his brothers in Philadelphia on business. Now it was after six o'clock, his train should be coming in. She could see in her mind the plume of steam and the line of bright car windows, weaving among switch-lights, bright rails and patches of dirty snow. She could see the trickle of people from the car doors, and Fitz-Greene, tall and dark in his fur-collared overcoat, giving his bag to the old colored porter. She could see him striding through the small inconsequential people of the waiting room, who would be impressed by this flash of beauty across their gray horizon. Now he had a word for the cab driver, another word went with the quarter to the old colored man. Now the cab, a humble and unpretentious beetle, freighted for once with rare distinction, was rumbling across the Belgian blocks of the station plaza, up the business street, past lighted shop fronts and trolley cars, through the snow-dusted city square. Now it should be turning on to River Street. It did not come. The dejected slave between the shafts could not keep pace with her thoughts. In spite of the cold wind of the river, she raised the window slightly. Before she could see it, she could hear. And

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so she did. What a disgraceful horse! No wonder he had not kept up with her. The silhouette appeared around the corner. She hid the glove in the drawer of the bed table. He was here, but what a disgraceful horse! She ran from the room and down the narrow stairs.

He came in, smiling, on the wind, as she opened the door. Her arms went round his neck. It was so long since he had slipped out of her warm, sleepy bed. It seemed as though he stiffened slightly and slightly strained away from her. When he kissed her, he only brushed her cheek. She gave his collar a light pat and let him go. Poor boy! he must be tired. What an awful day! Riding and riding in cold, drafty cars, talking and talking to hard-mouthed brothers, who were never satisfied. She was no sentimental ninny. A man who was tired had no desire to be clung to. No Christmas cards tonight. Nothing for him, but warmth, and food and freedom from bother. He was out of his coat now, she could see his face. He still held his smile, but it was empty, glassy. Poor dear, why need he try? He must not feel he had to. "Would you like a bath and a change before supper?"

"Yes," he said, heavily, "I think I would."

"Go upstairs, then," she said. "I'll tell Christobel to keep back supper until we are ready."

On the way to the dining-room, she did not look back at him. That was important. And she had not said "Would you like a nice bath?" If she had, he would have said "No." His footfall on the carpeted stair sounded light enough. Already, the warmth of home had heartened him, that or relief that he did not have to battle with indifference or exacting solicitude. And then, perhaps, he was glad to see her again. But a woman must not count too much on that, when a man is tired.

What had exhausted him so much this time? He went to Philadelphia often, and generally his return was something like a festival. His brothers were harsh, but he was adroit and laughed at them, and every one said this branch of his was the best that the business had. Had there been bad news, or was he catching cold? Here was the kitchen; a chair rail and dressers of pine stained to look like cherry, blue plates, bright pots, and a stove whose nickel ornaments surpassed, as Fitz-Greene said, a masonic Negro's coffin.

"Christobel," she said, "Mr. Rankin seems pretty tired tonight. Do you think we could put back supper till he has a bath?"

Christobel raised a pretty hand to the freckles on her dead white cheek. Under her red hair, her eyes were an icy blue. "Say, that's too bad," she said. "You don't think he's sick, do you?"

"No, I don't think so. It's just the long trip."

"You don't think he'd like an omelet instead of those veal cutlets?"

"Well, I don't know."

"The cutlets are nice," said Christobel, "but an omelet sets lighter on your stomach."

"I know," said Clara.

"Why don't you ask him?" Christobel said.

"I don't like to bother him when he is tired."

Christobel looked at her with some respect. "Well, I guess that's good policy. I'll tell you what. If he don't take a cutlet, I'll be fixed to make the omelet before he finishes his vegetables. He eats so slow, you know, and then he talks a lot. But then, maybe, he won't talk tonight. If he don't talk, I guess he's sick. Now, I'll be ready with the eggs. You can holler down the speaking tube, when he's ready for his supper."

She stood on the narrow landing in front of the library. She could hear him, most comforting and child-like of sounds, splashing in his tub.

"I'll be in the library, when you're ready," she called. "No hurry, though."

"All right." His voice sounded cheerful enough, but she wished she could see his face.

At supper, he seemed to rouse himself to talk to Christobel. It was, perhaps, natural enough. A brakeman friend of hers had been on the train. Yet Clara could not help feeling it was not quite the result she had looked for from her good judgment.

Upstairs, in the library, he lighted his cigar. He crushed the cigar out on an ash receiver and took up his book. She kept on with her embroidery. She should be working on the scarlet glove. Christmas was almost here. But the gloves were to be a surprise.

She was conscious that for a long time no leaf had turned. She looked up. Quickly, he looked down at his book. She had caught an echo of his eyes on her, a gaze, fixed, pitying and tragic, a look, heart-broken, suddenly old, and the look too, of a horror-ridden child. With a breast constricted and leaden, she was beside him on the footstool. She took his hand and laid it on her cheek.

"I love you, dear," she said.

Almost quickly, he drew away. She looked up to read his meaning. Now, for an instant, he was smiling at her as he always did. Then he glanced away.

He stood up. Sitting on the footstool, staring at the fire, she heard him pacing the room.

"From now on," he stopped, turned, walked away, "I'll have to go to Philadelphia all the time, two or three times a week." He seemed to wait, looking out the window into the blank night. "It's not fair to you to be rousing you out at all hours of the morning. I think the best plan would be for me to use the little upstairs bedroom."

"On the nights you have to be leaving early?"

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"Well, it's hardly worth while to keep moving."

"Oh, but I don't mind."

He did not speak. "Fitz—" she said. She waited. He did not move.

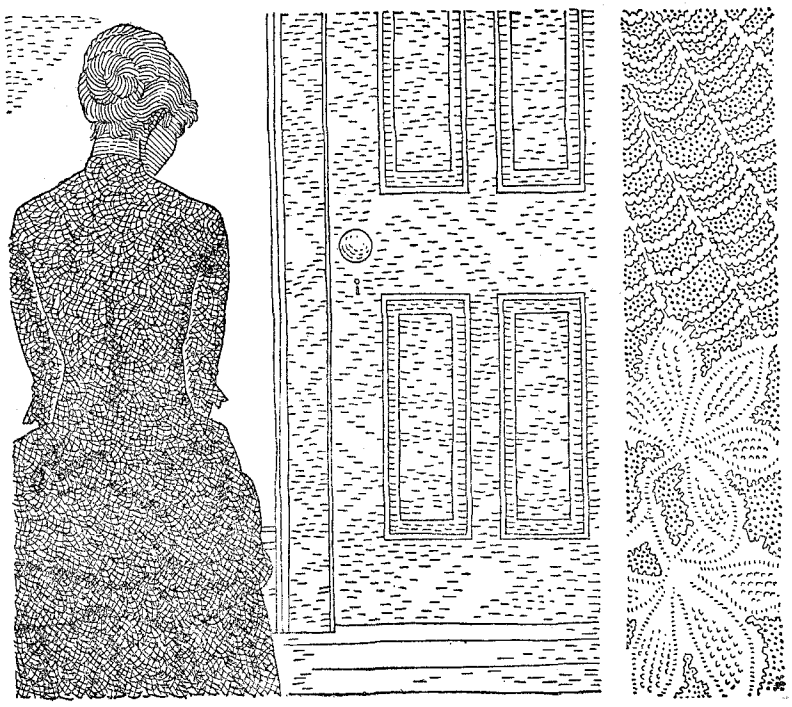
She looked in the fire, as still as an animal. There was nothing to say. But she was not an animal. There was a game of smiling fortitude to play.

"Would you like your things moved now?" she said.

"Oh, that's all right," he stood up quickly, "I can do it myself." His voice sounded strange and hard and far away.

"Oh, no, I'll do it."

With a stiff half-smile, she rose. She forced herself to throw him a friendly glance as she left the room. He tramped the floor with his eyes on the carpet.



In the bedroom the light was dim. Beside the folded green satin quilt his dressing-gown lay on the bed, broad striped dark blue, and his linen night shirt, white and fine, heavy as she picked it up. She laid the dressing-gown on top of it across her arm. She stooped for his brown leather slippers and seized them violently. What was it? What had happened? She would go back to him where he tramped in the library, demand an explanation, that was her right. To leave her this way, without a word, after all that lay between them, withdraw at his pleasure as—the slippers shook in her hand—as he would leave a bad woman when the morning came! Everything lay between them, everything, there could not have been more. They had been happy, what could he ask for more? Had he then been half pretending, nursing all the time a secret grievance, or some secret of another sort? If so he had wronged her unbearably, had violated her, defiled her. She would not bear it. She had rights. The right to be told, to understand.

Still holding his dressing-gown and slippers she sat down on the bed in the dark room. But if she asked, what would she learn? Would her asking make things better? What she learned might be no help to her. Rights might be talked about but with a woman what was gained by claiming them? She knew that much. A woman's only means to happiness were patience, understanding, love. She would not be like her mother, exacting, firmly reasonable. Her thoughts flew back to Fitz tramping the room. This trouble was not hers alone; he, too, was caught. But then ought she not to know, to help him? No, that was self-deceit. Her mother was always helping people and could never learn that help was given only when it was wanted. Fitz would perhaps call on her for help and she would be ready. Meanwhile she must be patient.

Swift sleigh bells passed outside. Beyond dim snowy branches at the window lay the river, dim, silvery, underneath a crescent moon.

What was love if it was not faith? Any one could get along with another if all were set out clearly, explained, agreed upon; there was no merit in that, no mystery or glory. But to venture all without a question—"love is not love which alters when it alteration finds"—Ah, no, it is an ever fixed mark which looks on tempests and is never shaken.

Still he was tramping. She could hear him. He had been patient long with her. She could be patient now. She stood up resolutely: sadly she almost smiled. She need not make too great a virtue of it, for there was also her pride.

XVII

Was ever a winter so interminable? Why, even the Christmas dinner, which now seemed years ago, had seemed to last a year: smiling and talking to awful Uncle Linsey; smiling and meeting squarely her father's benign proud glances; smiling at George and at George's little Tommy. And ever since, through the long weeks, the long little dinners, the long skating parties, smiling, chatting, smiling and being gay.

She would not speak. It was necessary to play the farce with unwavering conviction. Once only she had given way. It was on the landing, they were going upstairs for the night. She had reached out across to him, to feel his body stiffen, his face turn set. Since then an instinct as inviolable as the freezing of a rabbit in the face of danger obliged her to face the catastrophe with perfect firmness, perfect naturalness; no hint, no sign that could

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be taken for self-pity or a plea. And it was as vital to her being that no one outside should guess the rôle that had been so suddenly assigned and was so immeasurably exacting.

In the library, she let him brush her cheek, then went to bed, exhausted. She wondered whether time would make it less of a sickening drain to maintain the pose of undisturbed acceptance, self-reliance and good cheer. Most forlorn of all hopes. She dared not look ahead and feel that it would be the only boon which time would bring her.

Curiously, she had never slept more soundly. It was not, indeed, a good sleep. It was as though the unnatural and morbid quality of her rôle generated each day in her a poison, a toxin which left her not only exhausted but also stupefied. Going to bed alone beneath the infant Samuel, she sank instantly to sleep.

But in the morning she woke unrested and still half-stunned, yet not so stunned but that she could, at those hours of low resistance and unnatural creeping chill, when the mind is clear and swift, but timorous and sickly, revolve with demented and sterile impotence the causes of her grief. She searched her own conduct for a clew. Spurred by the crisis, she was meticulous and merciless; yet all her little errors put together made no sum total that would give the answer. And while, as she knew, of all errors in marriage little errors were the worst, yet one would expect their effect to be gradual. But this had happened in an instant, in that one day, when he had gone to Philadelphia. And it did not seem to be for him a withdrawal from her as a person. Indeed, he appeared even now to be devoted. He was infinitely considerate, though that was, of course, no sign, or, if any, an evil one; but he also clung to her with a new intensity in a way both frightened and dependent.

It seemed rather a case of physical revulsion. He rarely touched her. When he kissed her, he only brushed her cheek, and she could see that soon he would kiss her no longer. Had she never really appealed to him? Had he been deceived by her shyness, thinking it covered a latent power to respond, and when that shyness passed, had he then found himself deceived? She wished she knew more of other women and their loves to measure her deficiency. Fantastic notions seized her. She would degrade herself, would spy in unspeakable hidden precincts in order to learn the secrets of the art. She was abashed, but not at her distorted thoughts. There she was hardy and shameless. It was, rather, that in her body or in her spirit, in which, it seemed, she had been inordinately confident, she lacked some element that should have been her woman's portion. If this were so, might he not have found another, and suddenly then, by contrast, have been brought face to face with all her own deficiencies, and, while still devoted to her as the good companion, have suddenly found physical contact a violation of nature? Perhaps that could have happened without another, merely by the operation of his own instinct, which, like a steel rod, at a given point tolerated distortion no longer but sprang back to the normal. She hoped that this was not the case. Her thought perhaps was wicked; but if it had to come, she hoped that there was some one else. Her harried mind ran on, seeing him with women of a hundred different kinds, and sometimes, in its misery, by an instinct of despairing self-mutilation, going on to draw sharp details of extravagant and vivid scenes. It was no easy task to face the picture of him with another. But there was sharper anguish in the thought that she had been deserted without a rival, simply on her own account. That was indeed a degradation.

These pacings of her prisoned mind were ended each morning, by the sound of Fitz-Greene upstairs, getting out of bed. From the bathroom, he called "Good morning" to her. She heard his razor on the strop and afterward, the water in the basin. His slippers sounded on the narrow stairs as he went back to his room to dress. Nothing of his remained here in the bedroom, except the picture of him in his wide straw hat and stand-up collar, surrounded by other straw hats and stand-up collars of the Aurelians. She had thought for a while that he might rather breakfast alone, it could be done without arousing suspicion among the family or the town. But she had found that he seemed disappointed; a bitter paradox. So now, her mind still drugged with sleep and yet on edge, she turned back the green satin quilt, a wedding gift made by Miss Ba-Ba Lamb herself and presented by her shyly, archly. She thrust her long narrow feet into the white rabbits' fur of her red slippers and put on the gray silk dressing-gown with white fur around the sleeves and neck and even around the bottom, that she had bought for her wedding journey.

A slant of morning sun came in the small bay window and brightened the silver coffee-pot above the thin blue flame of alcohol. Across the circle of white linen they faced each other, fortified with sugary baked apples, with deep brown strips of liver, and enfolded between the busy little fire and the morning sun. It sometimes seemed that real disaster could never penetrate to two so snugly protected; catastrophe would be powerless in the face of such warmth, such neat and cosy shining, such coffee and fried liver. A new day lay ahead; truth with its beauty would come to its own again. She would feel his hands upon her. He was cheerful, almost loving, even now.

But then, one morning, he was staring at her. He dropped his eyes as she looked up, but again there was the echo of fear and horror. She turned to stone. After

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all this time, this monstrous and bizarre eternity, there had been no gain. No gain.

"You don't look well," he said. His voice was small and tight. "Are you well?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I have a headache sometimes in the morning."

"A headache?" he said. "A headache?" She could hear him breathing. "Have you been to see the doctor?"

"Oh, no," she said. "It is nothing. Just a headache, and a little sore throat. I suppose I ought to take a little calomel."

For a long time, he did not speak. "You must go to see Doctor Hartman," he said, in a loud voice, "this morning."

"Doctor Hartman?" she said. "Doctor Hartman? But we have always had Doctor Considine."

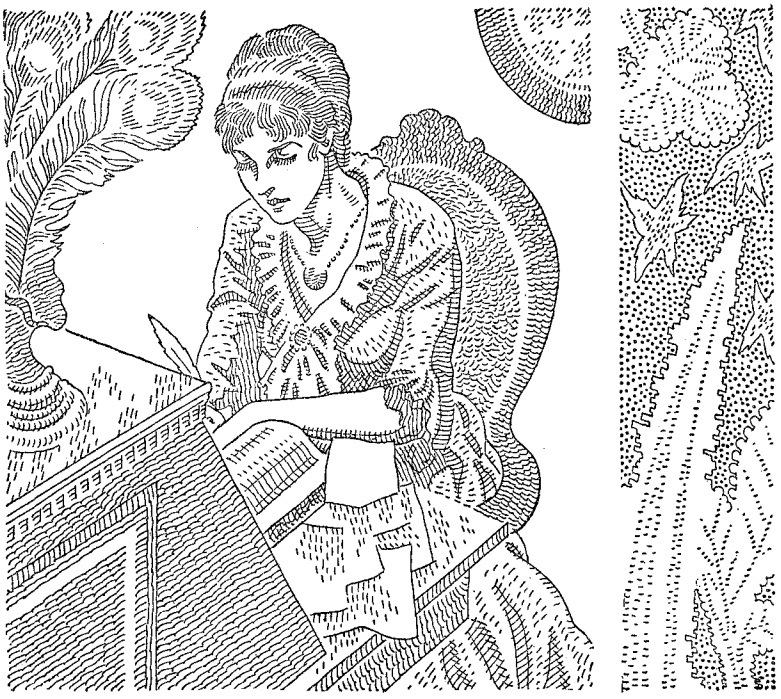
"Doctor Hartman is the best." He was harsh. "Clara, will you please go to Doctor Hartman this morning?"

"I will," she said, "if you want me to. But I think it is silly."

"I know," he said. He spoke rapidly. "There's a lot in what you say. We might all be better off if we never went near them. But I think there is only one of two things to do; either stay away from them altogether, or else pick the best man and go to him at the earliest possible moment."

"At the earliest possible moment?" she said.

"I mean whenever we are not feeling well, go right away. If a doctor can do good, it stands to reason that the sooner he starts, the better it will be. Or if it's nothing, you have lost nothing but the fee. So you will go to Doctor Hartman then, this morning? Better go early. His office gets crowded. Shall I tell him that you are coming? Oh, well, all right then. Well, I must be getting down to the office. I won't be back for lunch. I'll have it at the hotel. There are some men there that I want to see. Hartman's hours are nine to twelve. You had better be there at nine."



Back from the river front, on the street that led to the town square, two cast-iron Negro jockeys held rings for hitching horses. A gate in a white picket fence along the sidewalk stood always open. A flagged path, flanked by blighted gladioli, led to a tall brick house, sickly brown with tall and very narrow windows. The wooden front steps were uncomfortably steep. The panelled brown front doors were formidable and sad. Beside the doorway, another cast-iron Negro spread his arms to receive umbrellas below the shining, gold letters on the black sanded ground, *Peter Hartman. M.D.*

In the hallway, a narrow stair toiled up under a monumental balustrade. To the left, double doors showed black wicker chairs and a black walnut table.

In the corner of the room, an old gentleman in a snuff-colored overcoat watched her come in with unconcealed interest and satisfaction. Having made note of her smart, blue costume and high, buttoned shoes, smooth and blackly shining, of her beaver muff and fur piece and small, round, blue hat, he drew from his overcoat pocket, hand over hand, a vast silk handkerchief and blew a blast that filled the room with twinkling lights. The crystal pendants of the chandelier were trembling. Peering at her over the folds of the handkerchief, the old gentleman blew again. Scarlet, he emerged, breathing hard, cleared his throat with a resounding gargle and rolled his handkerchief into a bundle, which he thrust back into his pocket. He gave a final glance at her, then picked up a flimsy country newspaper and began to read. He had done what he could to interest and astonish her. On the wall, a beribboned parchment announced, in Latin, the confidence of the University of Pennsylvania in the medical attainments of Peterus Hartmannus, while above the fluted paper of the empty fireplace, a steel engraving had caught President Chester A. Arthur in an effort to look distinguished. On the walnut table, bound in black imitation morocco and heavily tooled in gold, lay a *Trip to the Centennial Exhibition* and *Shamingo County in the War of the Rebellion*. The door at the back of the room opened, a tall young woman led out a muffled child in a reefer jacket. From the office came a thick, breathless voice.

Continued on page 54

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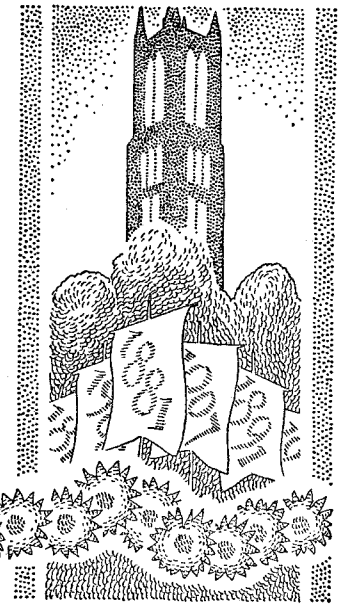
The American Father Attends His Wife's Reunion

By Mary Ellen Chase

The Girls of '01 may have a gay old time recalling campus days and not care what the pirate costumes do to their figures, but Father's ordeal is a test of real virtue



THIS is a tribute to the American father. He is a unique phenomenon, indigenous to but one country beneath the sun. He is not to be found among the fathers who in neat black with gloves and polished canes escort their correct, if frail, families along the Champs Elysées on Sunday afternoon. Nor is he numbered among those who in top hats and cutaways tend to disparage the playing of their ruddy sons in the yearly cricket match at Lord's. Nor can he be seen among those expansive heads of homes who marshal their buxom wives and sturdy sons and daughters to a Rhine garden on a Saturday at four, there to listen to good music and drink good Münchener beer. These fathers are doubtless men of parts, but not one of them is his prototype. Indeed, not one is possessed of those particular and unique virtues, native only to himself.

And at no other period within the twelvemonth are these natural virtues so gloriously apparent as now when colleges turn out his daughters certified and ticketed by degrees and when wives and mothers return in hordes to greet their classmates after ten, twenty, thirty, nay, after forty and fifty years. Benevolence rests upon the American father at his daughter's commencement; but he is perilously near a state of sainthood when he returns from attendance upon his wife's reunion!

How often have I seen him halt the family car before the administration building while his wife in fluttery excitement dashes up the steps and along the dear old corridors to find the room set apart for the registration of her class. With what great good-nature he guards Mother's possessions left in his care, often during a prolonged and inexplicable absence, her purse, her coat, her several suitcases, the umbrellas she *would* bring in case of rain, the old Brownie, the new movie camera, the campstools which are bound to come in handy. How often has my heart swelled with admiration for him as he steps repeatedly upon his brakes to give Mother time to call lusty welcome to Sue and Alice, Bessie and Mabel, to embrace her comfortable roommate of 1899, and to greet with effervescence her Latin professor, now emeritus, who meant so much to her in the old days when they read *De Senectute* together. And the minor irritations of his arrival are verily but a meagre foretaste of the ingredients of that crucible in which for the major part of a week he is to be sorely tried and yet not found wanting.

II

First of all, there is the matter of rooms. The June weather is warm, not to say hot. The town as well as the campus swarms with femininity—children, undergraduates, seniors whose seniority one is sometimes led to question, alumnæ of all ages. Father more than likely finds himself, not in a spacious hotel with a lobby for newspapers and smoking and congenial chats with other men, but in the close chambers of some old dwelling-house which is filled with sentiment for Mother but with acute discomfort for him. There seems to be no chance at all for privacy. The porch rockers are occupied by alumnæ, friends of Mother, and by chance seniors with their fiances from Amherst or Williams, Harvard or Yale who appear to Father, at least in their attitude toward himself, too little regardful of their own potential fatherhood.

And, alas! one must eat. Mother vetoes the idea of eating consistently at any one place, for such an arrangement, no matter how secure and peaceful, might result in her missing old familiar faces. They breakfast accordingly in one crowded tearoom, lunch in another, dine elsewhere. Father after an interminable wait marshals his flock—his one, two, or three children, his undergraduate daughter who has arrived late because she is on a committee for arrangements seemingly never arranged, and Mother who has invited her ancient professor of English (now on a much restricted diet). With a sympathetic smile at the tired waitress Father seats them all at a recently abandoned and most untidy table, mops his brow, studies the bill-of-fare. Each child has specific wants, distinct from those of each other child; his undergraduate daughter is not hungry, disturbingly thin as she is; Mother and her erstwhile teacher must recall, before any decision whatsoever, the name of the girl who in the winter of 1900 fainted during a cruel quiz in Shakespeare. The meal is constantly interrupted by new arrivals

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in whose hastily scanned faces Mother recognizes with shrill cries of delight Jane Brown of 1903 and Sophie Clark, her roommate, both attended by unfamiliar husbands and children. Whereupon with risings and hand-shakings Father must meet Sophie, who he will clearly remember saved Mother's life by her superior skill in calculus, Jane must meet Father, the Clark children must greet Father's children, Father's must greet the Brown children, Jane and Sophie with reminiscent tears must express their appreciation after many years of those hours in Professor X's English class, which have clarified their reading to this very day. The only ameliorating circumstance in all this confusion lies in the swift glances exchanged between Father and Mr. Brown, between Mr. Clark and Father. There is some balm in Gilead for each in the knowledge that beneath their warm blue serge coats three stout hearts beat as one.

Then there is the campus with which Father must become familiar as soon as may be. He must know the room which has been set apart for the registration of Mother and her classmates, in which they sometimes leave uncertain record of their whereabouts, in which they get their mail (and unfortunately his as well). He must know the place of their class exhibit—those walls hung with the proofs of their accomplishments in larger and smaller life. It pleases Mother to have him take an interest in the birth statistics of her class; in the books written by the class genius; in the political and economic successes of those "bachelor girls" who, among lesser achievements, have saved the men they might have married from such a week as this!

Father's demeanor is marked by forbearance, by co-operation, and by loyalty indescribable. There is, for example, the hourly strain put upon him by his wife's "reuning" costume. The American masculine mind tends toward the ideal of inconspicuousness in the apparel of middle-aged women. Imagine then his consternation when mother appears in the dress decided upon by the Costume Committee of her class. This is, alas! a facsimile in red and white (the class colors) of a pirate's habiliments. The wide red trousers, the broad fringed sash, the white shirt secured at the neck by a red bandana, and the plumed hat do not enhance the lines of mother's specific figure at fifty. Father looks a bit regretfully at the members of 1880, who are demurely dressed as sunbonnet babies; at 1898 who, since their class president has made a name for herself at law, have decided to robe themselves as Portias; and even at 1908, who wear wide green skirts and bodices and carry tambourines to add to the general uproar. The American masculine mind likes to *see the point* in the things. When just and careful deliberation fails to discover any point at all, tolerance becomes a major virtue.

The long days succeed one another, each hotter than the one before. Mother is radiant, effervescent, and father rejoices therein. It is a long time since she has had a holiday, he says to himself, as he daringly waits by the open window in his pajamas for her return at midnight from a serenade on an old teacher or an endless committee meeting. He must say a word in private tomorrow to young John who commented a bit too frankly at breakfast concerning "Mother's get-up," tell him a thing or two about the ways of women folk. Indeed, he reproves himself, as he leans over the sill to capture any air that may perchance be moving, for the misgivings he himself harbored on the occasion of the Class Sings on the campus the preceding evening. Mother's voice is not so bad in lullabies or the Swanee River or even in church, but really to save his life he hadn't been able to conquer an awful embarrassment when 1901 burst with raucous tones into their rollicking class song, originally not too well designed for freshmen voices:

Now here's to 1901,
Drink her down, drink her down!

The class supper to which husbands are taken is a trying time for Father. At first years ago on a similar occasion he had thought, with a secret flash of his boyhood coming back, that he might conceivably be the cynosure of feminine eyes, be found interesting for himself alone. But now, as he perspiringly climbs into his dinner clothes, he cherishes no such illusions. He knows that the menu will be planned by women and for women, that the conversation will be by women and about women, that womanly tears will rise to the surface for women now no more, that womanly shoulders will press his wilting shirt front in order that the woman on his right may ejaculate, advise, and sympathize with the woman on his left, that women will master, present, and respond to the toasts, and that a woman will bring him home.

Nor are his nights as peaceful as he could wish. Mother, the eager repository during the day of newsy tidbits gleaned from fifty reuning members of her own class, must sort out her collection when she is in bed at night. Too excited to think of sleep, she tells father this and that, warns him against a fatal investment made last year by Mary Holt's husband, reminds him that Annie Wood's husband goes twice a year to the Life Extension Institute and considers it money well spent, asks him if he has not noticed symptoms of a sad estrangement between Tom and Sarah Jones. When father confesses he has noticed nothing at all about the Joneses, she playfully accuses him either of absentmindness or purity of thought; and when he in spite of himself falls asleep while she is saying she would give up and die if he treated her as Tom treats Sarah, she is just a bit hurt, although it is two o'clock, and she shows it.

III

But more lofty heights of fortitude must be scaled by the American father before his wife's reunion is complete. The acme, the epitome, is yet to come. This is Ivy Day. The outgoing class must plant its ivy by the building which it is to adorn; the class next preceding must receive the sacred trowel; a long succession of returning classes must inspect each its ivy and sing thereto its votive song. And before all these things come to pass, there must wind through the campus, interspersed by banners and bugles and bands, the long procession of loyal alumnæ, marching by classes, each arrayed after the manner decreed, each bearing placards of its achievements, each passing the reviewing stand whereupon sit the dignitaries of the college, the president, the deans, the trustees, the benefactors.

A cool Ivy Day would be an anomaly. It is always hot. Father reaches the campus early, correctly garbed in white flannels and, alas, a blue serge coat. He is accompanied by several younger members of the family, each bearing

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one of mother's campstools. He chooses what he considers an advantageous position behind the confining ropes but is prevailed upon twice to change it by the flimsy reason of one or another of his charges. At length, spying Mr. Brown and Mr. Clark in the near distance similarly encumbered, and once more instinctively sensing them to be mentally akin to himself, he joins his forces with their own.

An interminable wait ensues. The children of the three fathers ask in turn when the procession is to start. The patient answers to these queries are hopeful but necessarily indefinite. The three fathers find conversation difficult. The affairs of their matter-of-fact worlds seem somehow out of place; the affairs of the world at large seem somehow far remote.

At long last the procession starts. The classes march by right of seniority. Directly behind the band come the few remaining members of 1880 in pink sunbonnets and Mother Hubbard frocks. Father finds himself quite touched. These, he says fervently to Mr. Brown, represent the pioneers in higher education for women in America. Mr. Brown, tired and unimpressed, nevertheless is brave in acquiescence.

The classes pass. Cameras click and whirr. Applause bursts from enthusiastic sidelines and patient reviewing-stand. Mother's class comes nearer. Father draws himself to a bewildered attention. So do Mr. Brown and Mr. Clark. Mother herself leads, holding firmly with both hands a pole surmounted by a sign for all to see:

We number 112 Wives
We number 80 Mothers
We number 288 Children
We number 19 Grandchildren

Mother's position as signbearer does not enhance the set of her pirate's costume. Her trousers look even tighter, her shirt also. Her plumed hat is a bit bedraggled with the heat.

"My God! What a figure!" hisses Mr. Clark between his teeth. He is a good-natured man, and obviously he has not recognized Mother. Moreover, his remark, which might have caused a duel in the eighteenth century, is too patent to be resented. Father admits that he himself has more than once evoked the Deity over far less distressing matters than his wife's figure in her outlandish garb.

But Mother, bless her, is unconscious of her figure. As she approaches her husband and family, she holds her sign higher and more proudly. Her smile includes them all. Father removes his hat, signalling to young John to do the same. He actually feels a tightening in his throat. What cares he for her figure? He finds himself recalling a June day of twenty-five years ago when he walked this very campus in despair, sure he had not a chance at Mother. And here he is—one of those 112 husbands, one of those 80 fathers, his children among the 288.

Here comes the class of 1922, still young, dressed as smart nursemaids. Father is conscious of all the younger fathers married into 1922. He looks about upon some whom he has met and nods in approval. Queer how a thing like this sort of brings men together. Like Mother, the leader of 1922 proudly bears her sign:

It may be raining rain to you.
It's raining babies to '22.
A college education pays!
One baby every nineteen days!

Again Father finds himself much moved. These girls prove absolutely that a college education is all to the good. Just imagine anybody with sense contending that it unfits a girl for motherhood. He is glad Mother went to college, glad Mary is here. How could they for one moment have insanely considered a secretarial course for Mary even in these hard times? His conscience begins to smite him. He was an ass to question a week ago that fellow in *The Times* who said that colleges for women were too poorly endowed. He remembers his generous contribution five years ago to his own college, already too rich for words. He remembers, too, with a deeper pang Mother's mile of pennies saved from her household allowance so that she could contribute toward the alumnæ fund for underpaid members of the faculty. He will make amends to Mother once this damned depression is over. He will support Mother's and Mary's college as well as his own.

The parade is drawn up in military order before the reviewing stand. The dignitaries applaud; the president speaks; the chief trustee disbands them all. Young and old rush by classes to their ivies growing upon many widely scattered walls.

Father, accompanied by Mr. Clark and Mr. Brown, seeks the welcome shelter of the library, now cool, quiet, deserted. They hasten toward an open window in the front of the great reading-room.

"It's a great life, boys!" cries Father. "Do we dare to smoke in here?"

They light their cigars and lean from the sill. But their moment of peace is once more doomed. The thinned ranks of 1880 bear down upon them.

"Gentlemen," says one of the old ladies, those pioneers in higher education, "could we trouble you to move out of the way? We want to sing in here where it is cool to our ivy growing just beneath this window."

At last the tumult and the shouting die. The hosts prepare to depart. Father packs the car, repacks it once, twice, thrice to make room, where there is no room, for Mary's possessions. He says good-bye to Mr. Clark and Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones and Mr. Wood—to all the other American fathers packing their cars, too. He says good-bye to Sue and Alice, Bessie and Mabel, and tells each she doesn't look a month older than in the old days. He collects his scattered children; he stops the car again and again to ensure Mother every possible farewell.

All are familiar with the words of the wise man in the Proverbs in praise of the virtuous woman whose price is above rubies, who riseth while it is yet night, who perceiveth that her merchandise is good. Doubtless he spoke well. But I, a woman also, who teach the daughters, virtuous or not, of the American father, I, who am dependent upon *his* rising and knowing that *his* merchandise is good—I present in all humility this tribute to his strength and honor.

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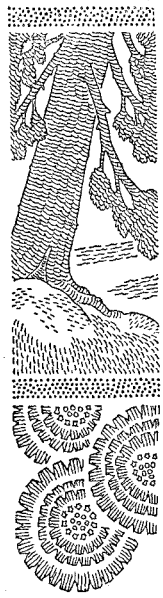
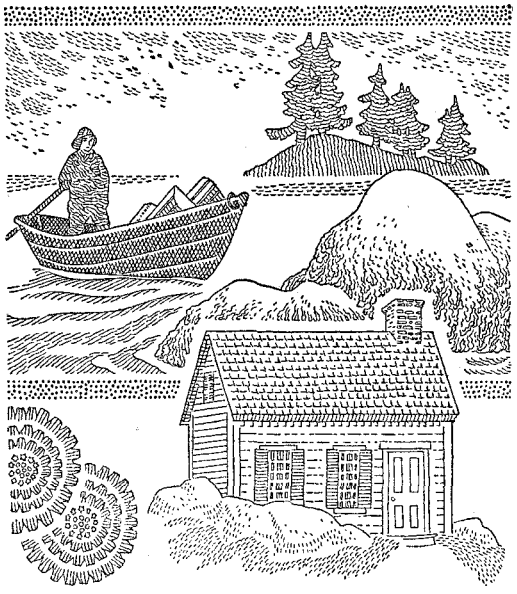


Primer for Maine

A STORY

By

Edward Harris Heth



We have come to Maine for our holiday. It is the first time since Margaret and I have been married that I have been able to get away from the office in Chicago. It is our first trip together and at the beginning I held great expectations. All month we had been planning this together, both excited and eager, until at last we arrived in Maine. The sea is exactly as I had always pictured it since I first saw it on a picture-postal my aunt sent my mother from Atlantic City twenty years ago. In Maine the sea is the same except that it is colder and somehow seems deeper, and the trees along the coast are tall pines that shiver in the wind.

Margaret was flushed and breathless all the way up, behaving in a way I'd never seen before. But then she was returning home, where she was born and where she played summer in and out beside the sea. She can spot a school of porpoises out in the sea at a terrific distance; I look and look with my hand to my eyes and cannot see a ruffle disturbing the water. But she was born here, and now she has come home again and all the way up she was more talkative than I have ever seen her.

First it was all the white houses and then the good sea odor and then the many signs where they sell fried clams and lobsters and finally the flowers in Maine, which are twice as gay as any other flowers because of the air. She knew something about every town we passed through, tugging at my arm and talking as if she were delirious, telling me that this was the great village where they build boats; here was the town famous for its old doorways; there was the house where *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written. At one town we stopped. There was a big white mansion with green shutters and a stately veranda and for a quarter you could go through it, up the carpeted steps and into all the bedrooms with fireplaces beside the beds. Margaret almost pulled me from the car. Her Uncle Sed used to have this kind of a house, she said.

So all the way up she kept poking her head out of the car window because she hadn't been home for five years. After her mother died she came to Chicago to live with an uncle, and a year ago I met her and married her. She often came up to the office with me late at night when I had a big story to write, and she would sit there still as the night itself until I had finished. Often when the story was finished we'd stand together looking out of the high window at all the shadowed buildings and the river down below and all the bridges, looking like little carved Chinese bridges from up so high; then it would be as if we were part of the city and I liked it, being born and bred in Morgan Park, because we were keyed to harmony.

But being home again she kept chattering all the way, her cheeks coloring and her hands darting out of the window to point out some hill or pile of rocks, sometimes bigger than a house. "You can see where I get my outcroppings," she laughed. "Look at all the granite."

I was surprised because until that moment I had never noticed any outcroppings at all. At home we had often walked along the low sand-dunes and the yellow prairies and she seemed to belong there next to me. We had seemed like any two people happy together in the city, living in a third-floor studio with respectably sprawling furniture and serape on the walls and a good French Modern in the house, too. That was the first time I had thought of it at all.

And when we reached Maine she was eager for the heavy scent of the salt air. She rushed down to a pile of rocks jutting out of the gray water and put her hands on her breasts, breathing deeply. "Oh, this is wonderful." She put her hands to the sides of her face and turned to me laughing. "Isn't this heavenly, Jess?"

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At first I couldn't evade the heavy pungent odor. In Chicago we are landlubbers and the scent of fish and weed is not beguiling. We like the good clean odor of the hot sand on the shores of Lake Michigan. Here I couldn't escape from the odor, even during the night. It was relentless. I got a panicky longing for the scent of something sweet. But soon I grew to love it, and by the second day hunted it out.

In Maine now there are old ladies everywhere in the summertime. They all wear white and walk very erectly and some of them carry canes. They hardly ever look at the sea, but strut down to the village in the morning to bother the lobstermen, fresh and smelly from their morning haul. They ask question after question and sympathize, saying they ought to get twice as much for their lobsters. Then they go into the magazine store and spend an hour musing whether they ought to buy *Harper's* or *Scribner's*. It really doesn't matter, they tell the clerk—all they want is something to read. But it takes them an hour to decide. On the lawn at the hotel old ladies in white dresses play croquet, holding colored parasols bolt-upright in their left hands. They move very slowly so that at first you think they are wooden white penguins stuck in the ground for ornaments. They can hit the ball without bending down a trifle. They are wonders.

After the first day we left the hotel, and though it was more than we could afford, Margaret urged me to rent a small cottage in the cove. So we are really at the water's door, alone, with the bay in front of us a dull blue and the open sea beyond that, a brighter blue. In the afternoons you can see endless schools of mackerel slithering in the water, diving up, diving under, their silver sides shining. There are cowering and huddled rocks all around us and in front of us a thin scallop of pebbly beach when the tide has licked its way in, but wide rolls of it when the tide is out.

Margaret rushed out on the beach, picking up crabshells and a tiny starfish and strands of blackened lecherous-looking seaweed. All sorts of seaweed drift in: lettucy, some like shavings of wood, some spangled and hung with globules like a shining savage ornament, some ferny, and great smacking flats of kelp smelling of rubber. Margaret picked up a broken bottle, its jagged edges worn smooth. "See how kind the sea is," she said, and took my finger to run it around the broken rim.

On that first night she began it, sitting on the rocks at night beside the sea. She sat there swirling her hands in the black water to stir up the phosphorescence. It was a superb display, the hundreds of sparks glittering in a wild swirl beneath the water. She threw in a stone and disturbed another brilliant white shower. A school of pollock came rimming around the rocks, each fish outlined in the spectral white. It was eerie and supernatural, the translucent white against the black.

"It's getting cold out here," I said. "Why don't you come in to bed, Margaret?"

She laughed. "No. You run along if you want to. I like to sit here."

When I was half-way to the house she called to me, "Jess, would you bring out my coat?"

I hated to go in without her, unaccustomed to separating ourselves, yet I brought out the coat. "Don't stay here forever," I said softly.

She smiled at me. But it was long after midnight when she dropped silent in bed beside me.

One of the things I like to do best here is to feed the seagulls. You take the garbage out to the rocks in a big leaky pail and no matter where you look there isn't a gull in sight. But dump the garbage into the sea. They must all rise from the water the way they circle about you so suddenly, making their shrill hunting cry, flapping their sail-wings. They haggle and scramble and unawares make beautiful dips, skimming the water and sailing off with a piece of the refuse, fighting for it with each other. They make you feel beneficent, but also suddenly timid.

Often after I fed them if the tide was out I would keep standing there on the rocks, watching the seaweed, half in the water, half out. The tide leaves in a rhythm, surging methodically, tantalizing the drying weeds. They are lifted, lifted; but finally dropped to flatness. Until the rocks are covered with a great black melancholy net and they are doomed to lie there lifeless until the tide returns to them.

One day Margaret came up to me there, carrying a handful of lucky stones and periwinkles she had found along the shore. Her hair was knit by the good sea wind and her face was already tanning with the rich deep-darted tan you get from the sun and the salt mixing. "Let's go up to see Aunt Kate," she said. "I haven't seen her for years and maybe she isn't even alive any longer," she said, "but that's her house there on the hillock."

She really isn't Margaret's Aunt Kate. In a way she belongs to every one, just as her husband was every one's Uncle Leander until his troll-like body was swallowed by the sea years ago. When Margaret told me how he was drowned, I didn't think any longer that the sea was as kind as she had made out. But she told the story with a radiance on her face.

"Uncle Leander," she said, "spent all his mornings chugging around the bay in his boat to pull up his lobster pots, leaning over the boat to haul in the lathed box with two or three sea-green lobsters captive, writhing and spreading their pincers. Once on a lucky haul he found seven in a trap, tangled up with each other like a garland from the bottom of the sea.

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"Leander looked like a grumpy lobster himself," she said, "small and chunky with flat beady eyes. He had a son named Wellington. And every morning Wellington sat in the boat beside Leander, though Aunt Kate stood on the shore scowling and grumbling that she didn't want her son taking up with the sea, too. But one morning a huge rolling wave came in, and for no reason at all tipped the boat far to one side, easily, like a hand pushing the boat over, long enough for the son to drop out. That was near Witches' Island, where often the dogfish hung heavy in the water.

"The boy," said Margaret, "fell into the water and in a moment a school of dogfish had clamped their suckerlike mouths on his body. They held him under water as if it were a kind of easy sport until his eyes snapped shut, like playing a kind of trick. Uncle Leander could see the bulky black dogfish wallowing down there until finally in desperation he dove down after the boy, probably sick with terror at the sight of the boy held so effortlessly under the water. But they never saw him again, either."

We went up to call on Aunt Kate and found her still alive. Margaret said she knew it the minute we approached the door because of the rich sweet odor of drying catnip that drifted out to us. Aunt Kate is one of the natives. She received us as if we belonged to her, dragging us into the white clapboard house with black shutters and giving us sleek-varnished rockers to sit in. She is eighty-nine years old and very big, but quick on her feet. As soon as we got inside she brought out queer pathetic photographs of her sons and daughters and granddaughters and even of neighbors, making us feel as if we had lived there all our lives. She had never seen me before but she kept talking about what great youngsters we used to be, running into the sea all the time, taking a punt out to the island to hunt for shags' eggs all around the shore.

She liked to sit in half-amused disdain hearing us tell about city ways. She knew a lady who slipped in a bathtub and drowned because she hit her head when she fell. Another lady she knew got into a bathtub once and couldn't get out again. She kept falling down the sides like a crab trying to crawl out of a tin pail.

On the way home Margaret shook her head and told me how Aunt Kate despised the sea ever since it took Leander and the boy.

"Why doesn't she move away from it then?" I asked.

Margaret shrugged her shoulders.

Soon the old ladies from the hotel discovered our beach. Then they began coming down with their colored parasols to sit in lumps on the ledges and watch their nieces and nephews putter in the water. You wonder where the mothers are but there never are any, only nieces and nephews and aunts in white dresses. Some of the ladies sit on the rocks, shrieking and gathering their skirts around them and waddling down to the water's edge to drag out one of the children who has gone too deep into the water, while others go off into the bushes, poking around with their parasols to discover a wild red raspberry. "Be careful of the crabs, don't let the crabs pinch you," the ladies on the rocks cry to the children.

When the ladies invaded our beach Margaret took to sitting on the rocks far to the right, high on a ledge above the water where she could see far out to sea. Often she took a book along but she never read it. It lay at her side. In the morning she would go off by herself to dig clams, but every afternoon she sat there.

I went with her the first morning, hurrying beside her over the mud-flats when the tide had ebbed, our slatted wooden clam-baskets dangling on our arms. You wear rubber boots that make a squishy sound as they rub against each other and dungarees and an old shirt that won't mind being doused in mud, or none at all. You wallow in the rich weedy-smelling mud tinted lavender and gray and blue with a streak of orange where some dead starfish is hidden, and sink your hooks where the holes are, sometimes finding four or five clams at a time, squirting at you and sliding away from you, while the water wells green and undulant and gurgling into the hole you've just dug. It breaks your back and the odor clenches your nostrils and I thought of the fine hot sand around Michigan, so after the first time I didn't go again.

But Margaret went gaily every morning the tide was low, returning gleefully with her arms and face and legs mud-covered. She would dump the blue and ivory clams with a pleasant rattle into a burlap bag, tying the bag in the water from one of the rocks to let the sea wash them clean. "See how kind the sea is," she laughed to me, "it does all my work for me." For supper she would steam the clams in a big kettle and then I would have to sit with her at table and pretend enjoyment in eating them, hot and slippery, even in drinking the acrid broth in which they had been steamed; while Margaret sat across from me chattering and gobbling twenty or thirty clams at a meal, yanking them from their shells with deft smeared fingers, breaking off their necks with a gentle slip, laughing with the butter-sauce trickling from her red mouth.

But in the afternoons, after the ladies had usurped our beach, she used to sit high upon the rocks. "Why don't we go some place else?" I said one afternoon. "We could go down to Boston to see some good shows and I could look at the library, too." But she never even answered me, only smiling slightly as if she never gave my idea a moment's credence at all.

In Maine loneliness is not so terrible as loneliness in

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other places for it becomes a thing of bare beauty. I sat close to her. She kept watching the children on the beach prancing into the water, heedlessly rushing in beyond their depth, never listening to their raucous aunts. I put my arm around her, waiting for her to lean back against me. At last I put my hand against her face, kissing her because of my sudden fear. "You've become absolutely cold," I murmured after a while. "You'd think you had never seen me before," I said.

"Look," she cried. "Look, Jess. Look out there and see the fishing dory!"

All this that I had never known in Margaret before was coming out, was dragged out by the sea.

In the middle of the night they woke us up by rapping on the window, saying that Aunt Kate was dying and wanted to see Margaret. I walked with her across the black fields heavy with the damp odor of fog and went into the house at her side. All of the relatives and neighbors were there, staring bleak-eyed though none was crying. There was a thick unusual odor in the room, and in the big bed Aunt Kate lay with the sheets pulled up to her chin. Her face and the tips of her fingers showing were red and wet with perspiration. She nodded when we came in and then motioned us to chairs, as if all we were supposed to do was to sit and watch. Waiting there I felt an anxious kinship for her because of her hatred of the sea.

"Is there anything I can do?" Margaret asked. But every one looked at her solemn-eyed and shook his head.

By that time Aunt Kate had lost her voice. Soon though she began making signs with her hands and her eyes, moving her worried lips but with no sound coming. Some one rushed to the kitchen to bring a glass of water but Aunt Kate shook her head. Some one got a hot cloth to put on her head but her eyes took on an angry annoyed look. A neighbor came with a moping step to her bedside bearing a Bible, getting suddenly a bright smile as if she had understood what Aunt Kate wanted at last, but she brushed the neighbor away with her hand. She looked helpless there on the big bed, with no way of telling what she wanted.

But finally Margaret jumped up and ran to the window, flinging it open wide so that half the people in the room gasped and shook their heads, horrified, mumbling about Leander and the son; motioning to Margaret to shut it quick. The sound of the sea came in roaring, splashing, and spitting on the rocks down on the beach. It came in steady rolls like breathing, deep and moaning. But Aunt Kate began to smile, settling back in her goosefeather pillows again, nodding at Margaret and listening with a faint grin.

About three in the morning she died. Margaret helped with everything as much as she could, and then we started back to our cottage. "It must be terrible to die in bed," she muttered.

"For heaven's sakes," I said, "get the sea off your mind. You might think you were married to the sea," I said. "Instead of to me," I added a moment later.

"It must be terrible," she said.

I lay awake in bed waiting for her to come in from outside, but it was a long time. And when she came she dropped into bed and turned over and fell asleep and said nothing to me at all.

This morning she was out on the purplish rocks again, sitting there in the gray morning watching. The tide was up, all the rockweeds resurrected again. They stood straight and green in the water, swaying thickly. Margaret sat there silently in the gray morning watching the children on our beach rushing into the water, looking as if they were never going to stop, as if something in the water were calling to them.

"Why are you so quiet?" I asked, breaking the silence. And when she did not answer me I added, "Soon we must start back to Chicago."

"I was thinking about these weeds," she answered, "how they hang on the rocks for years and years without ever getting torn away." She looked up at me, half-smiling.

"The month flew by in a hurry, didn't it?" I asked quickly, not looking at her.

She rested her hand on my knee, the only affectionate movement she had made for weeks. But the touch of her hand soon turned me cold. "Do you suppose you could get along without me for a while?" she was saying. "I should think it would be fun, playing bachelor," she laughed.

On the beach the raucous old ladies were in distress because one daring nephew was galloping out toward the surf beyond their reach. They stood there waving their parasols at him. I came down from the rock and chased after him, splashing myself and grabbing him by the seat of his suit to haul him out. Margaret sat on the ledge watching.

I really think that if she were down there alone with the children sometime, she would let them keep on running into the sea, deeper and deeper.

NEXT MONTH: SUMMER FICTION NUMBER

Stories by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, ERSKINE CALDWELL, THOMAS WOLFE, WILLIAM FAULKNER, *and others.*

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Heyday in a Vanished World

The Funeral of the Emperor — Search for the Missing Editor — John L. Sullivan in His Latter Days

By Stephen Bonsal

The second of two articles of reporting in the '80's. Last month Mr. Bonsal related his adventures in covering John L. Sullivan's fight with Charley Mitchell in France

At Cologne, where we changed trains, I broke my fast and my tired brain worked better. I got in contact with the Herr Schaffner of the train and for what he seemed to regard as a princely present I thought I had secured a compartment to myself. He did not, however, placard that my privacy was not to be disturbed, but he locked me in and, though I did not like it, he said it was *"besser, viel besser."*

Using a bag as a pillow and covering myself with a heavy coat, I was soon sound asleep, very sound asleep. How long this delight lasted I do not know, but it was not for long. I came gradually back to the hard world in which I was living and heard voices all around me. Also, it seemed, a knocking at the door. "Perhaps another telegram" was my thought, and then I opened wide my eyes. A most unmilitary looking gentleman in full military uniform was crouching at my feet in the little space that remained on the lounge. Opposite on the other side sat three stiff and very disgusted-looking middle-aged men in civilian garb, and peering at me through the window of the door was a *Jaeger* servant in a rough frieze coat. The start with which I awoke unfortunately planted one of my feet in the old gentleman's lap, but this accident gave me my cue. I apologized and placed my feet where they belonged. He was very gracious, but the other three gentlemen in civilian clothes and the *Jaeger* were evidently bursting with indignation, though they at least had no kick to complain of. As my wits came back to me, the situation did not

clear up. Here was a high officer, and despite the outrage I had done him he was smiling kindly, almost benevolently upon me, instead of unsheathing his sword which hung from the baggage-rack, and running me through. Could the man be a Prussian officer? Was all my previous experience of his class misleading? There he was, smiling kindly, while I expressed my sorrow and regret, and he, I could hardly believe my ears—

"I am sorry indeed to disturb you, more sorry than I can say to have awakened you. There were no other places in the train, so we had to come in. I urged my friends not to speak so loud, but of course they have much to talk about, the death of His Majesty and what it will mean for all of us." Then still more kindly, he continued, "I said to my friends, let's not disturb him. This *blut-junger Herr* comes out of Paris. He is very sleepy, just as I was thirty years ago when I came out of Paris. We must let him *ausschlafen*—sleep it out." And how indulgently he smiled.

But of course I could not let this insinuation pass unnoticed. After all, I had spent only one night in Paris and my arrears of sleep came from the interminable watchful nights in the provinces. However, the old gentleman's kindness did not stop with mere words. He insisted upon my taking a drink from his flask, which would do me good, help me to sleep some more. However, it only made me talkative, and I explained where I had been and what I had seen. He seemed immensely interested, and at the next stop he spoke shortly to the three gentlemen opposite and they disappeared. "I think my friends will find other places now, and you can stretch yourself out again and be comfortable without incommoding me, but you are choosing a bad time to visit Berlin. You are coming to a mourning city. His Majesty is dead." I reassured him by telling him that from my student days I knew how gay Berlin could be, but I was glad to visit it at this historic moment.

"Your purpose?" he inquired. I told him how, as I reached Paris from the ringside, a cable had come ordering me to Berlin to describe the great funeral pageant.

"You had the telegram to come—from the ringside?"

"Yes, that was about it."

"Sehr gut—Aber sehr gut." He rolled his eyes now and seemed convulsed by a repressed desire to laugh. The three civilian friends did not return to the compartment, and so the old gentleman went after them to be assured of their

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comfort, and while he was away the Herr Schaffner, shamefaced, sneaked up to me.

"I could do no other," he protested. "Durchlaucht had to have a place and there was no other."

Durchlaucht! His Grace! Well, I was glad I had been fairly decent to the old fellow in recognition of his charming face and manners before I realized he was a durchlaucht or had any claim to rank.

Soon he was back again, assuring me that now we could stretch out and try to make the best of the circumstances. He assured me he would try to follow my example and snooze. "Though," he added sadly, "I am afraid you, when you reach sixty, will find as I have that you cannot sleep anywhere very well—except in your own bed."

My chance acquaintance of the train supplied me with many facilities. He seemed to be on the closest and most intimate terms with Count Perponcher, who was in complete charge of the funeral arrangements. The one I most appreciated was a special card which permitted me to cross all the police lines and paved my way into the cathedral where the monarch lay in state, while outside thousands upon thousands of loyal Berliners were milling about in the snow. The crowds were immense, all the streets were black with people and tens of thousands were still in line when the doors closed for the day. The police were most inefficient, but the docility of the Berlin crowds of that day prevented a riot. At the last moment, however, the crowds did get out of hand; many were pushed aside and, slipping in the snow and ice, were trodden underfoot. I saw half a dozen of these unfortunates carried away in ambulances.

Owing to the thick blanket of snow, unusual stillness hung over the scene. It was the strangest of phenomena, a noiseless crowd. All the vehicles were on runners, and the sleighbells were muffled. Never have I experienced a bleaker day, but this did not prevent the thousands from standing in line for hours, chilled to the marrow but hopeful to the last of having a last look at the familiar figure, of saying Hail and Farewell to the dead Emperor, who, if not great in himself, had presided over so many great events in German history. All wore the dark blue cornflowers, the emblem of the House of Hohenzollern, and many there were who, though poor and far from properly clad against the severities of the weather, carried armfuls of the House flower which they would leave by the side of the coffin with their heads bowed and eyes veiled in tears.

The catafalque on which the open coffin rested was covered with a pall of purple velvet edged with ermine. It was flanked by gigantic candelabra of silver and by tabourets and silken cushions on which were placed the decorations and the worldly insignia which the dead monarch had relinquished so reluctantly. In the place of honor reposed the crown, the scepter and the orb, which the kings of Prussia proudly exhibited long before they could even pretend to world power. Banked up in front of the catafalque were wonderful floral tributes from many crowned heads and other rulers of the world. Of these it seemed to me a wreath sent by the Empress of Austria was the most beautiful, and certainly it was given the most conspicuous place. The guards of honor were picked giants in shining armor. On one side were officers of the Berlin garrison; on the other officers of the crack regiment, the Garde du Corps. The dead Emperor, with his head doubtless raised on a cushion, looked out upon the scene with sightless eyes from his lidless coffin. He was wearing the uniform of Old Fritz's favorite regiment, the First Foot guards, and a martial cloak was wrapped around him. As in prayer, his arms were folded over his chest, and the great Iron Cross was over his heart. His expression, or so it seemed to me in the dim subdued light, was gentle and smiling. There was no trace of death or the pangs of dissolution, and many murmured as they passed, "He is only sleeping; Please God he will awaken."

All day long great charcoal fires were burning on Unter den Linden, all the way from the palace to the Brandenburger Gate. This distance was strewn with evergreens and pine branches, and overhead were arches of green suspended upon pillars covered with black cloth. Around the fires the people gathered to thaw out and to read by this light the proclamation of the new Emperor-King, whom they hailed, and not mistakenly, as Frederick the Peaceloving. Now and again Prince William, later to become the War Lord of sad memory, would appear at the palace window and present his youngest child to the people, who bowed their heads, and now and then cheered in a subdued decorous manner. What a pageant it was! William the Great lay on his bier. Frederick the Peaceloving was dying, but the dynasty carried on. That was to be eternal.

My chance, indeed my providential, acquaintance of the train turned out to be the reigning prince of Lippe-Detmold, a little state of about 150,000 inhabitants which had been incorporated in the Kingdom of Prussia when Hanover was overthrown in 1866. His principality was famous for its thrifty inhabitants, its forests, its horses, and above all for its bricklayers who at this time every year travelled to Hungary, Sweden, and Russia and returned in the fall with the profits of their trade.

According to Chapman Coleman, one of the last of the old-fashioned secretaries of Legation who had been stationed in Berlin for thirty years and knew everybody and everything in Germany worth knowing, the Prince was a descendant of Arminius (Herman) who in a battle in the Teutoburger forest had annihilated the Roman legion of Varus. While the Prince had not given me the proud details of his ancestry he had made no attempt to conceal his opinion that the House of Hohenzollern was an upstart parvenu family and that their inclusion in the Almanach de Gotha was due entirely to the pressure of the money power which they wielded through the Bleichröders. His presence at the funeral was, he explained, the merest gesture of a respect which was far from sincere and his motive in making it was solely to spare his people further trials and tribulations from Berlin at the hands of the Prussians whom he loathed. So strong was this feeling that I was at times forced to the conclusion that the Prince in seeing that I went everywhere and had a modest place at all the funeral functions was inspired by his contempt for the Emperor and a malicious desire to have his last pageant described by a reporter who by his own admission had just arrived from a prize-fight. Be this as it may, the Prince took most excellent care of me to the delight of Mr. Pendleton the minister and of Coleman the Secre-

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tary. They had their hands more than full in trying to take care of Smalley of *The Tribune,* of Harold Frederick of *The Times* and of Blakely Hall of *The Sun* who were totally ignorant of German and had never been in Berlin before.

To some the last Imperial funeral celebrated with medieval pomp and circumstance was a never-to-be-forgotten pageant. But to the Ambassador Extraordinary of the dismembered French Republic it was a trying experience beset with many unwelcome and apparently insoluble problems. The duty of representing his country on this memorable occasion, representation which *les hautes convenances* and the protocol demanded, fell to General Billot. He was a gallant old soldier who in the days of his youth had served with credit throughout the Franco-Prussian war. His battalion by desperate fighting had broken through the iron band that encircled the French army at Sedan. Later he held an important command in the army of the Loire which safeguarded French military honor although it could not save the despoiled provinces or the war indemnity to Prussia.

While the special envoy was lodged at the Embassy in the Pariser Platz most of his suite lived at my hotel and in my corridor. I ran across the General several times, a handsome soldierly-looking man of sixty but with a face so sad that it attracted attention—even at a funeral. Soon the indiscretions of his young officers, several of whom were old friends, acquainted me with the details of the many-horned dilemma with which their chief was confronted.

"It would not be difficult," they explained, "for the General to follow the bier with measured tread and downcast eyes, for the dead monarch was certainly a gallant soldier and as such deserving of respect. But the visit of condolence to the young prince which the protocol demands—now that the Emperor Frederick lies upon his death-bed—how is that to be managed? How can a French soldier express sorrow upon the death of our conqueror at Sedan—the man who was crowned German Emperor at Versailles while the ruins of the St. Cloud palace still smoked? Will you tell me that?" I certainly could not and did not even attempt it.

"Of course," the voluble youngsters ran on, "had the Mission not been sent it would have been a gross breach of etiquette. *Mais oui! Mais oui!* It is not to be denied—but now Rochefort says in *L'Intransigeant,* if the General expresses but one little word of sympathy, when he makes his inevitable call at the Palace, he will summon the men and women of Belleville to build barricades as of yore and destroy this dastardly government. And even Hebrard in *Le Temps* is lukewarm toward our Mission and fails to understand our dilemma."

Certainly General Billot had a bad cold, the penalty of exposure to the many funeral ceremonies—and in the end, like the born diplomat he proved himself to be, he utilized it to best advantage. Several hours after the dreaded audience the young members of the dolorous mission were opening champagne, decorously but joyously none the less in our corridor.

"I do not have to ask you how it went off," I said.

"No, it was magnificent," came the chorus of answers. "When it came our General's turn he stood before the Prince, pointed to his throat and then with all the good will in the world opened his mouth—but from his bronchial tubes there came only a wheeze and a rumble. And I must say the Prince was charming. He came forward and put his hand on our General's shoulder. 'I am sorry indeed that this should have happened in Berlin,' he said, 'but if the truth must be told we always have *infames Wetter* (disgusting weather) here in March. But I hope to welcome you here some day under more favorable circumstances.'

"Now what can Rochefort make out of that? *Mais rien de rien!*"

The last day of William the Victorious, before his broken body was returned to mother earth, dawned dark and forbidding. The skies were leaden and the March winds boisterous and penetrating. Prince William, so soon to replace both father and grandfather on the throne, arrived at the Cathedral in great state shortly before noon. At rigid attention with head erect he took up his stand in the great nave behind the Imperial standard. Strangely enough as it seemed to me and to many others, while they were doubtless active behind the scene, neither Prince Bismarck nor Field Marshal Von Moltke took a prominent part in the public ceremonies. While, outside, the people in their thousands and as it seemed to me in their millions were surging about the hideous edifice, inside, the cathedral was not overcrowded. As was both fitting and also fortunate for me my place was well to the rear and convenient to a door which enabled me to escape while the cortège was forming and to reach my old student quarters on the Linden, by a back entrance to the house, which was only a few yards away from the Café Bauer from which I was to view the procession as it passed.

The Lutheran service was short and impressive in its simplicity and it was accompanied throughout by the soft strains of low plaintive music. Prince Radziwill and Counts Perponcher and Lehndorf, in life the Emperor's most trusted aides, stood by the side of the coffin with drawn swords. Outside the minute guns roared while clustered about the catafalque were, as the court calendar afterwards related, twenty-six crowned heads or heirs apparent to thrones which at the time seemed so stable. When the choir finished singing "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" and the military bands were striking up the first notes of Chopin's *Marche Funebre* I made my escape and ten minutes later was ensconced in the window from where I could certainly enjoy the best view of the great pageant.

The middle aisle of the Lindens was carpeted with fir branches, and the side aisles to the right and left were jammed with masses of people struggling to get a sight of the little that was to be seen from the ground. They were kept in place by infantry columns massed four deep, and the line of march was cleared by squadrons of cuirassiers, big men on giant horses. Great banks of snow hung over the scene, and the light from the blazing naphtha fires in the vases that topped the funeral pillars shed but a weird uncertain light over the spectacle.

The funeral car, of black and gold, was immediately followed by the Emperor's favorite war-horse, a noble animal which now and then whinnied plaintively, as though it read the meaning of the mourning trappings that it wore and understood the message of the minute guns which now reverber-

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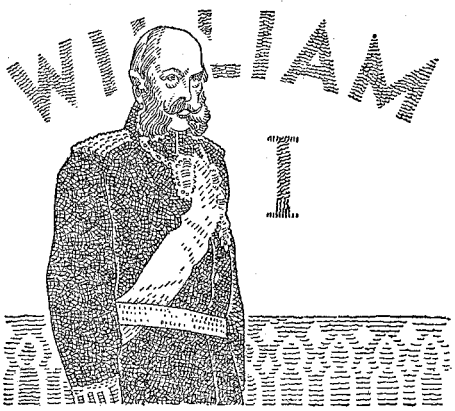

ated throughout the otherwise strangely silent city. Right behind came Prince William, a striking figure with his hand on the hilt of his sword, playing his martial part, unlike Prince Henry, his naval brother, who made no attempt to conceal his grief. Right behind them came the monarchs of the German States and Charles of Roumania, a Hohenzollern cousin, and George of Greece, and others bound to the dynasty by marriage ties. Then three Ministers of State, slipping and sliding in the snow and ice, but bearing proudly the emblems of power, the crown, the scepter, and the orb. Then another flock of mourning kings, special ambassadors, and the representatives of more or less related dynasties. The Prince of Wales, the little Tsarevitch, and his tall slim brother, Rudolph, Archduke and Crown Prince of Austria, Albert of Saxony, Leopold of Belgium, and Victor Emmanuel, the Prince of Naples, heir to the Italian King.

Before the statue of Old Fritz, the car was halted for a few moments, and in unison, the court chaplains and the higher clergy led in prayer. And from a side street there now appeared many companies of the famous First Foot regiment, the favorite troops of the great Frederick, wearing for the day the miter-shaped headgear of shining brass, recalling memories of the Seven-Years' War.

At last, and now to the music of Beethoven's noble march, the Death of a Hero, the stately slow-moving procession reached the Brandenburg Gate, and here the innumerable royalties, who were quite fatigued with the heavy march in full regalia, were invited to mount in court carriages placed on runners, for the *Sieges-Allee* was impassable for pedestrians or carriages. How serene seemed the prospect of the royalties who proudly carried the pall of the dead monarch, who after having suffered so many blows of fortune, so many *Schicksals-Schläge,* had ended his days in peace and upon a proud and spacious eminence. But, had we been given the gift of reading the future, we would have seen Rudolph of Austria meeting a mysterious death in the hunting lodge at Meyerling; the little Tsarevitch massacred with all his family in the dark cellar at Ekaterinburg; and George of Greece shot down like a dog in the streets of Salonica. Mercifully, however, the future was veiled.

But many did comment on the serene prospect of the successor to the man who was now being carried out to his last resting place. And a few recalled in this moment how William the Victorious had fled before the Revolution of '48, and his dreary months of exile in England, where he had gone with a forged passport made out in the name of a certain non-existent Herr Lehmann. Ludwig, the historian, relates that as the funeral car went by there was at least one man in the otherwise respectful throng who shouted "Good-by, Lehmann." Ludwig was not present and I certainly did not hear it, but the way was long and the taunting words may have been spoken. As for myself, I heard nothing but words of praise and expressions of sorrow; all agreed that the dead monarch's work was done, and well done; that Germany was united at home and respected abroad as never before. The work was well done, but some there were who, peering into the future, asked: Will it stand?

It is doubtless passing strange that of all the tributes to the great man the only one I can now recall was in the form of a valedictory from my old landlady who in view of our former acquaintance in my student days had rented me one of her windows at about twice the prevailing price. The praise of pastors in court pulpits, of war lords young and old, of ministers of state and ambassadors of great powers is clean forgotten and only her words abide. The explanation of this lapsus I leave to my readers. Was it because her words at least were sincere and unstudied or was it because I am a frivolous chronicler wholly unequal to a task worthy of Froissart?

I must tell you that Frau Unsorge was a hard-headed and hard-fisted old woman else she had not survived the exacting life she had lived for thirty years. Her contacts had been exclusively with what she called möblirte-zimmer-Herren (men who live in furnished rooms), vagrant and migratory students from all over the world who came to Berlin to listen to Professor Treitschke's version of German history, or young lieutenants from the provincial garrisons who came to the capital to hear the great war lords expound the art of war in the high Kriegsschule, just around the corner. However, as the solemn pageant passed, Frau Unsorge suddenly crumpled up, real tears flowed down her raddled cheeks and through her apron she bellowed: "And now he goes too! *Der liebe gute alte Kaiser. Er hat so gern Hummern und Champagner gehabt*"—Our dear good old Kaiser! How he loved champagne and lobsters!

It was nearly dusk when the mausoleum was reached and the body of the Emperor, in compliance with his last wish, was placed by the side of his mother, Queen Louise, who died of a broken heart while Napoleon was war lord of a Prussia he had crushed under his heel. From the window of the Schloss in Charlottenburg the dying Emperor Frederick watched the passing of his father and bowed his head as the Court-Preacher raised his voice and proclaimed "Blessed is the man who resists temptation." On my way back I dismissed my sleigh at the Brandenburg Gate and walked along the Linden. The fires in the great braziers were burning low now and the thousands who had been at such pains and discomfort to witness the great spectacle were stumbling about in the snowdrifts on their way home. I had little time for reflection, the call of the cable was upon me, but the thought did not escape me that in the historic moments that had just passed the last scene in the life of a man who was two years old when Washington died had been enacted, that I had seen a soldier laid away who had fought with Blücher at Waterloo, and that the ruler whose

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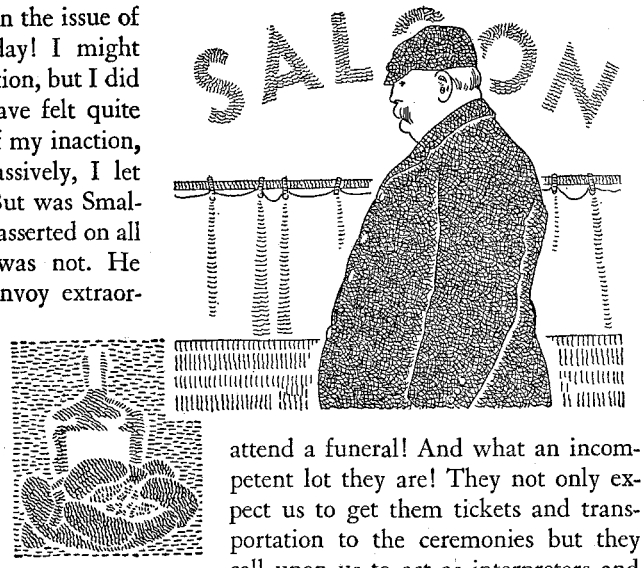
reign was over had been proclaimed German Emperor in the palace at Versailles in 1871. I realized that quite a lot of modern history sank out of sight when that tomb was closed, but it was more than I or perhaps any one else suspected at the time.

As I crossed the Wilhelmstrasse I had the most interesting experience of the crowded day. I became involved in a traffic jam and stood for several minutes by the side of a brougham that was also held up. Inside of it sat Prince Bismarck all alone. He wore his cuirassier's uniform and great helmet. His eyes seemed bloodshot, and he was looking straight before him into a world where his "Gracious King" as he called him would no longer be omnipotent. Perhaps he was thinking of the day, the not distant day, when the young prince whom he had told "you will not need a Chancellor," meaning doubtless you will not suffer one, would throw him over.

In the early evening there fell more snow, and all traffic, except of the most urgent nature and on the main streets, was suspended. The lobbies of the hotels were cluttered up with the funeral delegations trying to learn about the possible departure of the international trains and speculating upon their chances of getting away from the blockaded city. In these circumstances, though tired and sorely tempted to the lazier practice, I recalled what both Stanley and Archibald Forbes had so often told me, and insisted upon: "It is not enough to write your story. You must see it off."

So I started for the *Haupttelegrafen Amt* in a cab, and as we were soon stuck in the snowdrifts I had to finish my journey on foot. As I prepared to turn in the sheets, I noticed that over the cable window there was a sign which read: "Western Union *Cabel Unterbrochen*" (Western Union Cable Interrupted), so I divided my message, and routed it over the German and French cables. As I turned from the window to begin my homeward journey on foot, a messenger from the hotel came in with Smalley's message, and it was labelled "via Western Union." Shrugging his shoulders, the receiving telegrapher put it on the Western Union spike to be transmitted when the line was clear, and as a matter of fact it did reach *The Tribune* in time for belated publication in the issue of the following Sunday! I might have saved the situation, but I did not. Sometimes I have felt quite properly ashamed of my inaction, of how, at least passively, I let down a colleague. But was Smalley a colleague? He asserted on all occasions that he was not. He claimed to be an envoy extraordinary of intellectual America, and on all occasions displayed the most sovereign contempt for mere correspondents. In evening clothes (how strange they looked in the falling snow) he had been rushing around all day getting nowhere and seeing nothing, for the poor man was in a new territory and among people who did not know him, and threatening Mr. Pendleton, our ambassador, with his displeasure because front seats were not assigned to him. And now his mighty and majestic picture of the great pageant was hung up on the waiting hook, and I, malicious worm that I was, let it stay there.



It was not a pretty incident of my career. I have kept it a dark secret these many years, but I have felt better, in fact almost justified, since reading Gertrude Atherton's memoirs and finding my deep impression of Smalley more than confirmed by her and by Whitelaw Reid, who both knew him better and had the ill-fortune of more frequent contacts with him than I did. Mrs. Atherton describes a dinner in Paris at which Smalley talked incessantly of the great ones of the period he knew most intimately, until at last Reid, provoked beyond endurance, broke out with: "Yes, Smalley, you are the most colossal snob and the most monumental cad that America ever sent to Europe," and her comment is that Smalley looked and acted "as if he had lockjaw for the rest of the evening."

Coleman, the secretary of the Legation, was a frank critic and a most unwise one of the American press as it was represented on this occasion. "When world-stirring events were on in Germany," he protested, "the American papers for the most part were content to view them through English eyes and now they come, a mob of them, to attend a funeral! And what an incompetent lot they are! They not only expect us to get them tickets and transportation to the ceremonies but they call upon us to act as interpreters and peace talkers between them and their bewildered coachmen." Harold Fredericks of *The Times* was there, whimsical but charming and also Blakeley Hall of *The Sun* who had recently achieved Printing House Square fame with a series of articles depicting the life of a New York boarding-house child. Here he was out of his element and it made him irritable. Most of his cables dealt with the manifold shortcomings, as he thought, of our really able and competent Minister, ex-Senator George Pendleton of Ohio.

II

Within ten days I was back in Paris, busily engaged in picking up the threads of the Boulanger movement which so many regarded as a conspiracy to enthrone a Bonapartist or an Orleanist prince. The memory of the Imperial funeral had begun to fade, and I frankly thought that I was through with prize-fighting for ever. A cable from New York put an end to this pleasant dream. I learned that the famous sporting editor and boxing expert who had been sent over to support and supplement me had now disappeared from the face of the earth altogether. The paper had received only his technical account of the great fight up to the 30th round and then—silence.

At first, they advised me, they had concluded that —— was simply broken-hearted and could not bring himself to chronicle the downfall of America's idol, but, as the days passed and no word came from him, a more sinister explanation became current. It

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was recalled that Archie McNeill, a London sporting man, while returning from the Smith-Kilrain fight, had been murdered in Boulogne for his watch, and the suspicion deepened that the same sad fate had overtaken my co-adjutor. I was urged to make every effort to shed light on the mystery, and at last, very unwillingly I must admit, I took the train for Amiens and began the search for the missing man.

I proceeded with caution as I did not know what my status might be with the local authorities. True, I had not been arrested and so I had not jumped my bail but nevertheless the French police were notoriously a queer lot and perhaps after all my run of good fortune I might fall into the clutches of the law. Anxious not to raise any of these questions I presented myself to the authorities as a friend of the distressed family of the missing editor who had come to France to visit the breeding establishments and to make a report on Baron de Rothschild's promising string of horses.

"Unfortunately," I explained, "his visit coincided with the arrival of the pugilists——"

"What a disgrace it has been," interrupted the Commissaire with hand uplifted to the high heavens, "what a disgrace it has been to Anglo-Saxon civilization, and they have sought to smirch *la belle France* but I declare we are innocent. But for them it was disgraceful, *une belle horreur*, a shameful spectacle."

While I thought that now the Commissaire was being carried away by racial feelings, this was no moment for argument, so by silence I assented. But the pent-up feelings of M. le Commissaire were not to be denied utterance.

"And as a *combat*, a fight, believe me it was ridiculous. Why *mes paysans* who saw the meeting tell me that with a kick in the mouth any one of our boys but little acquainted with the art of *savate* could have laid by the heels the greatest boxeur, indeed both of them. And they say, *mes paysans*, that the famous strangers who had come so far for the meeting did not even know how to begin to fight, that there was no tripping—that not even a single *croc en-jambe* was attempted! Voyons! Monsieur as a combat it was not serious! *Tout simplement des enfantillages*—Just simply child's play——"

I did not take up the cudgels in defense of the noble science as practised by our race. I thought it was, as the French say, a "splendid opportunity to hold my tongue." Finally I brought the Commissaire back to the mysterious disappearance and placing two of his men at my disposal he secured for me a decrepit cab and sent us out to make the rounds of the villages. For many hours our search was without success. No stranger had been noticed. Perhaps my description of this great judge of horseflesh who had disappeared was not entirely accurate. I spoke of him as quite a personage, and regretted that he had been brought in contact, if he had been, with the disgraceful exhibition which the whole civilized world deplored. At last one of the peasants we encountered who was superintending two hardy old women digging potatoes in a field, said: "There is a stranger tramp down by my pigsty, but of course he is not the gentleman you are looking for. He is drunk most of the time; he has sold his coat and most of his clothes for alcohol, and he speaks no language we can understand. I mention it—but of course he is not the distinguished Monsieur you seek."

Nevertheless, and with dire forebodings, I went down to the sty. The grunt of the pigs indicated the way, and there by the trough, half-submerged in filthy muck, lay the great editor. He was blue in the face with the cold or the alcohol, and the peasants threw up their hands in amazement as I attempted to arouse him. It was my man all right, and at last he came to and recognized me.

"The fight is over," he moaned, "and John is beaten."

"No, it was a draw," I asserted. And he brightened visibly. We picked him up, and soon he was able to hobble to the cab. We caught the train at Senlis, and before the week was out I shipped him home via Havre. I was never quite clear in my mind whether the result of the fight had broken the editor's heart, or whether his mortal weakness would in any event have borne him down. The fight was undoubtedly the end of the era of which he was one of the most glamorous reporters. He died a few months later, and I never saw another prize-fight until many, many years later when, with touching filial piety, a group of young men took me to see the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres over in Jersey City. That was not much of a fight, and so going and coming I had plenty of time to tell the boys of the new generation about the epic struggle of long ago in far-away France, and I did not prettify it much. I couldn't.

In Europe of course John was finished but not so in America. While some fell away from the great champion, there were many who would not desert our favorite son, even in the days of his partial eclipse. As a general thing the *contretemps* in France was ignored. Great preparations were made to celebrate the return of Sullivan to the land where he learned to fight. Among the announced speakers was Roscoe Conkling, but his speech was never delivered. The great blizzard of March, 1888, that followed so closely upon the fight in France and so harassed the distribution of the many editions dealing with the details of the great event, knocked out the forensic champion and Sullivan's close friend, and his voice was heard no more among men. But a rough draft of the speech which he had prepared for delivery at the banquet of welcome already planned was circulated among a few intimates, and of this I feel justified in quoting a few heartfelt words.

"Our guest has subdued the haughtiest King and the champions of two continents, carrying our beloved Star-Spangled Banner in triumph through every conflict. Unspoiled by his glittering glory, he now returns modestly accepting us plain citizens as his equals and his friends."

I never had the good fortune to see our national idol on the stage which he adorned for so many years, nor yet as a scientific farmer in his beloved Massachusetts, but I did see him playing in one of his least successful transformations. When I returned from Europe after a long absence in the Balkans Brisbane said: "John has opened a saloon at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street. We must call on him right away; it will please him to see you."

I had my doubts, but it was a pleasure to go anywhere with Brisbane and soon we were there. At other hours John L. may have done a land-office business, but at this moment the great saloon was rather deserted. Even after Brisbane had patted him on the back, felt his muscles, that were not so bulg-

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ing as they had been in France, and I had said the words that I thought were appropriate, the great man did not seem delighted to see me. Even under the patronage of his close friend and admirer I cannot say that I was warmly welcomed. "You see he's on the water-wagon, and that makes him grumpy," explained Brisbane, and, as though reading our thoughts, John began:

"Yes, I was a 'boozer' for twenty-five years, and it was John Barleycorn who knocked me out as a fighter. The only way you can beat old John is to climb out of the ring. Charley Mitchell? It's to laugh. That bozo can't fight. He's a sprinter all right and he spiked my feet until my shoes were filled with blood. But it wasn't he, but John Barleycorn, the snow, and the sleet that stopped me—Brr!"

Even when the great man had got this temperance speech off his chest, and had offered us liquid refreshment, he did not seem happy. Evidently there was still something on his mind and suddenly, with a wink at Brisbane, he put his arm on my shoulder and drew me aside.

"I owe you an apology and I'm going to make it right now."

"Why, John, you have always treated me white."

"No, I haven't. I've done you dirt, but I didn't mean it. You see, Bonsal is a hard name to remember; it's not like Brisbane."

"No," I admitted meekly, "it's not."

"And so when I came to talk to that bozo who was writing my oughter-bography, damned if I didn't forget it."

Here John ran behind the bar and produced a well-thumbed volume.

"And when I came to that day in France I said 'there was with me good old Brisbane and a nice young fellow from *The Herald.*'"

There was something almost pleading in the great man's attitude and voice now, and I hope that for once I rose to the occasion. He repeated "I hope you'll forgive me. It's a hard name to remember."

"Of course it is," I said soothingly. "But see what you have done for me, John. You have given me deathless, if anonymous fame, and eternal youth. I was there—'a nice young fellow.'"

"It's mighty good of you to take it that way," said John, and the clouds vanished from his mighty brow. He patted me on the back and soon we were seated around the table in the private room, swapping yarns and drinking beer, while to fill up the gaps in our conversation, which did lag somehow, Brisbane would feel John's Herculean arm muscles and, though they seemed a little flabby, to me, would pronounce them all right.

"Of course," said John, "it's only my stomach that has gone back on me. I can't eat as I did."

Then suddenly the door to the private room was thrown open and a villainous-looking little old man in shirtsleeves and draped in a long soiled apron shouted, "Come out here in front, and show yourself. You don't think people come here for the suds, do you?"

I was aghast. John did not have a gentle way with underlings, with those who did not remember the mighty respect that was his due. I recalled almost murderous scenes at Chippy Norton's training quarters, and still another at a café in Paris—where proper deference to the champion of the world had not been paid. But this was a changed John.

"The old cuss is right," he said.

"Of course he is right," chimed in Brisbane, and submissively we all three walked out into the public room. Quite a number of people were dropping in now, singly and in troops. They would give their orders at the bar and then sidle over to our table.

"How are you stacking up, John?" more than one had the audacity to say. And John would answer, gruffly, "Fair to middlin'," and go on with the subject in hand.

But when John saw a group of admirers with their feet on the rail, who with modest hero-worship were content to gaze at the great man from afar, he was truly magnificent. He would stride towards them in his big-hearted way and shout, "Pleased to meet you, gentlemen; put it there. Have a good time; this is Liberty Hall." Then he would return to us, leaving the men at the rail in the highest heavens of delight.

All this time the villainous-looking old man in his shirtsleeves hovered around, always getting in front of John, and as it seemed to us, absurd as was the thought, the champion quailed before his insolent glance. Brisbane said, "That's a good one, John, you ought to raise that fellow's salary. Of course you must sit out in front." John smiled sardonically and the old man, with a dirty dishrag in his hand, kept buzzing about us like an unfriendly hornet. He would slap his dishcloth down on the table, clean up the foam that had fallen from the beakers, but he did it so roughly that he spilled more foam than he removed. John never said a word but when the old man retired for a moment to a corner, from which he continued to glare at us with concentrated hatred, John said, with an explanatory wave of the hand:

"That fellow's me father. You'll hardly believe it. You'll think John's stringing you, but I ain't. It's gospel truth. That man's me father, so help me. He's only five feet three, and sort of bent in the middle, but for all that they tell me that before he became a booze-hound 'Mike' Sullivan was one of the heftiest hod-carriers in Boston. Of course I take after me mother. She was five feet ten and she tipped the scales at two hundred on her wedding day. She was a Roscommon woman, I owe everything to her, and she could make that little runt behave himself. But I can't. I take after her in every way—in every other way," repeated John.

The great man now changed the subject, for the old fellow swooped down again on our table, banged the glasses and again glared with frank hatred at the son who had achieved immortality. Soon John was discussing Jack Johnson, the black Galveston roustabout who wanted to fight him for a purse of ten thousand dollars, which in those days looked bigger than a million in the era of Tex Rickard the inflationist and of Dempsey and Tunney.

"I'll never soil my hands fighting a nigger. They tell me in my business you have to meet all kinds of people, but I won't soil my hands nor my gloves neither fighting a nigger for ten thousand or even twenty thousand."

When our time was up, we really hated to leave great big-hearted foolish John at the mercy of that venomous little fellow who was still hovering around. But as Brisbane said wisely as we walked away, "I'd do anything for John, but you can't help a fellow in his family quarrels. They have to be fought out strictly *en famille.*"

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Where the Apple Reddens

A STORY

By Virgilia Peterson

NINA lay still in the darkened room. She was not asleep. A jumble of fancies rolled through her head. She was trying to imagine Miss Martin at home; Miss Martin in an evening dress like one of Jacqueline's; Miss Martin going to a ball. It was fun to piece out pictures of Miss Martin.

The door opened and Miss Martin came in.

"Time's over. Here's your orange juice. Did you have a nap?" She spoke cheerfully.

"Not much," Nina answered.

Miss Martin pulled up the blue shades. The one nearest the bed went on flapping angrily till the string got caught at the top. A flat gray light filled the room. The clock on the bureau said three.

"It's still snowing," Miss Martin remarked. "Here. Put on this jacket if you're going to sit up."

She straightened the spread over the blankets and stuck an extra pillow at Nina's back.

"Now. What would you like to do this afternoon?"

"I don't know," Nina said.

"Your mother told me that you ought to be studying. You're three weeks behind, you know. Shall I bring you the algebra?"

"Oh! dear."

"It'll be worse than 'Oh! dear' on Monday, when you get back to school."

"Am I going on Monday?"

"Doctor says those last pocks will be gone by then. So I don't see why not."

When she went back to school, Miss Martin would leave.

"I don't want to work. Not today."

The door opened.

"May I come in?" Nina's mother asked.

"Certainly, Mrs. Haskins," said Miss Martin. "We were just wondering what to do this afternoon. Nina says that she does not feel like working yet."

Nina's mother came and leaned over the bed. She smelled of eau-de-cologne.

"How does my little girl feel after her nap? Better? I think it's rather stuffy in here, Miss Martin. If you opened the window, just a crack."

"It's been open for the last hour, Mrs. Haskins. I've just closed it."

"Have you really? It does seem so warm. Perhaps if you turned off the heat."

"We don't want the patient to catch a cold now. She's been getting on so well."

"Still, she needs the air. And don't you think that light is too strong? Such a glare, right in her eyes. You could pull the shades half way."

"She wouldn't be able to see to read, Mrs. Haskins."

"I can't imagine why I've left the bed facing the light, anyway. It ought to be turned around with the head here. Do you see what I mean? It won't take a minute to fix it. Nina, hop out of bed. I'll get some one to help."

Mrs. Haskins went into the hall.

"Katy! Oh! Katy!" she called.

Jacqueline opened her door.

"What is it, Mother?" she asked.

"I was trying to get Katy. I can't imagine what the girl does. She's never here when I need her. Perhaps you'll help us for a moment. I want to get that child's bed turned around so the light won't be in her eyes."

Jacqueline came into Nina's room. She was wearing the Russian coat, high fur collar and cuffs, and deep fur in a circle at her feet. Her face looked so smooth against the fur.

"Hello, little sister," she said. "What's up?"

"Nothing. Are you going out?"

"I have to go down town."

"Will you come and see me when you get back?"

"Of course I will."

She and Miss Martin moved the bed.

"There," said Mrs. Haskins. "That's much better. Now, child, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Nina said.

"She doesn't seem to be able to amuse herself at all," Mrs. Haskins turned to Jacqueline. "I can't understand it. Do you remember, when you were her age, how you made scrapbooks? Do you remember all the little poems you wrote?"

"Yes, Mother. They were awful. I can't think why I wrote them. But look, Nina. What about paper dolls? I've got that box in my closet. If you'll promise not to tear them or lose any you can have those to play with."

"That would be fine," Nina said.

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Jacqueline went through the bathroom into her own room to get the dolls.

"Now, isn't that nice of her?" Mrs. Haskins said. "You must take great care of them. You won't let her spoil them, will you, Miss Martin?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Haskins."

"I'll come in again, later," Nina's mother said, as she left.

Jacqueline came back with the box.

"Here you are. Be careful of them. I'm off," she said. "See you later."

"Good-by," Nina called after her. "Good-by, Jacqueline."

There were a lot of paper dolls in the box. Miss Martin went from the room. Nina got out of bed and ran to the window. She looked down at the street, so far below. The automobiles were an army of beetles, black and shiny, humping slowly out of sight. The people were tiny specks, black too, against the snow. One of those specks, that one going around the corner, might be Jacqueline. It was. It was. You could see the edge of fur around her feet.

Miss Martin came back.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked. "Get right back into bed."

Nina looked over the paper dolls. There was the boarding-school girl. She had a suit and a sailor hat and a middy blouse with bloomers and a neat, little suitcase which you could fasten to her hand. Last year, it had been fun to dress her up and tell stories about the midnight feasts which she and her roommate gave in their closet. She looked dull, though, now. She did not seem to call up any ideas. It was funny how things lost their meaning suddenly, and you could just barely remember that once upon a time they had meant a lot. The first time that happened was long ago with the old brownie. He was made of brown ribbed stockings, with a bit of white stocking for his face. He had pale-green eyes and a sad pink mouth turned down at the corners. He kept getting dirtier and dirtier. One day the governess washed him out and gave him a new face, blue popping eyes and a round red mouth. He lost all his importance. Eventually he was given away, but it didn't matter.

One of the paper dolls was a man. He wore an animal skin over his shoulder and a wreath in his hair. He looked a little like that man who used to play tennis with Jacqueline, two summers ago, the one who used to tell her: "You're my only consolation." She came several times at night, that summer, to the sleeping porch. She used to sit on the bed in her nightgown with her hair hanging down and talk about Andrew.

"He says I'm his only consolation," she kept repeating.

Last summer there was some one else.

Nina lay back against the pillow and closed her eyes.

Jacqueline belonged in the night. She was not the same in the day time. At night her eyes were dark in her face. She walked lightly in the night, as if she could see quite well. She smelled warm and sweet, somehow, when she sat close to the bed.

It was a still, strange night, that time last year when Jacqueline stood there, suddenly, with the moon at her back.

"Little sister," she whispered. "Wake up, little sister. Listen. Doesn't it sound nice?"

The stream back of the porch was singing a swishing song. Bugs chirped drowsily, out there in the woods. The shadows on the grass did not move because there was no breeze.

"Look," Jacqueline said. "The moon is a white fire. A while ago, out there under the tree in the garden, you know that crooked tree, he kissed me. He only kissed me once. It might have been a dream that I had to wake up from, but it wasn't. It's true. 'I love you,' he said. His voice was very low."

She had sat for a long time, then, without talking, just breathing gently, and looking out.

But the next morning she hurried into the garden.

"Nina," she said, "it isn't true, what I told you last night. I made it all up, just for fun. You mustn't think of it again. I made it all up, you know, like a fairy tale," she said.

Miss Martin cleared her throat. Nina sat up quickly.

"What were you doing?" Miss Martin asked, smiling over the top of her book.

The book had a cover made of newspapers. Nina had not been able to find out what it was.

"I was just thinking," she answered.

"Oh! thinking. I thought you'd gone to sleep. What's the matter with the paper dolls? Why don't you play with them, now you've got them?"

"I don't want to very much," Nina said.

"Little Miss-Hard-to-Please, I call it. Do you want to play a game, then?"

"I wish I could get up."

"Not today. Tomorrow, perhaps."

"Just for a little bit of a while, couldn't I?"

"Now, Nina, don't beg. You know perfectly well that you can't get up till those pocks have disappeared."

"How many have I?"

"Three. The two on your face and one on your leg. Come. Be a good girl. I'll play checkers with you."

It got dark so early. Miss Martin turned on the lamp.

"Do you suppose Jacqueline's come home yet?" Nina asked.

"Not yet. She'll come and see you, when she does. If I were you, I wouldn't bother her so much. She's a very busy young lady."

Every one was forever explaining about Jacqueline

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being busy. She had more time in the summer. In New York she was always going out, or not to be disturbed, or down in the drawing-room, wearing that velvet tea thing, and waiting for some caller.

Nina's mother came in again. Miss Martin stood up.

"Playing checkers, are you? Is that enough light?"

"Yes, Mrs. Haskins. Plenty."

"What about the paper dolls? Have you been playing with them?"

"I'm afraid we're a little restless, today," Miss Martin said.

"It will be a good thing when she goes back to school," said Nina's mother. "Perhaps Miss Martin would like some tea, Nina. You can finish your game later. Haven't you got a picture book to look at?"

"I don't need a picture book, Mother," Nina said.

"Well, I'll just take Miss Martin downstairs for a few minutes. She'll be right back."

They went away.

Nina got out of bed again and stood by the window. It was too dark to see anything but the dim flakes of snow as they fell past.

She heard steps in the hall.

"Jacqueline!" she called.

Jacqueline opened the door and poked in her head. There was still a little snow on her hat. Her cheeks had turned very pink.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Won't you come and see me?"

"Not just now. Later."

She closed the door.

After a while Miss Martin came back. They went on with the game of checkers.

"There. You've won again," said Miss Martin. "Shall we play once more? It will soon be time for your bath."

Miss Martin's hair was curly under the stiff little cap. She looked trim and remote in her uniform. Was she much older than Jacqueline? It was hard to talk to her. She always ended conversations, somehow, just when they began.

"Have you had lots of people with chicken-pox?" Nina asked.

"Lots."

"What diseases do you like best?"

"I don't like diseases at all," Miss Martin said. "But I always say it's better to have a really sick patient than these nervous cases."

"What are nervous cases?"

"Oh! people who get very much excited."

"What makes them excited?"

"All kinds of things."

"Does being kissed?"

"Does what?"

"Being kissed."

"Wherever did you get such an idea? Come. It's your turn to move."

"Won't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"About being kissed?"

"I never heard such talk. Indeed I didn't. Who's been putting such ideas into your head?"

"They're not ideas," Nina said.

Miss Martin got up to put the checkers away.

There was a knock at the door.

Nina's father came in.

"Good evening, Miss Martin."

"Good evening, sir."

"How is our little Nina tonight?"

He came over to the side of the bed. He smelled vaguely of cigars. He put his hand under Nina's chin and cocked her face toward the lamplight.

"Still two little pocks, I see," he said. "Well, well. It's a nuisance, isn't it, being in bed so long?"

His hand was big and puffy and kind, as he patted her head.

"Won't you sit down, sir?" Miss Martin asked. "I was just going to run Nina her tub."

"Thank you, I think not. I must be dressing for dinner. Good-night, little one," he said. "Sleep tight."

He had the evening paper under his arm. His steps were heavy as he went out.

Miss Martin fixed the bath. The hot water felt good, but it was uncomfortable having some one in the bathroom.

Jacqueline hurried in. She had forgotten her powder. She looked at Nina lying submerged in the tub. She laughed.

"Why, it isn't a woman at all," she said to Miss Martin. "It's a frog."

Miss Martin laughed too.

"Some people develop slowly," she said.

"But she's thirteen. Aren't you, Nina?"

"Thirteen and a half," said Nina.

"When I was your age—" Jacqueline murmured. She did not finish the sentence. She went out, leaving a trail of sweet smell behind her.

"Hurry up, now," said Miss Martin. "Time for supper."

There was rice and creamed chicken and peas and junket on the tray which Miss Martin brought. Afterward she went downstairs for her own supper, because she did not eat with the family.

Jacqueline appeared at last. She wore a white dress, not stiff or trim like Miss Martin's, but a yielding sort of dress, low at the neck, and long and full-skirted. Her eyes were big in her face. Something pulsed up and down at her throat.

"How were the paper dolls?" she asked.

"Fine, thanks," said Nina.

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Jacqueline sat down on the edge of a chair. She looked across the room into the mirror.

"Am I all right?" she asked.

"Yes."

Nina was afraid that Jacqueline would go away if she did not find something to say.

"Are you going to a ball, Jacqueline?" she asked, finally.

"No. Not a ball."

"Then where?"

"Oh! just out. With a man."

Where could Jacqueline go with a man? Nina did not know.

"I see," she said.

It was too light in the room. Jacqueline only talked in the dark.

"Let's turn off the lamp and look out of the window," Nina suggested.

"I've got to go in a minute, little sister."

"Well, just for a minute, then."

They stood together and looked out. There were fluttering circles of light around the street lamps, down there. Cars kept going by. But there was hardly any one on foot.

Jacqueline put her arm around Nina's shoulder.

"I'll tell you a story," she said.

"It's about a girl named Infelice," she began. "Infelice lived very much alone. She had a mother and a father, it's true, and she had a thin, little sister, like a frog, with a question always in her eyes. But these people were not real to Infelice. Long ago they grew faint and pale and their voices grew so dim that she did not always hear when they spoke to her. It all happened on a summer night. Infelice was standing by a crooked tree in the garden. She was listening, listening to the stillness all around, and the emptiness inside her seemed enormous, a black pool of emptiness, without any bottom.

"Suddenly, in this garden, on this strange, drowsy night, a young man came; a creature from the moon, with an aloof, moonlit face. He came swiftly over the grass and stood quite still in front of Infelice. She did not speak; nor did he. But she was drawn, like a needle to a magnet, drawn toward him, nearer and nearer. She held out her arms. She couldn't help it. She couldn't have stopped her arms from going out to him. And he walked into them.

"He stayed only a moment. He put his mouth once upon hers. In the stillness he whispered 'I love you.' But before Infelice could answer he had fled."

Jacqueline stopped. Nina waited for her to go on. She held her breath and waited.

"Since that instant, Infelice has been shut away on a little island by herself. No one can reach her. No one except the young man. And for a long time he has not come. He has been far away. But he will come again. He is coming tonight. He will span the gap to Infelice's little island, striding up from the emptiness around it, taking full possession of it. He will be master of the whole island when he comes. And Infelice will never be alone again."

Jacqueline's cool hand touched Nina's cheek.

"You see, oh! frog-sister, you see, she loves him. We all must have some one to love. It's only when we love that we live."

Nina stared through the window at the soft snow.

Jacqueline took away her arm. She went over and turned on the lamp.

"Get back into bed," she said. "You'll catch cold. I must hurry now."

She looked once again in the mirror.

"You're sure I'm all right?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, good-night."

She was gone.

When Miss Martin had finished her supper she came back to arrange Nina for the night. She braided her hair, laid an extra cover on the bed, pulled down the dark shades, opened the window a crack at the top and a crack at the bottom.

She had taken off her cap and her uniform. She no longer looked so remote in her own dress. She was going home, now, herself.

"Is there anything you want?" she asked.

"No, thank you," answered Nina.

"Then I'll turn off the light. And remember, if you wake up, don't get out of bed and don't scratch."

The room seemed so black.

"Miss Martin."

"Yes?"

"Miss Martin."

"What is it?"

Miss Martin came over to the bed. Nina reached up her arms and pulled down Miss Martin's head. She held her tight, as tight as she could. She felt for her mouth and, finding it, clung with her lips.

"I love you," she whispered, holding with all her strength to Miss Martin's shoulders. "I love you. You're mine to love."

"Nina!"

Miss Martin tugged herself free.

"Nina! For goodness sake. You've mussed me all up."

Firmly she put Nina's arms under the covers, which she tucked in.

"Getting well is always the worst time," said Miss Martin on her way to the door. "Especially with children," she added.

"Now. Will you be a good girl and settle down?"

Nina did not answer.

Miss Martin closed the door with a click.

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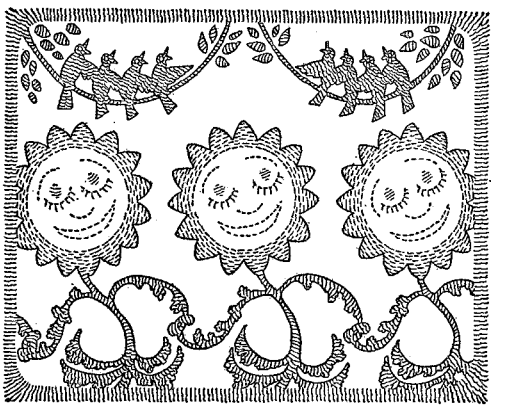
STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY

Mickey Mouse and What He Means

By Claude Bragdon

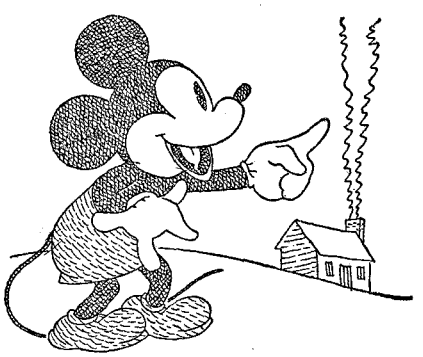


Walt Disney's creations have established an eager audience for the animated cartoon, the most interesting by-product of the motion picture. To Winsor McCay belongs the credit for the first animated picture, and a shadow-theatre in Paris was the forerunner of both

The animated cartoon is the most interesting and promising by-product of the motion-picture industry. It is more strictly a new art-form than the picturized cinema-drama itself, because—potentially at least—it is a more personal and unconditioned medium of self-expression. Its possibilities, far from being exhausted, except on the technical side have scarcely been explored at all.

The true precursor of the animated cartoon of today antedates the moving picture itself. It is to be found in the shadow-plays presented nightly in the little theatre of the café *Chat Noir* in the Montmartre district of Paris in the eighteen-nineties.

The theatre had none of the appearance of one: it was a high, square



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room, seating about one hundred people, containing nothing in the way of furniture or decoration except chairs and an upright piano, and a frieze of Cheret's posters without the lettering, colorful as a conservatory and charged with the gay insouciance of that Parisian night-life from which he drew his inspiration and his themes. The extinguishing of the lights revealed the stage: a luminous parallelogram in the wall directly over the piano, and of about an equal width. Thereon, to the accompaniment of appropriate music, was unfolded an action by means of moving images in silhouette.

What gave the *Chat Noir* shadow-plays their importance was the eminence of the talent enlisted: the finest draughtsmen in Paris strove to outdo one another in this novel medium of expression. The artists' designs were cut out of sheet-zinc and introduced into the proscenium opening where they appeared as silhouettes against a lighted background. Animation was achieved by means of supplementary mobile units in the shape of boats, carriages, animals, persons, sometimes articulated after the manner of Javanese two-dimensional puppets and manipulated by hand from below. The chief interest dwelt in the beauty of the compositions, and in the creation of the illusion of perspective, atmosphere, action, by these simple means.

In the summer of 1895 I was fortunate enough to witness one of these shadow-plays: an epitome of the life of Napoleon, by Caran d'Ache, the famous caricaturist. The little lighted rectangle above the piano became in turn a plain filled with parading soldiers, a battlefield of contending armies, a crowded boulevard along which passed the carriage of the Emperor. One saw Napoleon on camel-back crossing the desert; on horseback surrounded by his marshals; on foot, alone, before a smoking camp-fire, and so on. It was an evening which I remember with delight.

Although photography and mechanical reproduction entered into them not at all, there is more kinship between these shadow-plays and the animated cartoon of today than between the latter and the ordinary movie, for both are products of the artist-consciousness dealing freely with material of his own invention in his own individual way.

To Winsor McCay, now a cartoonist on the Hearst newspapers, but best remembered for his "Little Nemo in Slumberland," belongs the credit for having made the first animated picture: In pure line, on a white ground, a plant is seen to grow up and unfold into a flower; a young man turns and plucks it and hands it to a girl. That is all there was of it, but I shall never forget my excitement when I saw it. And no wonder! I was witnessing the birth of a new art.

For a time McCay had the field to himself, and carried on single-handed the enormous labor of making thousands of drawings for a few brief moments of entertainment. He toured the country in a vaudeville act in which

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he used to exhibit a five-minute reel purporting to represent certain episodes in the life of Gertie, the trained dinosaur. McCay appeared on the stage arrayed in the costume of a circus animal-trainer and brandishing a whip. Presently, at his summons, on the screen behind him, Gertie is seen to emerge timidly from her cave. At his command she clumsily raises her right foot and then her left, and is rewarded with a large red apple, tossed to her from her master's hand. Under encouragement and with much whip-cracking she goes through her more difficult paces, and ends by throwing an elephant over a palm-tree by the tail and drinking the lake dry. The startled-faun psychology of Gertie and her fear of her trainer imparted a vein of more subtle humor to the obvious fun of the thing itself.

McCay chose a dinosaur for exploitation in order to prove to his critics and detractors that he worked independently of models and photographs. He used to get down on his hands and knees and go through certain bodily manœuvres, watching and timing every movement so that Gertie should have all the naturalness of life. In conception, draughtsmanship, and execution Gertie was a worthy precursor to Mickey Mouse.

It seems a pity that McCay, with his skilled technique and delightful fancy, should not have continued in this field which he had made his own. Walt Disney has so far eclipsed him that McCay's animated cartoons are remembered only by old-timers like myself. I have told how he hit upon the dinosaur for his protagonist; this is how Disney came to choose the mouse.

In 1920, when he was employed in a commercial art studio in the Middle West, he used sometimes to work late at night. Toward midnight he often heard scratching against the metal wires of the waste-baskets which held the discarded lunch boxes of the staff. The mice were after their evening meal. From being merely interested Disney became fascinated with the little creatures. He tamed a number of them and soon had them living together in a cage. One became so friendly that he allowed it on his desk while he worked. So though the actual idea of the Mickey Mouse saga came to him only afterward, while he was travelling on a train between New York and Hollywood, its germ had already been planted in his mind.

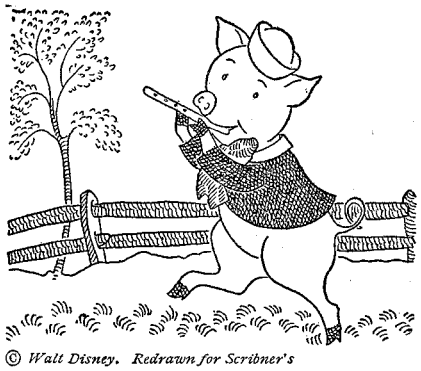
Soon after the war, Walt Disney and his brother Roy began making animated cartoons for which Walt provided both the scenarios and the drawings—fifteen hundred for each film. This proved profitable. Bent on expansion, he and a group of his friends produced the first Mickey Mouse cartoons. But the sound-film had arrived meantime, and to make these marketable it was necessary to introduce music and sound-effects. After discouragements and delays an independent company in New York was persuaded to make the sound synchronization, and thereafter the world took Mickey Mouse to its heart. Today Disney controls a big film studio in Hollywood.

This, briefly, is the way these animated cartoons are made: First a "gag" meeting is held in which the idea is determined upon and discussed. Scenario writers next compose a regular transcript, which adapters subdivide into sequences, scenes, and shots. The scenic department then designs the backgrounds, following which three kinds of artists set to work. The first are "animators," who develop the gags, but draw only the beginning and end of an action; the second are "in-betweeners," who supply the delicately graded changes which make motion kinetic; the third are the "inkers," who boldly trace these drawings in ink on transparent celluloid. To photograph these thousands of drawings the camera is placed on a fixed mount, pointing down on the board on which the drawings are confined by a hinged and glazed metal frame. A motor-drive, working through a clutch, exposes one "frame" each time a button is pressed.

Music being an integral part of the animated cartoon, the task of providing this, and of fitting it to the action, is given over to another group of specialists. Below each drawing the action is described, and above it is the musical outline. From this it is possible to know definitely that a specific action will occur at a certain bar of music, or, conversely, that when a certain bar of music is being played, a certain action is being represented. The standard speed of projection for talking pictures being twenty-four frames per second, this number is taken as a unit, and the music is arranged so that a new bar is commenced each second, or each twenty-four frames. Thus it is possible to know with accuracy where each individual note falls with relation to each frame. By means of this time-check the orchestra can be recording the music while the artists are making the drawings with the certainty that when completed the two will fit together. In addition to an orchestra a vast variety of drums and other noise-making machines are used in the manufacture of "Mickey Mouse" and "Silly Symphonies," enlisting the services of "sound-effect men." Pinto Colvig, who produces most of the purely vocal noises, was once a barker for a circus.

Disney's big studio, filled with all this expensive paraphernalia, and occupied by a small army of high-salaried specialists, turns out only about thirty films a year at a cost of half a million dollars. The mountain labored and brought forth—a "mouse"! As this does not begin to meet the demand for a feature which has now become an integral part of every cinema theatre program, Disney has many competitors who to a greater or less degree follow his formula and use his methods. Some show initiative and originality, but Disney's supremacy with the public is attested by the fact that his cartoons continue to command the highest rental prices.

After this glimpse into the workshop of the animated picture let us examine the thing itself—the finished product. Like the products of other great industries this one appears to tend more toward standardization than toward differentiation. Animated cartoons are in



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their elements so much alike that they may be generalized as follows:

First, there is a hero or protagonist about whom the action revolves, be he Mickey Mouse, Bosco, or Popeye the

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Sailor. Second, there is a villain with whom, as in old-fashioned melodrama, the hero is ever in conflict, and in the end thwarts or overcomes (The Big Bad Wolf). Third, there is a character known in vaudeville parlance as a feeder or stooge—some one who plays into the hands of the hero, adds to his lustre, and provides him with opportunities for his most telling effects. The first and second Little Pigs are feeders for the Third Little Pig. Minnie Mouse is Mickey Mouse's feeder—as when, in "Building a Building" Minnie's hat blows into the excavation, giving Mickey a chance deftly and gallantly to retrieve it in the great iron maw of the steam-shovel which he is operating. Subsidiary characters are usually variants of other standardized types, and last of all there is what corresponds in opera to the ensemble, for the production of highly intricate and animate mass-effects.

Most animated cartoons consist of a strung-together series of stunts or "gags," the more preposterous, apparently, the better, enacted by a cast of characters such as above described, interspersed with solo and ensemble singing and dancing, not felt as an interruption because there is so little plot or logical continuity to interrupt. Probably four-fifths of the output of the various studios would answer to this description fairly well. The remainder are for the most part familiar folk-tales and Mother Goose stories re-told according to the animated cartoon convention and enlivened by the usual sure-fire gags.

A great deal of clever and ingenious invention; some measure of fancy and of fantasy; a little—almost accidental—beauty amid deserts of ugliness; no food for thought, but much for the ventral variety of laughter; no creative imagination whatsoever—such would be a fair characterization of the product as a whole from the standpoint of *concept*. On this side animated cartoons are no better than they were a few years back, and possibly not as good. They have less and less affinity with what is called "good theatre" and more and more with the three-ringed circus, with its clowning and acrobatics, its thrills, stunts, surprises and races punctuated with destruction and disaster. On the other hand there has been an immense advance in technique, in mastery over the medium, shown in the improved subtlety and intricacy of movement, spatial orchestration, sound-synchronization, and matters of that sort.

The virtuosity displayed in these ways is indeed amazing. There are so many subtle, rapid, perfectly-timed movements going on all at once, combined with such multiplication of detail, that the mind and eye cannot follow them all. "Three Little Pigs" is one of the simplest pictures, yet how many persons, seeing it for the first time, notice that the Third Little Pigs' house is laid up in "wolf proof cement," take in *all* the family portraits, or notice that not only the bedstead but the piano is solidly built of brick? If they do it is most likely at the expense of missing some detail of the action. Not one of these details ought to be omitted, even though we miss them, but when they are multiplied out of all measure, as is the case in many other films, bewilderment and boredom take the place of pleasure. There is such a thing as being too clever, and some of the latest cartoons carry speed and ingenuity beyond the breaking point.

This increased mastery over the factor of mobility has on the other hand resulted in a richer distillation of eloquence and humor in the matter of characteristic attitudes and gestures. These used to be jerkily generalized, now they are smoothly individualized. This improvement is particularly noticeable in the animal pictures: a dog moves and behaves like a dog, and a cat like a cat. Disney, who is avowedly fond of animals, used to spend hours studying their true motion, as well as slowed-down films of animals in action. Although it is said that now he seldom puts his hand to paper, and that his gags are supplied by highly paid Hollywood jokesmiths, something of this love and of this study surely find their way into the engaging antics of Pluto, the Big Bad Wolf, the Three Little Pigs, and the animals of Noah's cargo.

The first animated cartoons were in outline merely, or in sharply contrasted blacks and whites. Then came the introduction of intermediate tones as an effort toward greater realism, and finally the colored cartoon such as "Noah's Ark" and "Three Little Pigs." These "improvements" enormously increased the amount of labor and the cost of production, without any commensurate advantage. Indeed, realism is the thing which the animated cartoon should run away from: the nearer it approaches purely naturalistic effects the more it ceases to be itself. In general, the carefully shaded, subtly toned cartoon is inferior to the clear black and white; and the colored films are delightful only when the color is treated conventionally, in flat masses, with an eye to decorative effect. There are moments in "Noah's Ark," in the deluge scenes, when the screen takes on the appearance of an animated Hokusai print, and color counts as a great enrichment; as there are fleeting portions of "Three Little Pigs" which have a charm of color and line comparable to a good French poster, but for the most part these and all other colored cartoons up to date are undistinguished in this particular, and have only their novelty to recommend them.

But the worst esthetic solecism committed by the purveyors of this form of entertainment remains to be recorded: it is the marriage of the animated cartoon with the regular motion picture—the drawn thing and the photographed. This is a forced and unnatural conjunction, in violation of the cardinal rule of keeping to a single convention. Several examples of this bastard form of animated cartoon have made their appearance, and one learns with foreboding that Disney has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer by the terms of which Mickey Mouse is to appear in a full-length comedy with human actors. "Oh, say it isn't true!"

Of course the obvious answer to all this sort of criticism is that it represents only the highbrow attitude and hence the minority point of view; that the business of the animated-cartoon industry, like every other, is to assimilate the public taste in order to cater to it, and that this taste is definitely for the standardized and over-elaborated article now being offered by every moving-picture theatre in the land. But the fallacy of this argument dwells in the fact that though the public's stomach will swallow an unlimited amount of pap and seem to like it, the things which it really longs for and responds to most ardently are *the best there are*. This has been proved in many different fields again and again. "Three Little

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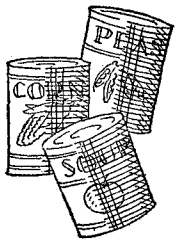
Pigs," which is the best animated cartoon to date judged by any standard, is also the most popular, though it has little kinship with the standardized article.

Ceaseless experimentation unconditioned by considerations of profit is as necessary for true advancement in this field as in any other. From a new and delightful form of art the animated cartoon has developed into a great industry. The way other great industries endeavor to insure that continued progress upon which their very existence ultimately depends, is by the establishment of heavily subsidized experimental laboratories under the direction of highly paid experts whose business it is to provide new ideas, to test them and to make practical such as seem good. So far as I am aware there is nothing of this sort operative in the animated-cartoon industry. On the mechanical side it is marvellous, on the mental side it is deliberately moronic, if one leaves out of account Disney's best. If by chance it assimilates a new talent or a new idea it immediately proceeds to smear it with the same old brush. This has happened in the case of Soglow, whose "Little King" is so much funnier in the pages of *The New Yorker* than on the screen, and on this account: from being an arch-ironist he has become merely a stooge for gags.

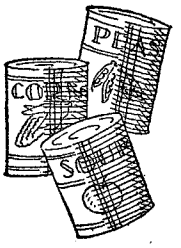
It is high time that some one in authority should perceive the possibilities of this marvellous and practically unused new medium and emancipate it from the narrow limits of the merely funny, the groove in which it happened to start and the one in which it has been running ever since. There are a thousand other directions in which it might as easily ramify—toward knowledge, toward beauty, toward social satire, symbol, and allegory, or pure imaginative fantasy like "Little Nemo in Slumberland," in contradistinction to the warmed-over fantasy of Grimm and Mother Goose. The animated picture adds another dimension to pictorial art —the *time* dimension, which is the *fourth* dimension. It is a binding of time to do man's bidding. In the animated picture the artist is at last able to realize his fondest dream, that of making his drawing move and speak. But the only use which has been made of this medium thus far is as a vehicle for slap-stick comedy.

A Housewife's Everyday Buying

By Helen Christine Bennett



From the kitchen comes the query: "How can I buy intelligently?" An analysis of one day's purchases from the grocery store suggests that housewives have to shop in the dark



For the first time in my history I am making a point of reading everything which the President of the United States writes, and of listening to his broadcast speeches. Just a few weeks ago my eyes and ears were rejoiced by a message which seemed to be directed straight to me.

"Consumers must make themselves felt," was the gist of it, and one sentence suggested that "consumers should organize." I organized at once. And now, not only as a consumer but as buyer for a family of consumers, I stand ready to voice a plea for immediate relief.

I want to become a thrifty and intelligent buyer. For twenty-five years I have been a stupid purchasing agent for my family, and if I have avoided extravagance it has been a matter of luck. If I stood alone I might not be willing to make such a confession. But I represent that great number of women who, as housewives, are admitted to expend 85 per cent of the national income, and who under present conditions must purchase pigs in pokes in that large portion of their buying which concerns feeding their families. All of us are stupid, ignorant wasters of the family income and we cannot help ourselves.

Yesterday I went to my grocer and ordered supplies. Among them were included:

ITEM	CENTS
1—1 can peas	18
2—1 can asparagus	25
3—3 cans tomato juice	25
4—2 cakes soap	22
5—1 box cleaning powder	09
6—1 loaf bread—sliced	11
7—1 pound butter	35
8—1 bottle stuffed olives (large)	29
9—2 cans soup	30
10—2 boxes cereal	24
11—1 box crackers	05
12—1 box cookies	22
13—1 pound coffee	35
14—2 bottles ginger ale	29
15—6 lemons	20
16—12 oranges	25
17—1 jar salad dressing	15

These items have significance. Of the seventeen listed, five can be bought with intelligence upon the part of the purchaser. The other twelve must be bought and paid for in total ignorance of their relative worth.

This may sound like a fantastic statement. But it is sober truth. For twenty-five years I have been buying food and household aids for my family, and in that time I have had no knowledge as to the wisdom of my purchases. Consider Items 1 and 2, cans of peas and asparagus. They are branded cans, and I have selected these brands because I have used them before and know them to be good. But whether I am getting as much for my money as I would in buying some other brand I cannot say.

On each can in small letters, somewhere, is a line which states the net weight of the content, which helps me not at all. To reduce the problem to its simplest form, suppose that I as a housewife desire the best possible purchase of peas. I want a good quality of peas, at a fair price, and as purchasing

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agent for my family of consumers it is my duty to see that I get value for our money. The grocer's shelves display half a dozen brands of peas. There is no quality label. Unless I know the brands I have no idea whether the peas in the cans are young or old, tender or tough. The cans are uniform in size—although this is not always the case—and I can take each can down from the shelf and read and compare the net weight. Then I have to stand there and figure out which is the best buy.

My problem has three factors.

First factor: Quality, which I must ascertain by experiment, that is by buying many brands and selecting those representing a certain standard.

Second factor: The net weight which may vary by a number of ounces.

Third factor: The selling price.

I cannot take these three factors and mentally resolve them. The problem would read:

Is Brand A, net weight one pound four ounces, selling at 21 cents, worth more than Brand B of a different quality, net weight one pound one ounce, selling at 19 cents? I cannot solve the problem mentally. I doubt whether any housewife in the country can. So, arbitrarily, I order a brand of peas. I am suffering from the maxim, officially declared to be obsolete,

"Let the buyer beware." I want to "beware," but I do not know how.

Run down that list of eighteen items with me.

Item 4—two "cakes" of soap. What is a "cake" of soap? The three kinds now in my home have not even a net-weight line, although one is obviously three times the size of the other two, and by my scales weighs 10 ounces, while the two smaller ones weigh 4 ounces and a fraction each. With the hundreds of varieties of soap advertised and sold in "cakes" what guide has a housewife?

Item 5—one "box" cleaning powder. The net weight is marked upon this; it is "14 ounces." But I have in my closet another brand of cleaning powder which is marked "12 ounces." How can I compare the two? I do not know whether this "box" of 14 ounces at 10 cents is worth more or less to me than the "box" marked 12 ounces, at 9 cents, for the quality factor is also to be considered. I have no idea whether I am spending my income with wisdom, but I do know that I am spending it in ignorance. It is not even "competitive selling," for the manufacturer, since the real competition, *i.e.*, the matter of quality versus price, is totally fogged by the third factor of varying size and net weight of "cake" or "box."

Item 6—1 "loaf" of bread, sliced. What is a "loaf" of bread? I am intelligent about the cent extra I pay for a sliced loaf and I find that I more than save it. But this "loaf" is marked "net weight 1 pound 2 ounces," and one I purchased a few days ago was marked "net weight 1 pound 1 ounce."

How can I compare the two with prices and quality and make an intelligent decision? Again the three-factor problem defeats me.

Item 7—1 pound butter. Here I become intelligent. For butter is sold by standard weight. The three-factor problem of quality, weight, and price is thus reduced to a two-factor problem of quality versus price. No butter manufacturer offers me Brand A butter, net weight 14 ounces, and asks me to compare it with Brand B butter, net weight 15 ounces. Instead the manufacturers of both brands sell butter at one weight, 16 ounces. All that I have to do is to compare quality and decide whether Brand A at 35 cents is a better buy than Brand B at 37 cents. If I decide to pay 37 cents it will be because the particular flavor of this brand appeals to the family taste, and I, as a buying consumer, am convinced that 2 cents more a pound is well spent in paying for that flavor—which approaches intelligent judgment in buying.

As one of the buying agents for consumers I am also intelligent when I purchase Item 13, 1 pound of coffee. Coffee is sold in the same way as butter. Butter may be sold in fractions of a pound, but those very fractions are standardized and often packaged, half pounds, quarter pounds, and eighth pounds. Coffee is sold in pound and half-pound packages. As buyer I have a two-factor problem and I can compare prices and various qualities, aromas, and flavors of coffees.

Item 8, on the contrary, drives me to despair. What is a "bottle of stuffed olives"? I do not know how many olives are in the bottle or what their quality may be. I do not even know their size, for my eyes are often deceived by the cunningly rounded curves of the bottle, which I have learned mean smaller olives than appear—but how much smaller? If the net weight is marked, and it usually is—that joker—I have again the three-factor problem which is not for the human brain. I cannot buy and I have never bought a single "bottle" of olives, pickles, catsups, relishes, sauces, flavors, etc., with any intelligence whatever. In days gone by I bought vinegar in a bottle which was marked "one pint." The "bottle" of vinegar now on my pantry shelf is marked "net weight 14 ounces," which means nothing to me, especially when compared with other "bottles" of rival brands, which are marked "10 ounces" or "12 ounces."

Item 9—2 cans soup, is a brand which is comparatively new upon the market and which, I am delighted to find, has each can marked "1 pound net." But no other canned soups which I have so far used are marked "1 pound" although they all have some net weight printed upon their labels. So again I have met a three-factor problem which I cannot solve.

Items 10, 11, 12. The cereals, two different kinds, are marked respectively "8 ounces net" and "12 ounces net." The "box" of crackers is "net weight 4 ounces" and the label announced "48 delicious cookies" in that box, and adds "net weight 12 ounces." None of this information enables me to compare these items with others—cereals marked "10 ounces" and "13 ounces," crackers with boxes labelled "7 ounces" and cookies with boxes labelled "14 ounces."

Boxed edibles are sold in enormous quantities. Labels containing the weight line may vary from year to year. I recall the time when one of the cereals was sold in a much larger box. There was no weight line then; it was not required. Now it is supposed to be upon every container. But there is nothing to prohibit its change from time to time.

Let the buyer beware!

Item 14—2 "bottles" ginger ale. Each is marked "12 fluid ounces" and looks pint size. But I have measured the content and find it far short of a pint. A rival brand has a taller "bottle"; I suppose that it contains more. Yet my milk supply comes in uniform-sized quart bottles and all the milk dealers supply-

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ing the country have adopted such bottles. Why milk and not ginger ale?

Items 15 and 16, I can see and judge, but Item 17, 1 "jar" of salad dressing, has upon its label no net weight but a line reading "1 half pint." I should welcome the "half pint" if every other manufacturer of salad dressing marked his "jars" a "half pint." But I find some of them marked in ounces and some in pints and half pints, and again I cannot solve the problem.

I have purposely omitted Item 3. Last week there was a demonstration of certain soups, condiments, and canned goods at my grocer's. I knew the brand and I found the demonstrator intelligent, neat, and anxious for attention. So I stopped and ordered, and tasted a new tomato juice.

"We have been using X Brand," I admitted. "The X can seems larger than this one." The demonstrator went to the shelves, picked up an X can and stood it beside the one she was demonstrating.

"It is wider," she agreed. "But— ours is taller." We looked at the net weights. The new can, marked "12 fluid ounces," was selling 3 for a quarter, eight and one-third cents a can, while X Brand, marked "13½ fluid ounces" was priced at ten cents. And there was the matter of flavor and taste.

"What a way to compare values," I said. "It cannot be done. Send me a half dozen of your brand."

"I do wish they would have them all weigh the same," said the demonstrator, when she had thanked me. "You know a good manufacturer would have a better chance then."

I agree with her. But no "good" manufacturer seems to know it. Or if he knows, is it possible that the "bad" manufacturers have kept the market from being standardized? If so, how did milk, butter, coffee, tea, sugar, and flour manufacturers manage to make rules of their own by which those products are universally sold in standardized sizes and standardized weights? Standing on my desk as I write is a can of shrimp on which the net weight is marked "5¾ ounces." Can you imagine tea or coffee or butter or flour being sold in units of 5¾ ounces?

As I move from my kitchen to my bathroom I am aware that the same lack of standardization reigns here. Along the shelf are three tubes of toothpaste. What is a "tube" of toothpaste? What is a "box" or "tube" or "jar" of salve? One liquid disinfectant is marked "¼ quart net" and a second "8 ounces net." In my shoe box, brown, white, and black polishes carry varying net weights upon the boxes and bottles. What is a "box" or a "bottle" of shoe polish?

How much money is spent in buying these pigs in pokes, I have no idea. Canned goods alone represent business running into millions, and when bottles, loaves, cakes, jars, and boxes are added the total must be a mammoth sum.

There is now before Congress a bill which may succeed in preventing us from continuing as "100,000,000 guinea pigs," but as far as I can find out no one has as yet amended it to prevent our buying pigs in pokes. And just as long as that three-factor variability persists, a manufacturer may state the truth upon his labels and we housewives will still be forced to be ignorant, wasteful buyers.

But if in addition to coffee, tea, milk, butter, sugar, flour, and a few other commodities, *all* canned, bottled, packaged, jarred, tubed, yes, and "caked" and "loaved" goods were sold in standardized units of weight, would not the "good" manufacturer benefit as well as the housewife? I believe that he would. For the first time he would compete, not upon the basis of size of package or the charm of the song of the radio, but on merit of the product which the consumer uses. There would be no confusion; the product would be the thing. Coffee, tea, sugar, etc., have survived and flourished under this uniformity of selling, and we as consumers are spared much poor coffee and tea and sugar as a result. The purveyor of "good" products must have benefited. To alter a can of shrimp, "net weight 5¾ ounces," to a can containing one quarter or one-half pound may mean the making of new dies and new cans, and the standardization of bottled and packaged goods would mean new containers. In the present emergency this will give employment to many and so confer a temporary benefit upon all of us.

In response to the presidential command to consumers I present these facts. The housewives of this country, who are today spending a part of the 85 per cent of the national income, need standardization by weight of all packaged, bottled, canned, loaved, and caked products. As an earnest citizen of these troubled times I urge the benefits that may be derived from filling the need. The good manufacturer will be assisted; employment will be temporarily increased, all citizens who eat (and we are trying hard to make that 100 per cent) will get better value in foods, and all home makers will be raised from a level of stupidity and ignorance in buying to one of possible intelligence as purchasers for their consuming families.

TO WINE

By Louise Bogan

Cup, ignorant and cruel,
Take from the mandate, love,
Its urgency to prove
Unfaith, renewal.

Take from the mind its loss:
The lipless dead that lie
Face upward in the earth,
Strong hand and slender thigh.
Return to the vein
All that is worth

Grief. Give that beat again.

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Nurses Are Human

By Catherine Kearney

Do nurses become hardened so that they regard their patients impersonally? A young hospital nurse answers from her experience of ten years

When I read about nurses in fiction I can't help wondering what people really think of us. Sometimes we are depicted as angels in white—sisters of mercy—but that concept is passing, for wings are old-fashioned now. Often the writer of today turns us out quite calloused so that no reader could be blamed for suspecting that we are so used to the sight of suffering as to have lost our capacity for sympathy, so habituated to things nauseous as to be incapable of disgust; and, if we are done in scarlet as sometimes happens, he may even believe that we are so accustomed to human bodies that no physical contact dismays us.

Then I consider myself. What have ten years of nursing done to me? Are my senses and sensibilities duller now than formerly? Perhaps my sense of taste is! I've been eating the same old fare a long time now. Though my nose has learned not to betray me, my olfactory centres are very discriminating. My fingers can feel two hundred beats a minute and that's as fast as my mind can count. My eyes and ears take better note of things about me than ever they did before I took up nursing. I believe my five senses are all right. Then have I any feelings as I go about my work—feelings, that is to say, for the sick people who surround me? But yes! Many of them I shall remember always.

I start counting over those whom I cannot forget. First among them, always first, is Duncan MacNeil. I was still a student nurse on the night I sat by his bed and felt his pulse running faster and faster under my fingers until at last I could not feel it at all. That was years ago.

If I speak at length of this single night duty of mine it is because it was one of the richest services I ever had. I use the word "service" now as we do in hospitals. A night nurse is alone with her patients, the whole responsibility of the ward rests on her. There is not much routine at night so she is free to give all her time to those who are most ill and to those who cannot sleep. It seems to me now that in all the years since, I have had no experiences in nursing that were not foreshadowed by some happening during those two months.

It was a men's ward. I hadn't had much to do with men until then. On my second night one named Reuben grabbed me around the waist, tried to kiss me, and pressed a dollar bill into my hand telling me to go and buy a new hat. I was young then and so upset. I loathed the man. I thought he had insulted my nurse's cap. I believed my own conduct must have been at fault that such a thing could happen.

Then a worse thing occurred. An old man in the farthest corner, a new patient to me, woke up and called, "Sister!" That marked him as a European. When I approached him he threw off his covers and lay and leered at me. I went back to my desk burning up with shame and anger. Later he called again. I did not move. Simultaneous with his still more imperious "Sister" I heard another call "Nurse!" and I went to the bedside of a young lad who was lying awake on his first night in hospital. He gestured with his thumb, grinned and said, "Your brother wants you!" So I laughed.

When I tried to think these things through it was only to realize that in being a nurse I laid myself open to such familiarity, I put myself near all kinds of people and some would treat me thus. For days I doubted whether I could endure it, whether I wanted to go on.

Another realization was troubling me, too. At half past seven in the morning I could say a cheerful farewell to old John who was being sent that day to a home for incurables. He, who was grateful for such little things as milk toast at two o'clock in the morning, might kiss my hand and murmur, "Good-by and God bless!" When I returned that night there'd be another man in his bed and perhaps I'd never, never think of old John again. Assuredly I was growing hard-hearted.

I was happier after Nick was admitted for he was acutely ill and all that I did for him seemed worthwhile. He was a young Italian who came at midnight through the operating room. He was frightened, sick, and in pain. He coughed all the time and could not rest. Wretched he was indeed, and the more pitiful because he was so frightened. He kept me very busy. Two weeks passed and Nick was ever so much better but still he kept me just as busy. He fretted and worried. He could not sleep. He wouldn't take his medicine and said it did not help him. He was still afraid because he knew he had been sicker than any other man he'd seen in the hospital. All the little things I did for Nick! He ran me ragged.

Then Duncan MacNeil came. The night that I sat beside him I was careless of the others but not so that I failed to see Nick's bright eyes watching me. Not once that night did he call me though I doubt if he slept at all. The following night, albeit I was often idle at my desk, he called only once and then to say, "You haven't got any very sick man tonight."

Duncan MacNeil! Just twenty-five he was and so splendidly made he had a hard time dying. Such a hold he had on life! Any other would have died in half the time. The post-mortem showed a ruptured spleen, pancreas, and lung, besides broken ribs and post-operative pneumonia. He'd been working on the roadbed of the railroad. I believe he had to die.

He had a mother in the old country, a brother in the far West and somewhere a girl named Ellen, but there be-

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side him only me. All that last awful night he thought that I was Ellen. He was gentle to me and kind. He did knock me about a bit but it was because I got in the way. Then it was, "Did I hurt you, Ellen?" Even when he was put out with me for holding him down, and once for hurting him, the worst he said was, "I didn't think you'd do it, Ellen!" or "Ellen, don't you know you mustn't do that! I'm a strong man and you're trying to keep me in bed. I don't understand it in you!" Once he caught me to him in a grip so strong I thought that I might break. He said no word but only looked into my eyes until I asked him if he wanted something. "It's only you I want," he said.

He had a high fever and had been bleeding, too, so he was very thirsty. All night long I gave him drinks. "Lord, that's good!" he'd say and once looking up from the glass to me, "Water—so sweet!" Just before I left in the morning I gave him water again, and told him I had to go away for a little while and asked him if he was all right. "Yes!" he said, "and don't be long, Ellen." Then he smiled! That was the end of me. Only once before had I cried for anything on the wards except my own irritations.

Shortly before I came off night duty my room mate got pneumonia. The first day she wasn't very sick but all through the night I wondered how I'd find her in the morning. I wondered if her nostrils would move with each breath she drew in, if she would grunt with each breath let out. I knew that people between twenty and thirty usually recover from pneumonia but I read the text again for reassurance. In another twenty-four hours she was very ill. Her pneumococcus was type three. Then I wondered what youth counted for in the presence of the most dreaded organism. I wondered how soon she'd be needing oxygen. I wondered if she'd pick at the covers on her bed. People who do that usually die. In my sleep I saw her do it. If I visited her before I went to bed in the morning I could not sleep because I knew how sick she was —if I did not see her I could not sleep because I did not know.

The night she was worst, a young boy died on my ward. He was thirteen, a cripple, and mentally not normal. He died easily as in sleep and his mother sat beside him. For her sake the senior interne was on the ward. Nothing more could be done for the boy but to the mother there might be some comfort in remembering that the doctor did not leave him. It is not always so in hospitals when people die at one in the morning but on this night the doctor stayed. Only two months ago he had buried his own child and I suspect it was in part in memory of his little son that he stayed that night. We were wholly unprepared for the loud outburst of grief that came from this woman when the boy stopped breathing. She shrieked and screamed and beat her hands together. We could not let her stay in the ward. The doctor tried to reason with her but one cannot reason with a person who does not listen. He had to lead her forcibly to the hall. There while we waited for the elevator, she turned on him, pulled his coat lapels, slapped his face and beat his breast, screaming the whole time, "You! You! What do you care! You don't know what it is to have a child die! You don't care! You are used to it! You are used to it!" As he took her into the elevator he looked back at me with the most rueful smile and the saddest eyes I think I've ever seen.

I went back to my desk. The silence oppressed me. In the corner bed lay the shrouded body of the dead boy. In another wing of the building my dearest friend was ill and, it must be, either better or worse than when I'd seen her last. "You are used to it!" The words screamed themselves again and again in my mind. I tried to put them from me—the woman had not meant what she said—had not known what she meant even. I told myself that repeatedly. It was no use. The words hurt. I could not forget them. My heart ached for the man to whom they'd been said.

As it was then so it is now. It troubles me to consider what people think of us in hospitals. Because there is an element of truth in the condemning "used to it," I cannot laugh and let it pass lightly. I must instead think and think about the meaning of the words and their significance to me. Always I come to one conclusion, that my self is essentially unchanged after ten years of nursing. I am the woman that as a girl I was bound to become.

Nobody wanted me to be a nurse. Shall I ever forget the friend at home who let me go regretfully, saying at last, "You will see things—and people —that you've never dreamed the like of. You will not let it alter you! I have that confidence in you!" Have I failed him if now nothing can shock me—only displease or utterly disgust? What is in the world I do not hope to change, but there is that in me which is strong, too.

Much that is in the world I should not wish to change. A nurse sees goodly things as well as ugly. She sees sick people get well. I saw Nick forget pain and the shock of pain. He called me one night when I'd been trying to quiet a fussy patient. "I'm not the baby any more!" he said. I don't believe he ever woke up and went back to sleep again without calling me. "Did you know I walked today?" or "I looked out the window today and do you know what I saw? A dog! Gosh, it was good to see a dog running down the street!" People find great joy in the everyday world when they're getting well again after illness. I have seen in the sheer gratitude of tired old men and women, who have never been waited upon before, a halo for nurses. "It is a good sister to stay awake all night!" one old man used to say to me. Only such as these truly see us still as angels devoted to service. I have seen courage. Again and again strangers have become almost dear to me because helplessness and pain and delirium have disclosed such depths of sweetness and of inward strength in them as in health only long acquaintance would reveal.

The chance Reuben does not matter any more. I meet him quite often still, sometimes in the nicest places. Perhaps he only says to me, "I heard a story today—I couldn't tell it to every girl but you're a nurse and I can tell you." Then I know him. He is the man who believes a young woman cannot pass through the rude contacts and frank exposures of nursing and still be critical of all that relates to her own self.

Neither does it trouble me any more that I can say a cheerful farewell to old John who is being sent away to a home for incurables, so long as he does not think me hard. It is my belief that in all of us the capacity for emotion is limited. A man's own nature much more than his circumstances determines whether he will be happy or melancholy. Those young women who have chosen to take care of the sick will go

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about their work cheerily or soberly according to their own dispositions. It seems strange, however, that a layman who comes upon happiness and serenity in the squalor of the slums returns home praising the fortitude and equanimity of men but when he finds a nurse serene and happy in her tasks he is likely to shrink and say, "I suppose you are used to it!" She is used to it. That after all is the truest answer I know but to me it does not mean that she has less feeling than he or that the capacity for sympathy in her has dwindled, but only that the threshold of emotion is higher in her.

Now I am the head nurse on the same men's ward where I had my first night duty. It is a job that keeps hands and feet and mind busy, and yet it still happens on occasion that the need of one patient may absorb my whole attention and make me careless of the others. Only a few weeks ago Mark Taylor did just that.

If ever a patient was threatened with being remembered only as a case and not at all as a person Mark Taylor was. He was a nice enough young fellow but it was only because his X-rays were amazing that the chief surgeon chose to make him his own case. On the ward he was uncommunicative. I never came to know him well. The social worker, however, learned that five years before, as an adolescent boy, he'd run away from home because his mother had married and he did not like his stepfather. Once since then he had been sick in a hospital and he'd written to his mother but she had not come, although the journey was not longer than she could afford. He concluded she was not interested and this time he had not written. "I believe he wants his mother," the worker said.

He had given his home address in answer to routine questions on admission. A notification of operation went out from the hospital office but it brought no response. Two operations were necessary. The anesthetist who brought him back the first time said to me, as we put him into bed, "Is his mother here?" and in answer to my brief "No" added, "That's a pity. He kept asking for her." Before he was quite conscious he asked for her again but never afterwards.

Then I went to the chief surgeon in his office. "Doctor Powell, is it enough," I asked, "to send only a routine telegram to a distant family when the hazard of an operation is greater than usual?"

"I believe the boy will be all right," he said.

"But is it enough?" I repeated. Then I told him why I was troubled.

"Do you want me to write to her?"

"Yes."

He wrote a long, long letter to Mark's mother. He told her as clearly as he could what was wrong and what he hoped to be able to do. He told her he believed it would mean a lot to Mark if she would come. He told her Mark had asked for her. Days passed and brought no answer. We knew the address was right because the telegrams had been delivered.

Mark lived three days after the second operation and we telegraphed every day. Like a sick child he asked for his mother then and begged for her. He was never irrational. He knew she did not come. Doctor Powell scarcely left him, he was both doctor and nurse to the lad. Hours after he died his mother came. She cried when she heard that he was dead and said that if she had known how sick he was——!

It was not that Mark took my time and kept me running but that he was on my mind. All that week thoughts of him interfered with whatever else I tried to do. In what I tried to do for him I was defeated. When it was over I was fatigued as if I had been out a long time in cold and rain, as if I might never be warm again, or interested or eager.

We ourselves expect that whatever comes will be all in the day's work and that when the day is ended we shall return to our personal world and live our own lives a few hours before we go to bed. Sympathy is a part of our day's work, we accept it as we do responsibility. Emotion comes unwanted—a poor partner in work—disturbing, unsteadying, exhausting and not to be laid aside when we go off duty. If it be a little wrong in us to hope to take lightly to heart the troubles of other people, we pay for that when one we love is ill. There is a patent horror in knowing exactly what it is one fears, in being able to define too clearly one's anxiety. People don't think about that, it seems. They want to know only whether a nurse ever weeps for her patient.

If she does there is a peculiar pang in it that I believe few laymen ever experience.

I left Duncan MacNeil two hours before he died because a night nurse must leave her ward when morning comes. I did not go to bed. I rode on the top of open buses all the forenoon and went alone to the movies in the afternoon. The second day after that I went to the funeral parlor where his body was but I dared not go in. I had been too constrained at his bedside to give the caress that Ellen would have given. It would have been unsuitable and not befitting my uniform and cap. Neither could I go to his funeral for how should I have explained if any one had asked me why I came? I went back to my room and read Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." Mine, too, was a bastard grief. I could not tell of it—no one would have understood quite.

There is always this same quality of loneliness in the sorrow a nurse may feel when her patient has died. She does not mourn long because the lost one has had no intimate place in her life and the days that follow are not filled with constant reminders of a companionship that is past. Unless she be very young she knows that she will soon forget. She may even say to herself that she has no proper cause for sadness, that the dead person was not dear to her, that the pain she feels cannot be real. None the less for a while it separates her even from her friends.

"Straws in the Wind" to come: "Success at Last"—business man's morality; "Propaganda Over Europe" by LELAND STOWE; *"Under Sentence of Death"—a wife's response to her husband's fatal illness.*

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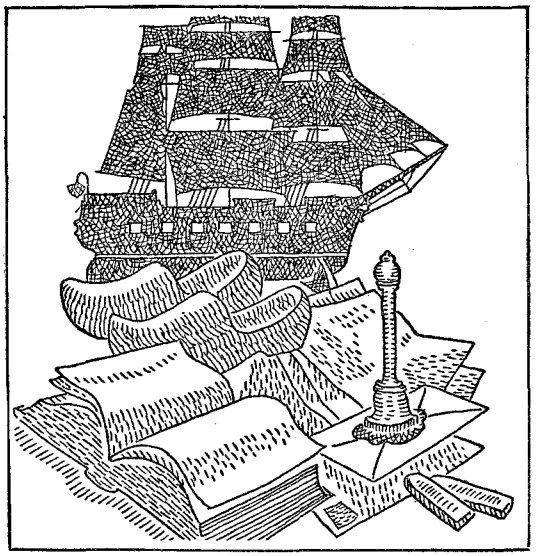
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



A Great Piece of Scholarship on Drama and the Church . . . Chaucer Overestimated? . . . Richard Croker, Astronomer . . . A Book Not to Read at Night

THE most important work in English scholarship published anywhere during the last twelve months, is *The Drama of the Mediæval Church* by Professor Karl Young, of Yale. These two tall volumes reflect glory on their author and on American research. They are the result of many years of investigation in the libraries of Europe and of the United States; most of the material being manuscripts. Our modern drama began in the Catholic Church ritual of the Middle Ages; and these volumes are confined to the drama in its beginnings within the church edifices, before it was removed to the open air and separated from clerical control. The account of the Roman Mass itself is so clear and so thorough, and withal so reverent, that although the aim of the book is scholarly and not devotional, Cardinal Hayes has given it his official praise and the Catholic journals have reviewed it with enthusiasm.

The Mass itself is not dramatic; because drama means *impersonation*. The bread and wine in the Mass, from the Catholic point of view, never symbolize the body and blood of Christ, they *are* the body and blood themselves. Thus the difference between church and theatre is a difference in intention. Yet I think there is another difference, which paradoxically makes for drama. A difference between church ritual and a play is a difference not only between the absence of impersonation and its assumption, but *in the attitude of the spectator*. To a devout Catholic there is in the ritual absolutely nothing of the theatre; but to an unbelieving curious visitor, there is. I had a good illustration of this many years ago, in attending Mass at the Cathedral of Cologne. There was a vast audience, and I was jammed between a devout German and an irreverent American tourist. During the service, the German worshipped with utter reverence; the American tourist worked his binoculars with utter irreverence. To one it was the supreme sacrifice; to the other it was a play.

In the study of literary forms, there is nothing to parallel or equal the development of modern drama. From the Mediæval Church to the contemporary stage, there is the perfect instance of the evolutionary process. One step followed another as if it had all been carefully planned, and the end seen from the beginning; whereas in the minds of the mediæval priests when they added a little symbolical spectacle at Easter, there was only the thought of making the Mystery more impressive.

Up to 1933, the two most valuable works on the origin of modern drama have been the monumental many-volumed production of the late Professor Wilhelm Creizenach of Cracow, *Geschichte des neueren Dramas,* to which all specialists in the subject are indebted, and Sir Edmund Chambers's *The Mediæval Stage*. To these a third must now be added, Professor Young's *The Drama of the Mediæval Church,* with its admirably written story, and its vast number of manuscript facsimiles. To the publishers also we owe homage. The expense must have been very great, and the result is a delight to the eye.

Although the modern drama began in the church, it was not long before many religiously-minded people objected to it, with the culmination of Puritan prohibition in 1642. But if any imagine that objections were confined to the Puritans or that attacks on the theatre are of comparatively recent birth, one should read the splendidly eloquent denunciation of the decadent Roman theatre in the second century by Tertullian. In his work *De Spectaculis,* he wrote:

> If the literature of the stage delight you, we have literature in abundance of our own. . . . Would you have also fightings and wrestlings? Well, of these there is no lacking, and they are not of slight account. Behold unchastity overcome by chastity, perfidy slain by faithfulness, cruelty stricken by compassion, impudence thrown into the shade by modesty; these are the contests we have among us, and in these we win our crowns. But would you have something of blood too? You have Christ's.

Professor Chalfant Robinson, Curator of Mediæval History at Princeton, has added another to his numerous services to mediævalists by publishing *The Memoranda Roll of the King's Remembrancer for Michaelmas 1230—Trinity 1231*. It is now first printed. The editor furnishes an interesting introduction of forty-four pages. "It was the duty of the Remembrancer to prepare in advance the business which was to come before the Barons of the Exchequer. By this means the attention of the Barons was directed to important matters relating to the revenue; and the king, at the same time, was reminded of those things with which his interest was particularly concerned."

This period came in the long reign

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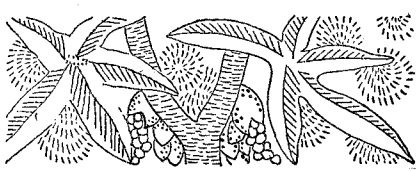
of Henry III. In those and later times kings were constantly afraid of going bankrupt. In spite of the glorious victories, or possibly because of them, in Edward III's reign a century after that of Henry III, the king owed money all over Europe.

Professor Lowes's *Geoffrey Chaucer* is a little book combining thorough scholarship with glowing enthusiasm. He loves Chaucer and his works and communicates his passion to the reader. One of the best features of the book is its explanation of the background and standpoint from which Chaucer wrote, and which of course he took for granted. The difference between his mental attitude and ours, especially in the attitude toward *time,* is worth knowing. The style of the book is that of a popular lecture, which helps to make it readable to the uninitiated.

It was the late Professor F. J. Child of Harvard with whom the modern study of Chaucer's language began. His *Observations on the Language of Chaucer,* published in 1863, is an epoch-making work. A little while ago a writer in *The London Times* stated that recent researches in Chaucer owed more to the American scholars than to the British. The three foremost Chaucer scholars in America now active, are Professor Kittredge of Harvard, Professor Manly of the University of Chicago, and Professor Root of Princeton.

At the risk of being misunderstood, misprized, and damned, I wonder if there is not right now a little danger of overestimating the genius of Chaucer; I mean, in comparison with that of two or three other English poets of



the first class. Chaucer's universal interest in, and sympathy with, and presentments of all kinds of men and women, combined with the ravishing melody of much of his verse, have, especially in the minds of those who have devoted themselves mainly to him, placed him recently "next to Shakespeare." Now I too love Chaucer; it would be incomprehensible if I didn't. But I do not rate him above Milton, any more than I rank a good range of mountains above the Matterhorn. And I believe he could not have written the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* or *The Intimations of Immortality* or the Pope's speech in *The Ring and the Book;* I think there are heights of expression in these poems beyond anything in his genial and even glorious utterances. And I am well aware of the lofty and solemn close to *Troilus and Criseyde.*

It is a pity, however, that so many "general readers" do not take the trouble to enjoy Chaucer; for only a little trouble is necessary. Any good introduction to a selection from his works, like that in Skeat's edition of the *Prologue* and *Knight's Tale,* would give one enough pronunciation-and-metre-information to make the reading of him a sheer delight. And a knowledge of his pronunciation and metre is essential.

Mr. Guedalla's *The Queen and Mr. Gladstone* is consumedly interesting, as the correspondence between two such tremendous persons ought to be. Gladstone entered the House of Commons in 1833 and thanks to the admirable British system, remained continuously there for sixty years, retiring in 1893. Four years after his début Victoria ascended the throne, and relinquished it eight years after his resignation. Thus during most of the nineteenth century the Queen and her most distinguished Prime Minister carried on a steady correspondence. The change on her part from admiration and affection to distrust and cold dislike is simply the shadow cast by the advance of British liberalism. Mr. Guedalla's introduction, of more than a hundred pages, is a noble composition. Personally I am happy to see the genius of Gladstone fully recognized again, after the temporary but inevitable depreciation.

The best one-volume Life of Lincoln is by Lord Charnwood; but for years I have not been able to answer a question that I have frequently been asked as to the best one-volume Life of Washington. Therefore I am deeply grateful to Mr. John C. Fitzpatrick for writing *George Washington Himself* which I have read with the keenest attention. It is as trustworthy as it is interesting. And while it is true that Washington was not extremely subtle, witty, or well-read, he had an irony all his own expressed in his judgments of men, and Mr. Fitzpatrick shows that he bought and read many more books than has usually been supposed. His character remains, after all the researches made by our author, as noble, unselfish, and incorruptible as his eulogists have always believed it to be.

Hugh Kingsmill's *Samuel Johnson* adds really nothing to our knowledge of the man, but it is always interesting to read about him, and to see what different points of view may disclose. The author commands a good literary style and his philosophical reflections are sometimes arresting. He quotes with approval Johnson's remark about women—that women are timid but not cautious.

Contemporary American Life and Religion, by Professor Halford E. Luccock, is an interesting discussion of present-day novelists and dramatists by a clergyman; who says very truly, that if ministers wish to know the temper of the age in which they live, they will learn more by reading contemporary novels than they will from more serious works. His own observations are pungent and not over-optimistic.

Eva Le Gallienne's *At 33* is an autobiography revealing on nearly every page her high-hearted, joyous, courageous nature, and her life-long passion for the theatre. Her experiences in France, England, Denmark, and every part of the United States, are told with gusto; her meeting Sarah Bernhardt, and later, Duse, reveal that generous admiration for the talent of others which is one of many reasons why actors are so lovable. They are appreciative; never skimpy or stingy with praise and appreciation, as so many thin-blooded people are. Eva Le Gallienne left the easy road of stardom—with an assured income and the minimum of worry—for the desperate undertaking of the Civic Repertory Theatre. It is my earnest hope that she can go on with the good cause.

Incidentally, why is it so many autobiographies are cheerful and so many novels the reverse?

Professor Neale's *Queen Elizabeth* is a magnificent biography. It is long enough to give all the known facts with a sound interpretation of them and

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short enough so that one feels no hint of superfluity. Maxwell Anderson's beautiful play, *Mary of Scotland,* is fine drama and fine literature, superbly acted by Helen Hayes, Helen Menken, and Philip Merivale; but it is not history. There was no reason why it should be. Lessing said historical plays are not written because the events happened; but because events so happened as to give the dramatist good material.

How interesting it is that during the long reign of the woman Elizabeth, which at the start was thought to be inimical to virility, England enjoyed the most masculine period in her whole history. Furthermore, for the first time England became a first-class power, and has been just that ever since.

The Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. XIII, includes names from MILLS to OGLESBY; the two receiving the greatest space being James Monroe, with eleven and one-half columns, closely pressed by John Pierpont Morgan, with eleven. Some of the other names in this volume are Weir Mitchell, Madame Modjeska, D. L. Moody, Clara Morris, Gouverneur Morris, Robert Morris, Samuel F. B. Morse, Thomas B. Mosher, John Lothrop Motley, Lucretia Mott, John Muir, Frank A. Munsey, Hugo Münsterberg, Carry Nation, Annie Oakley, Ethelbert Nevin, Simon Newcomb, Charles Eliot Norton, Robert Norwood, Eliphalet Nott, Edgar Wilson (Bill) Nye, B. B. Odell. I have tried memory tests on large groups of people; I find the only U. S. Senator that *anybody* in any of these groups could remember is Dwight Morrow and there are many Senators in this volume. Famous actors live longer than famous politicians.

While Rome Burns, by Alexander Woollcott, is a clever title for a clever book. Remarks on actors, plays, new books, music, stories, and innumerable good anecdotes. The paper on Mrs. Pat Campbell I liked best; and we know by her telegram that she liked it too. As showing the inconsistency of man, how strange it is that Mr. Woollcott admires the novels of Booth Tarkington! I am glad he does; as a good critic, he ought to; but as Mr. Woollcott, he ought not to.

Suffering is a book no one should read at night; and no one with weak nerves or who is afraid there is something serious the matter, should read at all. The great French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, who died in 1897, was told in 1884 by the French nerve specialist Charcot, that he had an illness which could not be cured— No, I don't mean cancer. For thirteen years he suffered torments; living at night on morphine and chloral. He feared every day he would lose his mind; but he was clear-headed to the very last. Every one knew Daudet was something of an invalid in his later years; but not the truth; for this little book was released only in 1930, more than thirty years after his death.

It is made up of single sentences, sometimes only ejaculations. He seems to have suffered chronic excruciating bodily agony. Any one who read this book would not believe it possible he could have done anything except suffer. Yet in these years he wrote important novels and plays. The book is an inspiration. It shows how the human spirit can triumph ov the most awful suffering. Furthermor this suffering did not embitter him; it increased his sympathy for others.

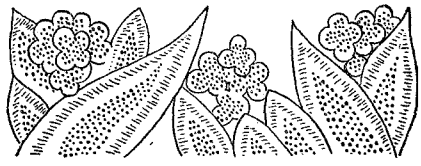
Madame Daudet gave the translator, Professor Milton Garver, permission to write the English version. It is extremely well done. At the end of the book are remarkable tributes to Daudet by his male secretary, and by Marcel Proust.

This little book is a revelation of the mind and heart and character of Daudet, and of the grandeur of the human soul. I think it is a human document of high importance. The French title is *La Douleur*—how appropriate in general it is that happiness is masculine and Suffering i feminine.

Brazilian Adventure, by Peter Fleming, is quite different from the ordinary run of exploratory operations. The two words in the title accurately describe the book, but give no idea of the whimsical spirit of the author. This is the best thing that ever came out of the agony column. Any one who reads the first two paragraphs of the preface will read the book.

The Saga of the Comstock Lode, by George D. Lyman, is a valuable contribution to American history, and also to the rapidly increasing number of books that illustrate the background and environment of that world-genius, Mark Twain.

Once more the incomparable P. G. Wodehouse gives us a full-length novel —*Thank You, Jeeves,* to which I feel like saying "Thank *you,* Mr. Wodehouse." For he is the best of them all— with him, humor is not a servant of satire or argument, it is an end in itself.



What a writer for the poor, the rich, the happy, the unhappy, for women, for men, for the sick, the healthy, for the old, for the middle-aged! For the young? No.

Miss Lesley Payne, of Indianapolis, writes such an interesting letter on Victor Hugo that I wish to share it with my readers. She laments the fact that Walter Hampden, who had planned to produce *Ruy Blas,* finally abandoned it. I saw Edwin Booth in this play.

It's not fashionable to admit respect for Victor Hugo. . . . but then maybe you'll have a sneakin' sympathy with me, when I say I echo Jules de Goncourt's enthusiastic entry in his Journal: "I love Victor Hugo!" I don't care if his style *is* florid from present-day perspective. Some of his lines are imperishably beautiful (which is more than can be said for *our* writers for the theatre) . . . and there's no escaping the fact that he knows a dramatic situation when he sees one, and that a proper presentment of his plays affords a satisfying "eyeful" to the audience!

I don't know that I'd like Hugo in English, but I fancy that his frankly theatrical brilliance is no worse than the second-rate smartness and cheap cynicism of so many of our "realistic" plays. I'd be grateful for a little "romance," for a change, . . . I wouldn't trade *Ruy Blas* for fifteen *Strictly Dishonorables* or *Designs for Living. Our* people are a lot of soured neuros who have lost the power to live or feel, and who take refuge in perverse flippancy as a substitute for their lack of humanhood. . . .

Do you remember de Goncourt's writing of his visit to the town of Heidelberg, and that it made him feel that "I was looking at Victor Hugo's work when posterity will have passed over it . . . when the words will have become rusty, when the magnificent walls of his literary edifice will attain the solemnity of a ruin, when Time, like a centenarian creeper, will climb over and mingle with the beauty of his verse. Though they be old and broken, the pillars will retain the majesty of those old Sarmalian kings struck down under a shower of missiles. But the Master's vast palace of poetry will remain great and lovely."

Hugo lived at a time when florid expression

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was *unconsciously* florid. He is florid, but he's never putrid, and if I must choose between the two, in the theatre, I'll take the former.

The FAERIE QUEENE CLUB is joined by Doctor A. R. Rogers of Los Angeles, Calif.

The Faery Queene by Spenser I've yread,
Of Guyon, Artegall and Calidore.
And certes, I am algates much adred
I'll hear their clanking armor at my door,
With threat'ning glaives to reave me of my gore.
I even dream that Amoret, Pastorell,
Bethinking them that I'm a bachelor,
Besiege the humble castle where I dwell,
Ne aught will comfort give or horrid fears dispel.

I also welcome Miss Georgina Gordon, of San Francisco, Calif., as a member of the Club.

FANO CLUB

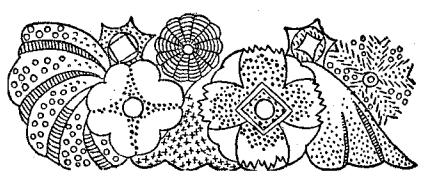
On Easter Day I published in *The New York Times* an account of Fano, illustrated by a reproduction of the famous picture of The Guardian Angel. Among those who read the article was John Billi, of the staff of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York; it is the first daily Italian newspaper in the United States. Imagine his amazement and delight at seeing this article, with the picture, for Signor Billi *was born in Fano*. He writes:

I am a native born "Fanese" and well do I remember the Church of Sant' Agostino and the painting. While it may be true that the inhabitants of my native town do not greatly appreciate the fact that the picture in question inspired one of Browning's most beautiful poems (there are only about ten persons in Fano who have heard of Browning and perhaps only two who have read his poems), nevertheless it is not true that the good Fanesi do not appreciate the importance of the picture. The fact is that in Italy we have, even in the most humble of provincial towns, so many monuments of antiquity and so many paintings of old masters that it seemed queer to the Fanesi to see Americans travelling four thousand miles just to take a peep at Guercino's picture. They do not realize, of course, the sentimental values attached to that painting by reason of Browning's poem.

I think the first authentic American to visit Fano was the elder Morgan in 1904. I was ten years old at that time, but I distinctly remember the day when an imposing fleet of five powerful American motorcars laden with all sorts of trunks and valises, coming from Pesaro streaked through the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and passing under the ancient and crumbling Arch of Augustus disappeared in a cloud of white dust on the Flaminian Way toward Urbino. The American magnate, evidently, was either very much in a hurry or completely ignored the existence of Guercino's picture. The fact is that he never bothered to come back to Fano. Perhaps one fleeting look at the town was sufficient for him.

Fano, of course, has the distinction of being the Adriatic terminal of the Via Flaminia, built by the Roman Consul Caius Flaminius who was killed in the battle of Trasimeno during the Second Punic War. Fanum Fortunæ, which is the L tin name of my town, had a certain strategic 'alue in Roman times and was considered a stronghold. The battle of the Metaurus between the Roman Legions of Scipio and Asdrubal's Carthaginian Army was fought in the year 207 B.C. a few miles from Fano on the left bank of the Metaurus River. As you know it was one of the decisive battles of the Second Punic War and it saved the Roman Empire for the time being.

If you will ever go back to Fano, which I doubt because it really has no attraction or appeal of any sort for the tourist, you must go and see the Passo del Furlo, about 40 miles from the city on the Via Flaminia. It is a rough tunnel cut through the mountain with picks and axes by the Roman Legions, by means of which they were able to overtake Asdrubal's Army on the flank and cut him off from his brother Hannibal who was then hibernating in Southern Italy. Fano is the only town in Italy which still has a Pagan patron, the Goddess of Fortune, La Dea Fortuna. We are very proud of he , and you can see her statue on top of the fou tain in Piazza della Fortuna.



Besides Mr. Billi, Mrs. Charles F. Hubbard, of Jamesburg, N. J., is admitted to full membership in the club.

The death of LeBaron Russell Briggs, known to thousands of Harvard and non-Harvard men as Dean Briggs, is mourned as an individual and personal loss. He was a man in whom the love of students and an active conscience were equally strong; his justice was tempered but not corrupted by mercy. What a friend he was! His unselfish kindness is remembered by innumerable men. His scholarship was sound, his teaching excellent, his books remarkable for originality, humor, and wit, but he was greatest of all in what he was—he had character.

The impossibility of forming a complete estimate of any other individual, the impossibility of setting limits and bounds to any man's nature, was illustrated for me by Professor John Anthony Miller of Swarthmore, in an interesting conversation I had with him at the meeting of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia in April. He said that when he was professor of astronomy at the University of Indiana in Bloomington many years ago, he was called up on the telephone one evening, his caller giving the name of Richard Croker. The astronomer thought it was some local resident of that resounding name, but no, it really was the Head of Tammany Hall. Upon inquiring what he wanted, Mr. Croker said he wished to come to the observatory and see the stars. Eight o'clock was agreed on. Most carefully upon the hour he came, and the astronomer, supposing he merely wished to take a look through the great spyglass, asked if there was anything in particular he wanted— "Yes, I want to see Epsilon Lyrae." Now Epsilon in the constellation of Lyra—nearly in the zenith in July—is a quadruple star, though not nearly so well known to the public as the blazing Vega. The night was clear, the glass good, and the four were observable. Then Mr. Croker asked for many other things, showing an intimate knowledge of the positions of the constellations. "In New York you can't see the stars. I like it here, where I can look at them." He then suggested they look at the great nebula or Orion, and when Professor Miller reminded him that would not be visible till near dawn, Mr. Croker said, "I know. We'll wait for it." So the two men sat up nearly all night. Mr. Croker never mentioned politics except by implication. When he came to go, he remarked, "I like the stars; they are dependable."

From Schuyler C. Carlton of New York:

There are three words whose misuse always makes me froth at the mouth. They are frequently used by lawyers and are:

1—"jurist"—when they mean a "Judge," which the word never means.

2—"summation"—meaning summing up to a jury when the word means putting down the figures of an example, like addition.

3—"verbiage" meaning "choice of words" when the only dictionaries that I have access to give it in the single meaning of "too many words."

This last crime occurs in your article in SCRIBNER'S for April.

Commenting on *Anthony Adverse* some months ago, I remarked that the incident in the book which I should longest remember was the exploit of the Captain in spitting. If you have read the novel, you will certainly remember his accuracy with the lizard. Well, seeing the other day a copy of *The Enormous Room* by E. E. Cummings, lying on my table, I opened by chance at this passage (p. 123):

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"So-and-so, being a Turk" moved in one night, *paillase* and all—having arrived from Paris on a very late train, heavily guarded by three gendarmes—to a vacant spot temporarily which separated my bed from the next bed on my right. Of the five definite and confirmed amusements which were established at La Ferte Mace—to wit, (1) spitting, (2) playing cards, (3) insulting *plantons*, (4) writing to the girls, and (5) fighting—I possessed a slight aptitude for the first only. By long practice, leaning with various more accomplished artists from a window and attempting to hit either the sentinel below or a projecting windowledge or a spot of mud which, after refined and difficult intellectual exercise, we all had succeeded in agreeing upon, I had become not to be sure a master of the art of spitting but a competitor to be reckoned with so far as accuracy was concerned. . . .

The Enormous Room was first published in 1922.

Interesting notes from Guy Du Val of New York:

What a funny way they pronounced Oregon in Bryant's day—
"That veil O *ré* gan, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

. . . . . .

I was camping in the Canadian Rockies in 1911 and one morning I started to quote Omar and stuck on the last line of one of the verses, and the horse-wrangler of our outfit who was standing near me gave me the line and went on with verse after verse of the poem. Later on he took out of his pocket a worn copy which he said he always carried with him. He further told me that one evening when he was in Montreal he and the head guide, Sid Unwin, felt a longing for some good music and they went to the opera, taking the best seats at $4 to $5 each. They only had the clothes that they had worn coming out from the woods, and he chuckled as he recalled the appraising glances of the men and women about him who were clad with their full evening regalia.

CATS

From the Reverend William Henry Spence, of the Church of Christ in Dartmouth College:

If I recollect correctly, you have written frequently in your SCRIBNER'S columns in defense and admiration of cats. I wonder if you have come upon this passage in Jusserand's *What Me Befell:* (he is describing Petrarch's Cottage at Arqua). "The principle relic preserved there is the mummy of the poet's cat, under glass, in a sculptured stone frame of more recent date. Latin verses engraved beneath reveal to the visitor the sentiments of that tabby:—'The Florentine poet was consumed of a double love. His most ardent flame was for me, the other for Laura. Do not laugh. If Laura could charm him with her divine beauty, I deserved that incomparable lover by my fidelity; if she excited his genius and inspired his verses, it is thanks to me that the cruel rats did not devour his writings. Living, I chased them from these sacred precincts . . . and now, dead though I am, I still by my presence cause them to tremble with fear, and thus in this inanimate body, survives my pristine fidelity.' "

From Ellen H. Christian of Staunton, Va.:

Epitaph for "Imp"

He was a reprobate, but what a charming one! Now he is dead, and I who loved him am sad. His tragic end at the hands of his enemy was deserved, he was guilty of many crimes,—and yet who could blame him for obeying the strongest urges of his nature, the instincts inherited for many generations from his wild forefathers?

He was just a cat, and the small boy who shot him with a rifle says he had been killing baby squirrels who live in the big oak trees around our houses in the quiet edge of this small town. I fear there can be no doubt as to the truth of the small boy's assertion; and what a crime it is to lie in wait for the frolicsome little fellows and to spring upon them like a slate-gray bolt when they venture too far from the safety of the tree, with ruthless teeth and claws turning them from bundles of furry life into just a remnant of uneatable tail and feet. Imp never had the excuse of hunger, as had his forebears of the forest. Only the joy of the chase, which added zest to the satisfaction of obtaining a meal, was his; and how can we, who still feel that fearful and cruel joy, be too censorious of his blood-thirsty tendencies? Was it not the very same impulse which led the small boy to creep upon the cat as he in turn stalked the squirrel, and with the weapon against which cat and squirrel alike are powerless, be himself the killer? How far are we still from the conception of the waste of taking a life in exchange for a life! Why are two dead things more to be desired than one?

Imp was beautiful, vital, untamed. His short life was crammed to the brim with all life can mean to a cat; dangers, courtships, atavistic night prowlings, peaceful abandonments to sleep in the sun or against my willing side as I, too, slept,—and always he knew that inner harmony between desires and action which alone can make any life worth the living. You lived, Imp, and you died,—and I, who loved you, am sad.

In reviewing *Our Times* by Mark Sullivan, I commented on the change in clothing from 1908 to 1934, and a correspondent kindly sends me the following, suggesting that a comparison of the clothes of 1868 and 1934 might be still more interesting. It is.

From the *Suncook Valley* (N. H.) *Times* of December, 1868:

How should our girls be drest in winter? In the first place make a waist of canton flannel; let the sleeves be long. Make a pair of drawers of the same material, long enough to reach the top of the bootee, and button them upon the waist; then flannel garments made in the same manner except the drawers; they should be finished with a band and buttoned just below the knee. Next the hoops (if they must have them, but girls are much better off without them), and over them a warm, light skirt. Lastly the dress, which should be a woolen material, made with long sleeves and the waist and sleeves lined with strong cotton. Strong boots with heavy soles and warm, thick, woolen stockings. When she goes out she should wear a warm sacque and mittens.

When these words appear in print, I expect to be in my summer home in Michigan; and I pay now a well-earned tribute to a daily newspaper published eighty-seven miles away, *The Times Herald,* of Port Huron. It is an afternoon paper; the late edition is put in a bus, and whirled up into and around that part of Michigan known as the Thumb. At about 6.25 P.M. the paper is hurled into my front yard. It has all the important European news of the day, including the Davis Cup matches; and it has the late news of the United States. It is an admirable journal, and its editorials are invariably good.

I shall not forget the afternoon of that summer day in 1927, when I picked up this paper and read "I do not choose to run," etc. The word *choose,* so emphasized in *Merchant of Venice,* seemed to puzzle a good many people, but it is good Vermontese. A middle-aged spinster of that State, who apparently had not even contemplated marriage in the abstract, went away on a vacation, and to the amazement of her neighbors, returned with a husband. Upon inquiry, she replied, "Yes, I chose to get married; but ain't it teejus?"

NAMES OF BOOKS AND PUBLISHERS MENTIONED

The asterisk means recommended for reading clubs

**The Drama of the Mediæval Church,* by Karl Young. Oxford. $17.50.

The Memoranda Roll, by Chalfant Robinson. Princeton University Press. $10.

**Geoffrey Chaucer,* by J. L. Lowes. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

**The Queen and Mr. Gladstone,* by P. Guedalla. Doubleday Doran. $5.

**George Washington Himself,* by J. C. Fitzpatrick. Bobbs Merrill. $3.50.

Samuel Johnson, by Hugh Kingsmill. Viking. $2.75.

**Contemporary American Life and Religion,* by H. C. Luccock. Willett, Clark, Chicago. $2.

**At 33,* by Eva Le Gallienne. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

**Queen Elizabeth,* by J. E. Neale. Harcourt Brace. $3.75.

Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. XIII. Scribners.

While Rome Burns, by A. Woollcott. Viking. $2.75.

Suffering, by Alphonse Daudet, tr. Garver. Yale University Press. $2.

Brazilian Adventure, by Peter Fleming. Scribners. $2.75.

**The Saga of the Comstock Lode,* by G. D. Lyman. Scribners. $3.50.

Thank You, Jeeves! by P. G. Wodehouse. Little, Brown. $2.

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THE DARK SHORE

Continued from page 21

"How long since you have been spanked, Laura?"

The woman turned. "Since I was spanked, Doctor? Why, not since I was nine years old."

"Well, then, if that child is not in bed and kept there, you will be spanked again."

He came into the doorway, a round, short, little man with a tuft of white beard on his smooth, pink chin and creased eyes behind his gold spectacles. His hair was limp and silvery. He waved a hand at Clara and the old gentleman. "Witnesses," he said. "Tomorrow you will be spanked. Now, go along, and keep his mouth inside his muffler. Who's next?"

"Right here," said the old man promptly. He thought better of it. "After the lady," he said.

The doctor raised a plump hand and made the tuft on his chin wiggle.

"Are you a patient?"

"Well, yes and no," the old gentleman said.

"Insurance?" the doctor said.

"No."

"Subscriptions, books, lightning rods?"

"No," the old man said. "Just a little matter. I can wait."

Still looking at the old man, the doctor beckoned to Clara, as though she were a child.

His desk before the window was piled high with papers, books, and publications, with bottles and flasks. A light burned in a bull's-eye lantern on a swinging bracket above a chair and stool. The top of a narrow table was padded in leather. Below glass jars on shelves, a tap dripped in a marble sink and a stained-marble top carried a pestle and a mortar.

He pointed to the chair across the desk. "Well, Clara, sit down." He spoke as though she had been coming there for years.

He sat down, gave his own chair a backward thrust, and leaned forward with his clean, fat hands on his wrinkled knees. "How is Fitz-Greene?" he said. "Nice young fellow. Awful nice young fellow. And what seems to be the trouble?"

"Really, Doctor, there isn't anything the trouble."

"Good. No trouble."

"I just mentioned to my husband that I had a headache."

"And he insisted that you come to see me. Good. That's fine. He's one of my best patients. Hold out your tongue. An awful nice young fellow. That will do. How are your bowels? Any soreness in the joints? Let me feel your pulse." His warm fingertips settled lightly on her wrist. An immense gold watch came out of his waistcoat pocket and opened with a tiny click. His shirt

front creaked to his thick breathing. The watch ticked loudly. He wore an old-fashioned full-bosomed shirt with a stand-up collar attached, badly laundered, though very clean. His wrinkled low-cut waistcoat and the ends of his black bow-tie rose and fell. The watch clicked shut. "Stand up, please." The silvery head came against her chest. A hand gripped her. "Inhale. Exhale." He crept around her, taking soundings and tickling her with his pink ear until she almost giggled. She held her breath manfully. It would be scandalous. She heard him heave up behind her. His hand came against her back. He tapped it shortly with the other fingers. Tunk, tunk . . . tunk, tunk. He worked around her like a cooper around a cask, with one ear cocked, gleaming and breathing hard.

"Sound as a nut," he said. "Clear as a bell. Any discomfort after eating? Nausea? Wind on the stomach? Wind on the bowels? Fitz-Greene had quite a case of jaundice when he first came. An awful nice fellow. No feeling of chilliness or heat? No rash, no pimples? You've had your eyes examined? Look right in the light." With a thumb and forefinger, he opened one eye wide.

"You make me feel like a horse," she said.

"Well, you ought to feel like a horse. Sound as a nut. Have any trouble sleeping? Lost your appetite? He was one of the worst cases I ever saw. That was before you knew him. Took a fancy to him right off. It seems you did, too. What about your inner workings? Think you might be starting to have a baby?"

"No," she said. "No, I don't suppose so."

"All right, just as well. Plenty of time. *Carpe diem*. First years of marriage only come once. Other years come over and over again. No night sweats, I suppose? All right, take a seat." He sat down and locking his hands in front of his mouth, began to play a tune on his teeth with his thumb-nail. "Can't find a thing organically wrong," he said. "Sound as a nut. Wish I had your bronchi and lungs. Liver and lights, too. But you don't look quite right, and that's a fact. He's not asking too much of you? These young men nowadays have no sense, you know. Oh, I was sure of that. Awful nice young fellow. Nothing else on your mind, is there? Well, I'll tell you what. You are probably just a little run-down. Everybody is, this time of year. I'll make you up a little tonic. My boy will bring it around this morning. A wineglass full three times a day before meals." He stood up smiling. "If you don't feel better," he said, "come back. And if you do, pour it down the sink." He patted her slim blue shoulder. "Nothing to worry about," he said. "Sound as a nut."

He watched her go out the door. What a nice pretty girl. A fine young woman. But her smile was still unsatisfied. Queer things, these young creatures. If I had a set of vitals like that, I'd turn cartwheels down the street and drink a quart of burgundy for dinner. Perhaps she is merely shy. She's always gone to Considine, that windy ignoramus. He'll throw a fit when he finds he's lost a patient. Awful nice young fellow, that Fitz-Greene.

The man in the snuff-colored overcoat stood up. "Doctor," he said, "you got a few minutes?"

"If you have anything to sell, I can't

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see you now. These hours are reserved for my patients." Confound the patients! Why couldn't there be some of them here when they were wanted?

"I come from the northern part of the county," the old man said, "near Bowman; and my wife's got a goitre." The old man looked at him severely. "They tell me you can cure goitre."

"Who does?"

"Well, the hotel man up there says a travelling man told him." The old man plunged his hands in his trouser pockets. "Now what I want to know is, is it a fact?"

"No, it is not a fact. Sometimes we can help, and then sometimes we can cure it. It all depends."

"Well, that's the first point," the old man said. "Now here's the next point. How much does it cost?"

"Well, friend, there's no way in the world of telling that. I don't even know what shape she is in."

"Well, if you saw her, could you tell?"

"Why, no. Even then you wouldn't know how long it might take."

"In other words, you don't know what you can do or what it will cost, whether you do it or not."

"Yes, that's about the size of it."

The old man remained planted. "Well, how in time is a man to do business with you that way?"

"Confound it, nobody has to do business. But it's all I can say. What's the use of promising to cure your wife when I don't know? And if I don't know what I can do, how can I tell what it will cost?"

The old man stopped chewing his beard. "That's what you tell 'em all, eh? Take that young woman that just come out. Did you tell her what it would cost?"

"I didn't have to. Everybody knows my charges. Two dollars for a visit."

"Does that include the medicine?"

"No, that's extra."

"Did you tell her whether the medicine would cure her?"

"I guess she'll be all right. There's nothing much the matter with her."

The old man gave a snort of triumph. "What way of business is that? Selling them medicine when there's nothing the matter with them."

"Who the devil do you think you are coming down here and telling me how to run my business?"

The old man put on his hat. "Tell you how to run your business? Nobody can run your business better than that. Selling medicine to well people." The old man started back toward the door. "Don't you hit me. I am leaving. So if they are well already, you cure them; if they ain't well, you don't," he called back over his shoulder. The front door slammed behind him.

The reception room swam before the doctor's furious eyes. He started back for the office. A little spirits of ammonia. That asthmatic heart of his.

There was a tap on the windowpane. The old man peered in, flourishing his handkerchief. "That's why you have to see them first," he shouted. He could hear him blowing his nose furiously on the garden path.

He drank the cloudy spirits of ammonia. Nasty drink! Confound these old-time farmers! Mule-headed and ignorant. Good riddance anyhow. They never paid their bills. The damned old fool! Too bad, though. Maybe he could have done something for that wife of his. Poor woman! Too bad.

"Doctor Hartman." The voice was low and tight. He wheeled. Fitz-Greene's eyes were on him. His face was pale and his voice hadn't sounded like his own. What was the matter with this young couple?

"Well," he said, "what do you want?" Confound people, walking in the office, without a by your leave. A man couldn't even drink a sedative in peace.

"Have you seen Clara?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

"Well, what did you find?"

"Little run-down condition." Confound the fellow, charging into his office.

"A little run-down condition." Fitz-Greene spoke slowly and still looked aside. "What do you mean by that?"

"Damn it, young man! I mean just what I say. It's plain enough, isn't it? A little run-down condition. What else do you want, for God's sake? Do you want me to tell you she has tuberculosis and cancer?"

"You mean there is nothing seriously wrong with her?"

"Of course, I mean that. It's plain enough, isn't it? If there was something wrong with her, I'd tell you. I mean just what I say."

"You're sure, absolutely sure?"

"If you're not satisfied with my opinion, what did you send her here for? Send her to Considine. I'm not accustomed to having my opinions questioned by a layman. Don't think because I took a fancy to you that I can be insulted. Here, here, let go of me."

The young man had him by the shoulders. He was talking fast. "You don't understand. I didn't put it well. I made a regular mess of it. I am awfully sorry. You mustn't think that. I wouldn't have you. You are the finest doctor I ever saw, absolutely the finest. Absolutely! And a real friend. Shake hands and say it's all right." The young man had him by the hand. "Clara and I would never think of having any one but you." He let go the doctor's hand. "I feel as if you'd saved my life."

"Nonsense, you were never in the least danger."

Fitz-Greene thrust out a finger with impudence. "In that case, why aren't you more grateful to me?" He put his hat on at an angle, and marched out of the office. Evidently, he was himself again.

XVIII

Sitting in the bedroom, talking with Christobel about the supper party, she heard the front door close. Christobel leaned easily against the bed post.

"Now about those salted nuts. Do you want the almonds and the walnuts in separate dishes?" She had on a starched blue gingham. Her face was rosy from the oven. Small copper strands of hair lay damply on her forehead. "Or do you want them mixed up like?"

He was hanging up his hat and coat; he was on the stair; he was running, two steps at a time. "Hello," he said. "Hello, Christobel. You certainly look nice in that blue dress. Next time I run into that brakeman, I am going to ask him if he ever saw you in that dress."

"Oh, sugar," she said, "I'm a sight. I'm all hot from the oven and these are just my work clothes."

"Clara," he said, "I hope you didn't mind my sending round the note about the others. I thought as long as we were having people in, we might as well have a party. You sure you feel up to it?"

"Yes," she said. "I think Doctor Hartman has cured me already."

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"Didn't you like him? I went in afterwards to make sure you were all right."

"You did?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I did. I didn't trust you. I know you wouldn't tell me anything you thought would worry me."

"I don't suppose you'd tell me, either." That was a mistake. She kept smiling cheerfully to try to cover it. But he was oblivious.

"Of course, I wouldn't. Now about the party. I thought we really ought to have Jeanne Balso. It's no use asking Johnson with Big Sister all the time. After all, if you are going to entertain a man, you must entertain him as a human being and not as a filler to take care of a wallflower." He remembered Christobel. "Big Sister's the finest person of all the girls in town. I know that. But it's Johnson we've got to think of."

"I was having Anna Lyle," Clara said.

"She's great, but George always likes to talk to her. She's fragile and soulful, and he's so big and strong. That leaves me and Ellen, and that's all right."

"And me and Doggie, and that's all right, too," she said.

He laughed. "Put Johnson on the other side."

"All right," she said. "Go and dress. Christobel and I must finish."

"All right," he said. "Will you wear that light blue satin?"

"Oh, I couldn't," she said. "I couldn't. It's much too grand for such a dinner. It would look silly."

"It sure is a elegant gown, though," ventured Christobel. "Tell you what you ought to do. Take off the lace festoons on the skirt and have it kind of simple. It wouldn't take a minute."

"Good for you, Christobel," Fitz-Greene said, as he went out the door.

"A wonderful girl, Christobel," he said, as he came in the drawing-room. "I do like that blue satin."

She felt herself stir under the shining gown. "I feel perfectly absurd," she said. "I don't know why I am wearing it."

He walked over to the marble mantel and studied the bronze clock between the crystal brackets. "I don't know, either."

She gazed around the room, small, but formal and seldom used, green velvet cushions on the slim gilt chairs, old Rands and Rankins in heavy oval frames against the French gray wall. There had been no gain. When he had come springing up the stair, she had wished that they were to be alone tonight. Now it was just as well.

The doorbell rang. Fitz-Greene went out.

From the doorway, Mun peered at her in indignation. "Great Governor! What a night!" He slapped his beaver gloves together and stamped his arctics. His pale eyes and thin aristocratic nose were moist. "It's bitter, bitter." He struggled out of his bearskin-collared coat and unwound a long white muffler.

Clara laughed. "You think anything below forty is bitter, Mun. It's been thawing all day."

"All right," said Mun. He was on one leg wrestling with an arctic. "Stick your nose out. A heavy freeze, by Jupiter."

The arctic came off, with Mun's pump inside it. "You ought to go to Samoa, Mun, where it's warm and there are lots of beautiful girls."

Mun had his pump in his hand by now, and pointed it at her. "If there were a good hotel there, damned if I wouldn't go." He balanced again, and put his pump on. He wore heavy woollen socks with white toes and heels. "Everything is cold in this country, climate, women, railroad cars. It's a life of misery."

"The question is," said Fitz-Greene, from the hall, "whether in Samoa, the climate makes the women, or the women make the climate."

Mun hopped around, pulling at the other arctic. "It's no good, Fitz," he said. "I know Oscar Wilde."

"Well, if you know Oscar Wilde, you ought to know that it's as good as anything can be."

"Never mind. The main thing is, are we going to have terrapin?"

"No," Clara called. "It's too expensive."

Mun came in the room. His dinner clothes were dashingly cut and slightly too large. "Well, then, what about that Château Lafitte? Are you going to have some more of that?"

"You must ask Fitz-Greene about that," Clara said. "He has the keys to the cellar."

Mun shook Clara absently by the hand. "Do you mean you haven't gotten the wine up yet? On a night like this? It'll be much too cold. Look here, Fitz-Greene, we will have to do something about this."

"About what?"

"About the wine. What are you going to have?"

"Oh, I don't know. I hadn't thought."

"You hadn't thought. Well, what's your meat course?"

"It's really just a supper," Clara said. "We are having sweetbreads en casserole."

"Well, then, that's all right. Château Lafitte would go with sweetbreads en casserole."

Fitz-Greene came into the room, grinning. "We've got it up, Mun. Don't you worry."

"You have? The Château Lafitte, eh? Worry? Well, then, no. I should say not. Clara, my old sweetheart, you look perfectly delicious tonight."

"We've had it on the back of the stove for two hours," Fitz-Greene said.

Mun whirled around. "On the back of the stove! On the back of the stove!" He jingled the cluster of seals on his meagre stomach, and whistled between his teeth. "Not at all funny," he said. "Clara, you ought to make him take these things more seriously. I was talking to a fellow in the Union League the other day. Everybody likes Fitz there, you know, can't help it, but they just don't understand him."

The door bell rang again. Fitz-Greene started from the room. "Well, that's a pretty good sign, there's something wrong with me," he said.

Good Doggie and Big Sister entered in a compact mass. "Wow, Fitz," she said, "it's cold."

In front of the fire Mun spread his coat-tails. "You see," he said to Clara.

Good Doggie beamed down on Fitz. "Yes," he said, "it certainly is cold, by gum!"

"You see," said Mun to Clara.

Beaming kindly and thoughtfully at Fitz-Greene, Doggie reached up and clamped Fitz's ears between two snowy mittens.

Big Sister jammed an elbow against Doggie's ribs. "Let him alone, Doggie. Here, Fitz, I'll wipe the snow off. Ow!" she said. "If you do that again, Doggie, I'll jump on your feet."

Big Sister's face was flaming above an incredible magenta gown. A loose

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tuft of hair sticking out of her top-knot gave her the effect of a Chinese strong man. She tramped up to Clara and shook her hand. She sat down massively and cocked up a large slipper.

"Where did you get this chair?" she said.

"It was a wedding present. I think it came from Wanamaker's in Philadelphia."

"Well," Big Sister said, "it's all right. I like a well-made chair."

Good Doggie, with a pleased grin, was prowling towards Mun. "You would," he said.

Mun edged off, fumbling uneasily at his thin mustache.

"Keep away from me, Doggie. I don't feel well. I have a cold."

Good Doggie brooded genially over Mun and pretended to spit on his hands. "Listen, Doggie," Mun said, hurriedly, "we are going to have Château Lafitte for supper. What do you think of that?"

"That's fine," Doggie said. "Are we going to have much of it? What is it?"

"It's a sort of corn whiskey," Fitz-Greene volunteered. "They make it in the South."

"There goes the bell, Fitz," Clara said.

"It's Jeanne Balso." Mun started for the door. "I can hear her laugh." He was checked by Doggie's grip on his coat-tails. Mun's light blue eyes struck fire. "Let go, damn it. You'll tear my coat." He plunged on for the door.

"Mun, darling!" Jeanne Balso's voice was rich and teasing. "Where have you been, my beautiful boy? Hello, Fitz. Johnny, help me with these things."

Big Sister stared at Clara and grunted.

"Doggie," Clara said, "you mustn't tease Mun so. Really you mustn't."

Good Doggie looking like a small boy in outgrown clothes, sat down beside her and dropped a big hand on her arm. "All right, I won't," he said, "the damn fool."

"Look here," said Big Sister, judicially. "You can't call Clara's brother's brother-in-law a damn fool to her face. That's no way to act."

"Oh, yes, he can," Clara said, "if he wants to."

"Everybody is a damn fool," observed Good Doggie.

"Well, I like that," said Big Sister.

"Does that mean me too?" Clara asked.

"Everybody else, though."

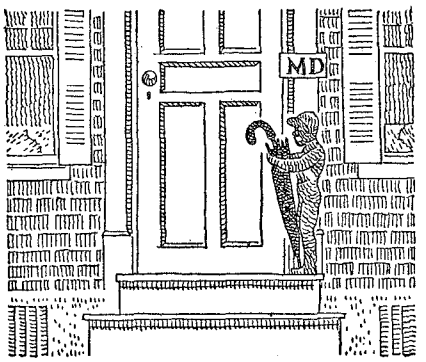
"Well, I like that," Big Sister said.

In a burst of crimson velvet, Jeanne Balso came in. It was as though she were flying down hill on skis. Her sturdy but rich figure leaned forward, her black hair was dashed back from her brilliant face. The three men trailed behind.

"Hello, hello," she said, "everybody."

She nodded to Clara, as one invited guest to another. Good Doggie stood up. "Have a chair."

"No, I'll stand in front of the fire." She took a pose, her fine firm legs apart,



her bare arms locked behind her. "That feels good," she said.

"How do you do, Mrs. Rankin?" Mr. Johnson bowed. A small sandy man, he seemed to be made of one piece from the waist up, and another from the waist down. He straightened up and adjusted his eye-glasses. Then he became one piece from head to foot. He was the prettiest figure skater in town, but this was his social manner. He bowed to Big Sister. His neck had no more modelling than a piece of wood. No wonder his collar failed to fit it.

"Good evening, Miss Trimble," he said. Good heavens, they thought, that's Big Sister's name.

"Well," said Big Sister, "been skating lately?"

"Yes," said Mr. Johnson. "I was hoping to see you."

"Like fun you were," said Big Sister.

"Why, Miss Trimble." Mr. Johnson removed his eye-glasses, blew on them, and joined the men, who flanked Miss Balso at the fire.

"Look," Clara said, "it looks like a scene in an operetta." She nodded at Miss Balso. "You ought to sing something, and the men ought to kneel down and hold out their arms."

Still straddling in front of the fireplace, Jeanne Balso slightly opened her smiling mouth.

"When love is kind,"

Her voice was low and deep and dead true,

"Faithful and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me."

Mun bent over her solicitously, and pretended to strum a guitar.

"But when I see
Love given to rove,"

his eyes fixed on the ceiling, Fitz-Greene dropped in with a light, impersonal tenor,

"To two or three,
Then good-bye, love."

Good Doggie came over to Clara, and sat down. Mr. Johnson looked respectfully at Miss Balso, and continued to beat time with his head.

"The damn fools!" Good Doggie said.

Miss Balso smiled at him provokingly. "Now I must turn round and warm the other side."

"Wait." Mun took her by the arm. "You'd better let me see whether this side's done." He winked at Mr. Johnson, who smiled uneasily and looked carefully away. Poor Mun, Clara thought, why did he always have to be a little out of key? There was a pounding on the front door and muffled cries.

"Good Lord!" said Fitz. "That's George. I suppose we didn't hear him ring."

Ellen's plain white silk was most becoming, Clara thought with satisfaction. She, herself, had persuaded her to get it. Its straight lines made her seem taller, more nearly large enough for her head. Its whiteness left the field clear for her fine gray eyes. She came up to Clara's chair.

"Are we late?" she said. "I am afraid it is my fault."

"Ellen, you're wonderful," Clara said. "But why don't you save that for people who don't know George?"

She looked up. Fitz-Greene was leading Anna Lyle into the room, tall in her close-fitting pink, fragile and exquisitely slender, with keen, sad eyes, under a weight of mouse-colored hair. They were a striking pair, Clara thought, with a pain. How was it Fitz-Greene always seemed to form a couple

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of himself and any woman he happened to be with? Always there seemed at the moment to be a subtle bond between them, between him and every woman, except herself.

"Anna, hello," she said. "It's nice to see you."

"Hello, Clara." Anna's voice was low and toneless. "Hello," she said, with a half glance around. George was coming through the door. She turned on him a look of sombre, child-like admiration. She was a simpleton for all her shrewdness, or was it that since the young man from Richmond, she no longer cared what people thought? George would look silly if she kept it up, though. He looked so now, broad-faced and beaming under Anna's eye. Ellen could not be blamed if she were angry; not on account of jealousy, there was no cause for that, but it was exasperating to have one's husband made to look so silly. Fitz-Greene was extraordinary. The girls were all foolish about him, but never made him seem absurd.

"I bet I can tell you just what George did to make you late for dinner."

"You can't," Ellen said.

"He got home late," Clara said, "because he stopped at Father's stable to talk to Levi about the horses, and when he got home, you told him to hurry. Hello, George. We're talking about you." George crossed to the corner of the room, and sat down beside Anna Lyle. "Then," Clara said, "he played with Tommy. Then when you wanted him to come up and see the baby, he said he didn't have time, because he had to dress for dinner. Then he sat down in the library and read the evening paper till dinner time."

Ellen glanced at George and Anna in the corner. "Some of it is true," she said, "but you wouldn't guess what really happened. When I was nearly dressed I went down to see why he didn't come or even answer. What do you suppose he was doing? He had a whole set of harness on four chairs. You couldn't get in the library, and he was sitting there with that book on coaching in his lap, practising with the reins. That was at five minutes of seven. He would have been there yet. Do you think Anna Lyle is pretty?"

"Yes, I do. Did you arrange to call for her tonight?"

"Yes. She pretends she doesn't like to go out alone."

"Did George know you were calling for her?"

"Oh, yes. George is the one she asked."

"Well, then, I wouldn't worry," Clara said. "It doesn't look as though he was giving much thought to her, does it? He'd rather practise with the reins."

"With any one else," Ellen said, "you might think that, but George was always late when he was courting me."

The little dining-room could barely hold them. They were crowded close together. With the third bottle of Château Lafitte the din had become extraordinary. At the other end of the table, Fitz-Greene, his fine head slightly inclined, was making Ellen happy. Close in front of Clara, George and Doggie leaned their heads together across the board.

"You can't have a football team without a line," George said. "We've never had a line since I left college."

"That's right," Doggie said. "What about a little more of that wine?" He turned to Anna Lyle. "Anna, do you like this wine?"

"Oh, yes," she said, looking at George.

Mr. Johnson, beyond Anna, bent forward stiffly. "What I call an excellent wine," he said in a loud voice, and sat back in his chair with an air of finality.

"What there is of it," Doggie observed. He turned to Clara. "Doesn't seem to be any more wine."

Big Sister's voice boomed down the table. "Doggie, hush up!"

Doggie hitched forward in his chair. His knees caused the tableware to rattle, the candles to sway wildly. "Hello, Sis." He beamed at her with a mouth slightly open. "I can't hear what you say."

"What's this?" Fitz-Greene jumped up. "No wine?" he smiled down at Ellen. "Ellen, that's your fault. I never noticed."

He hurried into the hall, and down the steps beneath the narrow stairs.

"No, Fitz," Ellen called. "Every one's had plenty. Fitz, every one——"

"Suppress her," George called. "Mr. Johnson, suppress my wife."

Mun sprang up. "My good woman, what does this mean?"

"Sit down," Big Sister thundered.

Jeanne Balso, beyond George, passed her napkin about Mun's waist. She held him firmly, laughing.

Fitz-Greene came through the door, bearing two more of the sacred bottles, tenderly.

Amid the peppermints and salted nuts, they sat around the table, singing.

"Sing a song of cities,
Roll that cotton bale,
Nigger ain't half so happy
As when he's out of jail."

The noise was terrific. The gentlemen's cigar smoke curled and wavered.

"Savannah for its rice and corn,
But for niggers New Orleans."

George rapped his coffee-spoon against a glass. "Hold on. Let's sing that over and get it right. Everybody hold the chord on 'corn.' Then Fitz comes down two notes and I come up one with the bass. Anna, could you keep Doggie on the key?"

"I'll try to," Anna said.

"Sing right in his ear. Doggie, listen to Anna."

"What about Sister?" Doggie said. "She's worse than I am."

"Fitz," George called out, "sing right in Sister's ear."

"But I'm singing tenor," Fitz said.

Big Sister knitted her brows and frowned at him. "That's what puts me off," she said.

"Well, Mun," George said, "you're singing air, aren't you?"

"How can you ask?" Jeanne Balso said. "He's deafening."

"George wouldn't know," Ellen said. "He never hears any one when he's singing bass. He goes into a stupor."

"Congratulations, George," Fitz-Greene raised his glass. "Some people have all the luck."

"All right now," George said. "Mun, you sing in Big Sister's ear."

"No, you don't," Big Sister said, "you screeching idiot."

Good Doggie hitched his chair forward, and shook the table. "Throw her out," he said. Jeanne Balso smiled at him and let her big deep voice come welling up.

"Sing a song of cities"

Mr. Johnson drew in his neck like a puff adder. Mun raised a threatening fist above Big Sister's head. His thin, sharp voice cut through the others.

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Anna leaned dutifully forward and sang in Doggie's ear.

"Go along," he said. "I can do it." He turned and sang at her loudly. She looked appealingly at George. But George's chin was in his collar, his eyes were lost above her head.

With the fifth bottle they called for solos. George stood up by request, and with heavy strainings of the shirt front, gave them "Scots wha hae." Having pitched it a little too low, the deeper notes came out as little more than abdominal gargles, but he made up lost ground in the middle register and sat down to great applause.

"Now, Anna must sing something." Ellen's voice was hearty. "Anna, can't we have that solo you gave at the Monday evening musicale?"

Clara looked at Ellen with respect. It was the Mad Song from "Lucia di Lammermoor." What could be more inappropriate?

"I have no accompanist," Anna said.

"Never mind," they cried.

"Come on, Anna," George said, "let's hear it."

Anna stood up.

Her voice was finished, but small and artificial. They could not understand the words. But she was an actress. The effect of madness suffused her frail, nervous figure and her violet eyes so close to theirs. It cast a chill on them. They watched her uneasily and looked away. She sat down amid forced murmurs and clapping led by Ellen, amid the distaste of the herd for the abnormal, tinged with the faint contempt of the amateur for the perfection of technique. Jeanne Balso sang "Blow the man down" with a great swing and everybody on the chorus many times repeated. And, of course, Fitz-Greene was called on. He leaned his elbows on the table, and looked down at his plate. His voice was only moderate, but they all liked him.

"The lark now leaves his watery nest
And climbing shakes his dewy wings,
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings,
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes."

He looked down at his plate and raised one hand as though to shield his eyes from the light. Clara could only see his mouth moving beneath his curving hand. Perhaps he was smiling. She could hardly tell. If so, it was the smile of a singer, blind and lost. At the end, he did not raise his eyes. He kept them on his plate and lifted up his glass of wine.

The gathering was simmering down. The time had come for "Good Night, Ladies," and for wrestling with coats and arctics in the narrow hall.

"Don't stand here, Clara," they called. "It's cold. Good night. We had a lovely time."

In the green and gold drawing-room, she stood in front of the dying embers.

"Good night, Fitz. Good night, old man." The door closed. He came into the room. He was smiling; his face was dark, his eyes were dark from wine and heat and singing.

"It was a nice evening, wasn't it?" she said. "I think they all had a good time. Mun was in elegant form. He didn't take too much and he was so nice about being next to Big Sister. But then he had Jeanne Balso on the other side."

He stood before her, looked at her intently, as if what she said was of the utmost significance. "Awake," he said, "awake! The morn will never rise, till she can dress her beauty at your eyes." He took her hand and gazed on it. She gripped the mantel with her other hand. "Fitz," she said in a low voice, "do you love me," she said, "at all?" He shuddered lightly. "Oh, you're cold," she said. "Come by the fire. I'll get a stick of wood." He raised her hand to his face. She was touching his face again, so smooth, so dark, so warm and quick. She left the mantel, she flowed toward him, toward his arms and breast, and fibre. Here were power and weakness, thunder of blood and warm swift flowing. Here was her lover and her child. She would make him happy. His lips were in the first curve of her shoulder, he held her up and clung to her. She bent her cheek against his hair. "We must love each other," she said, in a strangled voice, "always. Couldn't we?"

He trembled violently, and pushed at her. She felt the mantelpiece against her shoulder. He thrust his hands in his pockets and started tramping. She leaned against the mantel, looking at the floor. His feet passed now and then. So it was over then. It had come to nothing. Let this time, then, be final. If she were sure of that, she could almost be glad. No more of this. She could rest then, numb and empty for ever. His feet still crossed the floor in front of her unseeing eyes. A dreadful peace came on her. The peace of death. She was about to die. And would even that change her?

"Fitz," her voice sounded far away but loud and clear. "I will never change toward you."

The feet stopped. "And I will never change toward you."

"We must go on like this then?" She seemed to ask the question of herself.

His voice was high and harsh. "Yes, if we can."

His footsteps left the room, tramped up the stair, up to the second floor, then on and up. There was the closing of the distant door.

XIX

It was late when she woke. She lay, stunned and dazed in her warm bed. Was it the unaccustomed wine or was it the heavy blow which left her numb? Thin, weak sunlight lay across the carpet. Beyond black branches, ice floes in the river were clotting together in the cold. On the islands, and on the farther shore, bare trees raised an iron mist above black earth and patches of frozen snow.

Just outside the window an English sparrow, withdrawn into a desolate bundle, stared fixedly into the room. His gray claws on the frozen twig must be frozen to the marrow of their tiny bones. No wonder he looked with longing at the shelter of her room. How could he know that she would be the happy one, if it could be arranged to change her place with him? He had better fly away and be content. If he stayed there, something might happen to him. His wishes might be granted; then he could never be merely a cold and hungry sparrow again. When she went downstairs, she would get him some bread and see if Christobel had any suet. She would do him a good turn out of the bounty of her despair. There was the bounty of happiness, that she knew; the summer of her engagement, she had been fantastic and probably absurd in the eagerness with which she had squandered inappropriate benevolence. But that had been a mere sportive ornamentation of her happiness, a form for her exhilaration. Was misery about to raise good deeds from a luxury to an anodyne, indispensable to her tor-

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mented state? Either that, or else, perhaps, she might turn savage like a lioness robbed of her cub, to injure all things living in a brutal world. For was not happiness her lawful child born of love and nurtured by her care? Who had a right to steal this gift away? She had done no wrong.

And who had stolen it away? Not Fitz-Greene. That answer was too easy, and, more to the point, it carried no conviction. Surely it should. She loved him, and it seemed he did not love her. Therefore, he was to blame. The demonstration was perfect, and left her perfectly unmoved.

Who, then, was to blame? Was it herself? Even by raking up each least item of her conduct, that could not be demonstrated, and even if it could, that demonstration also would leave her unconvinced.

No, she felt that not only was she held powerless in a trap but that he was, too. She did not believe, she would never believe, that he wished to leave her. In some curious way he longed to love her, or even did love her still. The two of them were caught in a labyrinth, certainly not of their own design, whose nature and extent, she, at least, could not understand. What then became of her notions of an ordered universe, a universe where love, sincerity, good sense, forbearance, all the appropriate virtues, brought their own reward; where marriage, based on character, with love, of course, to weld the two divergent personalities, was justly predestined to succeed? But what, then, were these other forces, which wrecked her simple and admirable scheme of things, and how could these forces be met? She was intelligent, she thought, more so than most girls. But now, in her dilemma, where she should call up, and where she had tried desperately to call up her resources, she could think of nothing better than to feed a sparrow crumbs.

Here in the bathroom it was dark. She lit the gas light beside the washstand and threw the match in the water-closet. Too late, she remembered that he had told her she must break them in two. Otherwise, they would stop up the pipes, he said. She had always disposed of matches so, without accident, but undoubtedly he was right. He was very clever about practical affairs. She fished the match out, a horrid task, although the water was quite clear. Then she washed her hands thoroughly, and used the scrubbing brush. There was plenty of hot water and there would be all morning. Christobel would need it in cleaning up after last night's party.

The windows were open in the dining-room, but a coal fire was burning and the air was not unbearable. The room was neat and fresh again with everything in order. At the sound of the window sliding down, Christobel came to the pantry door. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders.

"Hello," she said. "You look like you'd had a good sleep."

"My, that was a nice party, Christobel," Clara said.

"It was all right," Christobel said. "You know, they had me kind of worried about that soufflé."

"It was the men," Clara said.

"Sure, it was the men. They get drinking that wine and talking. I thought they'd never get through."

"Men are like that," Clara said. "They never think."

"Sure they never think. But what was I to do? She was ready to go flat on me."

"You shouldn't have waited."

"In the end, I didn't wait. One or two of them give me a kind of a look when I taken their plates away from them, half full."

"Oh, I don't think they noticed."

"Not notice them sweetbreads? Sure they noticed. But it was no time for foolishness. I suppose you want some breakfast."

"Well, anyhow," Clara said, "they had a wonderful time. I just want some coffee."

"You bet they had a time. Couldn't I hear them singing all night long? The whole neighborhood's talking about it this morning. The Middlecooper's girl asked me this morning whether we was running a joint here. I bet it's all over town by now. You better have some oatmeal too." Christobel left both pantry doors open when she went back to the kitchen. Her voice was loud. "The boss sure was having a time last night."

"Who?"

"Mr. Rankin. He's the greatest man I ever saw to make folks enjoy themselves." Amid the clink of dishes on the stove, her voice ran on. "Everybody takes to him, don't they, though?" A stove lid rattled. "Yes, sir, last night, he was on a regular high horse."

"Did he get some breakfast?" Clara said.

"I never saw him. I just seen that his hat and coat was gone." Christobel came in with an orange and a bowl of oatmeal. "I guess he'll get something at the station. Well, there's one thing about those station places. They have good coffee. I'll get the sugar. Yes, sir, wherever there's railroad men, there's good coffee. This friend of mine on the B. and O. says you can't run a railroad without coffee any more than without coal. Here's the sugar. I'll get the cream. All the same, I'd been ready for him, if I'd known he was leaving early."

"I suppose he thought you would be tired."

"Say, what's he take me for?" She was out on the porch at the ice-box now, and shouting loudly. "He worries too much about other folk's feelings. That's the trouble with him." Her footsteps came back in the kitchen.

"Christobel," Clara said, "have you got any suet?"

"Suet? No."

"There's a sparrow outside my window that looks half frozen and starved."

"No suet. Here's some stale bread if you want it, though."

After breakfast, she helped Christobel clean the pantry and put the mound of last night's dishes in the pantry cupboards and in the fluted racks above the sideboard in the dining-room. The smoke of battle still hung about Christobel. She accepted Clara as a shipmate who had weathered with her a victorious engagement. Clara learned a great deal of unsuspected news about her neighbors' doings and the customs and habits of brakemen on the B. and O.

"Well, that's everything," she said, hanging up the dish pan. "I guess you'll be alone for lunch."

"Yes," Clara said, "I guess so."

Upstairs, in the library, she sat down at her desk. What would she do with the day, and with other days to follow? She had never been much of a person to visit around at the houses of the others. Her house had always been the capitol. If she suddenly came calling, it would cause surprise. Perhaps some of them would drop in. But was that to be desired? So far, she had carried

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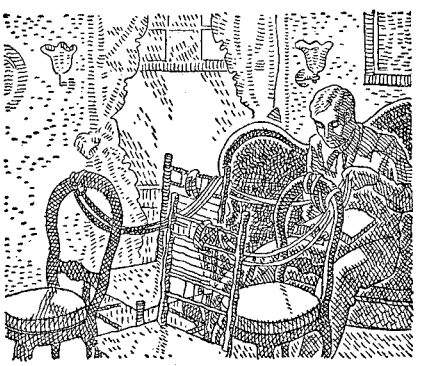
things along without a flaw, but now, if she met them, her secret might be guessed. A warmth sprang up in her. She knew what she would like to do. She would like to go for a drive with her father. The weather was ridiculous. Still, he drove in all weathers, when he had the notion. But might he not read her secret in her face? More likely than any one else. Beneath his firm stolidity the bear was astute. She looked at her desk. Meanwhile, there were some letters and the household bills.

The rows of figures occupied her morning. She checked each bill and added it. She spread the big check-book with its marbled cardboard cover on the desk, and wrote out checks for all the bills and one for Christobel. She had her pass book and the monthly balance from the bank. It showed a discrepancy with her check book of one dollar and ten cents. She attacked the problem. She verified all the entries on the stubs, pausing only to wonder crossly why check-books were bound so that the stub pages flew back as if on springs, and had to be held down by fists or paper weights. She verified her addition and found an error of ten cents. There was still a dollar to account for. She allowed herself a fantastic hope that the bank had made an error. She checked the addition in her pass book and then each entry, item by item, against the cancelled checks. All was correct. With resignation, she turned to her check book again. In the end, she found a place where in carrying a balance forward to the head of the next page, she had simply written it incorrectly. A mere mistake in posting and no reflection on her arithmetic. Still, the bank was always right; a disappointment. At any rate, the small adventure had helped to get through the morning, and there was still the account book to make up. It was a formidable affair, a tall heavy ledger, whose columns, lined with pale blue, were neatly labelled according to a system of Fitz-Greene's devising: a column for meat, for groceries, for household supplies, a column for repairs, for fuel and water. There was a column labelled wages, a stately blank, except for the single monthly entry under the head of Christobel Kammernich. When she had finished, she got out a smaller check-book and went over her personal accounts, but with less care. The way the money was piling up was quite appalling. Each month a check came in, accompanied by a formal statement bound in heavy, blue paper, the whole enclosed in a letter from Mr. Riser, written as though he had never heard of her before. The statements were piled in a pigeonhole of the desk. She rarely looked at them. They gave her a headache, with their Great Northern Equipment 6's, Nos. 29702–29712, their Shamingo County Gold Debenture 3½'s, and Baltimore Johnston Turnpike Company first 4's, due 1902. As if any one cared what was going to happen in 1902. She liked making up her check-book and



her accounts. There was a mastery and perfection in dealing with the figures and in getting the correct result. Already, this morning, she felt better for her work and for the neat "Balance, correct with bank," that crowned it. But these higher finances simply puzzled her. She had asked her father once what was the difference between a Gold Debenture 4 and a First 4.

"Never you mind about that," he had said. "You keep your check-book posted and balanced, and use your good sense in what you buy, and we'll tend to the income."

Her father had his firm ideas. He did not mind her taking a drink of his whiskey sour, but to learn about gold debentures would be to carry the hoyden too far. As for Fitz-Greene, he would have told her, no doubt, but it would have been at the cost of some respect. Not that he felt as did her father that a knowledge of debentures would constitute a diminution of her woman's virtue, but simply that, while good enough himself in business, he looked upon the whole apparatus of commerce as immensely tedious. While it was necessary for a man to suffer this tedium as a sort of penance which justified his otherwise amusing existence, he would not respect or understand a person who, without necessity, insisted on venturing upon these arid wastes. And so from mysterious and complex sources, and ushered by Mr. Riser's comical formality, the money came in every month, five or six hundred dollars; more than she could spend. Already, her balance inspired uneasiness and awe; over two thousand dollars. To have a sum like this lying loose in the bank, or however it did lie in the bank, was, in some fashion, to violate the proprieties and the moral code. Certainly it was to invite disaster. It was not likely that a woman so gorged with undeserved affluence could long escape the watchful eye of fate. She supposed she should give it away or buy jewelry. Thus, she would cease to be a target. It might be a good idea to consult her father. She would go up there after lunch.

Lunch itself was a heavy chore. With the closing of her check-books, the fervor of her mathematics died. In the dining-room, the sun was thin and pale. She was alone, abandoned to the bitter sky. The sardines on toast, the baked sweet potatoes were tasteless and dry. She knew that the pumpkin pie, left over from two nights before, would be dry too.

"What's the matter?" Christobel said. "No appetite?"

"Oh, yes," she said, and took a drink of water.

"Maybe that wine didn't set so good," Christobel said. "I know when I drink beer——"

"I'm all right," Clara said. "You know I haven't been feeling so well. You know Doctor Hartman gave me that tonic."

"Don't I, though," Christobel said. "I smelled of it the other day. There's one thing about that tonic. If a person can swallow it, they can swallow anything. Do you want some? It says a wineglass full after meals on the bottle."

"Yes, I know it does," Clara said. "No, I don't think I do."

She went upstairs to look at her hair before going out. The crumbs on the window-sill were gone. As far as the day went, that was a point gained. She got her beaver coat out of the closet. It would do her good to wear it. Her father and mother had given it to her for Christmas. No one knew

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how much it cost. From top to bottom, it was solid, deep, thick golden beaver, the most beautiful and the nicest coat she ever knew. But then she could hardly wear this old house dress. She must put on the cherry-colored broadcloth. But then she must hurry. Her father would have left and gone down town to the office. Her gray-blue house dress slipped to the floor, the cherry-colored broadcloth slipped over her head. Her hands squeezed through the narrow sleeves. Could she do up the side and the shoulder by herself?

"Christobel!" she called.

She gave her hair a pat and put on her beaver hat. Down in the hall, Christobel met her and did the hooks and eyes. At the doorway, with a freckled hand she smoothed the beaver. She stood on the marble doorstep, watching Clara up the street.

"Go in!" Clara called. "You'll freeze."

Christobel wrapped her hands in her apron. She kept on looking.

It was hard to be nice to Samuel in the hallway. Why did he have to be always so cheerful? Was he never unhappy himself? Could he not guess that sometimes people felt less than radiant? He must be an imbecile.

"Thank you, Samuel, I'll keep my coat on." She would not have him ecstatically wrestling with her beaver.

"Your mother's in the library, Miss Clara."

"Oh! Well, where is Father?"

"I think he's gone out. I'll make sure."

"Oh," she said. Why need he have gone already just today? He hardly ever did. Always he smoked his cigar first in his private office. Why should he have left early this one day? In the library, her mother looked up from the alcove desk beneath the Martha Washington. "Clara, dear." She raised a cheek round and firm under its microscopic wrinkles. "Take off your coat," she said. "If you leave your coat on in the house, then you catch cold when you go out afterward."

"Where's Father?" Clara said.

"He left early with George. They're going to look at some property along the railroad."

"Oh, I thought perhaps he'd like to take a drive." She took the coat off and laid it on a chair. She stared hard out the bay-window at the frozen river.

"A drive? Why, my dear child, it's bitter."

She heard the scratching of her mother's pen. It turned her furious. "Father's driving, isn't he?"

"But, my dear, your father is a man. He has his business. And besides, they took Levi and the station wagon. There would be no one to go with you."

Now she was obstinate. She would batter down the world, and have her drive, a freezing, joyless drive, but she would have it. "I'll take Sam," she said.

"My dear, that wouldn't do at all. Young Sam's just an ignorant colored boy."

"Nora's my horse," Clara said.

"But she's not been out for weeks, and it's too slippery. I heard your father tell Levi to have the pair rough shod this morning."

"I'll look at Nora's shoes myself," Clara said.

Her mother laid down her pen. "Clara, what's got into you? No one would want to drive on a day like this. In an open carriage, it would be absurd."

She kept staring out at the bitter weather. "Well, it's what I want to do," she said.

"You're a married woman, now," her mother's voice was cold, "and I suppose if your husband wishes it, you have a right to take the horse out. But I am your mother, and I cannot allow such a thing unless Fitz-Greene insists. Does he know what you want to do?"

"He's gone to Philadelphia," Clara muttered.

"Well, then," her mother's voice was firm and satisfied, "I couldn't dream of allowing any such thing. Let's talk of something else."

She felt her mouth turn to a bitter slit. Let's talk of something else.

She stared at the river. A delicate way to change the subject.

"I have been talking to some of the ladies," her mother said, "about the Crittenden Home. They felt that we should have some one from among the younger people on the Board. Naturally, it should be a married woman, some one who knows the—who knows the meaning of life. Without any solicitation on my part," Mrs. Rand was congratulatory and triumphant, "the ladies have suggested your name."

Clara stood up and threw on her coat. "You'll have to ask Fitz-Greene," she said. "Whatever I know about the meaning of life, I learned from him."

Out in the cold air of the street, her passion cooled. That was a stupid thing to have said. Her mother would guess. The visit was disastrous. If she could have found her father! She had added and subtracted her way through the morning and if she could have found him, she would have made a day of it. Now, there was nothing but the empty house.

She was hailed from a side street. Big Sister in a rusty, man-like overcoat was tramping beside Jeanne Balso in bright orange. What terrific colors that girl wore, and how well they became her.

"Hi," they said. "Well, how do you feel?"

"I feel all right." Her grimace must be ghastly. They laughed together. Incredible, they did not notice it.

"That was an elegant time we had last night," Jeanne Balso said.

"It was all right," Big Sister said. She gave a hitch to a paper bundle. "I'm not much for singing myself, but it was all right. My, Doggie was terrible this morning."

"He was terrible last night," Jeanne said.

"He had the most awful headache," Big Sister said, "and he kept trying to tell me it was something he had eaten. 'Yes,' I said, 'I suppose it was the sweetbreads. They give them to invalids, because they're so indigestible.' That's what I said. 'And who was the one who kept asking for more wine? I was ashamed of you,' I said. 'It serves you right.'"

Jeanne Balso laughed. "Hoist by his own petard. Poor Doggie."

"Hoist by what?" Big Sister said. "Poor Doggie nothing. It serves him right. How is Fitz this morning?"

"I didn't see him," Clara said. "He left early to go to Philadelphia."

"He would be all right," Jeanne Balso's nod was admiring. "Fitz can hold his wine."

"Well, Doggie can hold whiskey," said Big Sister, stoutly. "I will say that for him. He just never fools with wine. You set Doggie to drink whiskey," she said.

"Well," Jeanne said, "Fitz can drink whiskey, too, can't he, Clara?"

"I don't know," Clara said. "He never drinks much."

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"You know, Clara," Jeanne said, "I thought Mun did pretty well. He generally can't hold anything. Poor Mun!"

"Pretty well!" Big Sister said. "If you could have heard him screeching in my ear. I was almost sick myself this morning."

"I wish some of Big Sister's working girls could have seen her last night," Jeanne Balso said.

Big Sister was unabashed. "You bet they'd have been all for it," she said. "They do the same, only it's beer."

"Come on with us," they said. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going home," Clara said.

"Oh, come on."

"No," she said. "Honestly, I've got lots to do."

"Well," they said, reluctantly, "it was a great party. Good-bye."

"Let's have another," Big Sister called back, "without the singing."

"Look at the river," Jeanne called. "We'll have skating soon."

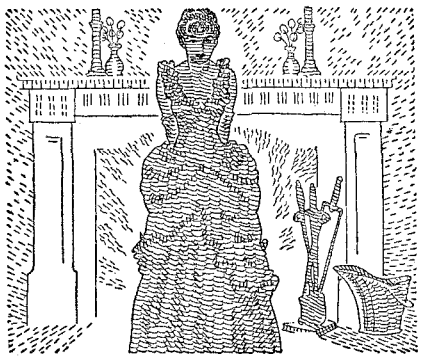
With an effort, Clara raised her hand and waved to them.

XX

She hesitated now to ask her father to go driving with her. Snow fell again, sleigh bells ran up and down the street and the light bump of runners over ruts. Then it turned warm and melting, languor and restlessness were in the air. It would have been fun to go sloshing up the river road under the dripping trees and the soft unnatural sun. But beyond a doubt her mother had told him how she had flung out at her, and above all, how she had demanded Nora and the spider on the bitterest of days. Warned as he would be that something might be amiss, he would surely begin to feel and guess her trouble, if she were alone with him.

It was necessary to dine there quite often now that Fitz-Greene was gone, but there was the protection of the servants and of the house's accumulated and established formality. When no guests were present, the three of them sat in the library till it was time for Levi to escort her home.

But this was not the only front on which she must defend herself. She had supposed when Fitz-Greene's letters first began to come, putting off from day to day his return, that her rôle would now be easier; the hardest part had been to carry it off in front of him. The relief should have been enormous. But as the days went on and his letters, brief but kind, kept coming, she felt that she was faced by new exactions. He was well, the business was taking longer than he thought, but everything was going well, the hunting, thank God, had been stopped by frost, his brothers sent their regards, his mother sent her love. He would have her come to Philadelphia but it was hardly worth while. He would be home now any day. Would she like to move



up to her father's or have Doggie and Big Sister come to stay with her? Sister could have a bed in the dressing-room and Doggie could sleep upstairs in his room. Would she need any money for her household accounts? She could make a transfer from her own funds, whose magnitude he suspected she concealed, and when he got home he would make her a refund.

She did not want to go back to her father's but she did consider asking Sister and Doggie to keep her company. An audience a little more exacting than Christobel might help her to sustain her rôle.

It was fortunate, she thought, looking back on it, that she had not given way to this first impulse. For she was becoming conscious that her rôle had, suddenly, somehow, ceased to convince. What had happened? Surely the bearing which she presented to them all was no less poised except for that single little outbreak with her mother, and naturally that would not be known in town. But just as she remembered dimly from a visiting lecturer at the Misses Wherry's, a jar of chemical might stand for so long a time, then swiftly change, so some unknown element in the group she knew had suddenly crystallized suspicion. Was it merely that their curiosity and instinctive morbid nosiness had led them to form and circulate a guess which happened to be right? An unusual triumph of their itch for scandal and disaster, an itch not ill-meant, curiously enough, merely mechanical and unappeasable. Or had Fitz-Greene's mere absence, prolonged from day to day, been sufficient to start their investigations in motion, and led to a more critical examination, which had detected flaws in her performance? Or did they deserve no credit, after all? Had her fancies of Fitz with another been prophecies and, now that he had been this time so long in Philadelphia where that other doubtless was and where also, so she heard, little that one did escaped detection, had the history of this other life been learned and spread abroad?

If this were so, then all her defenses had been vain, the wearing, ceaseless watch upon herself had gained her nothing. She was like an army, which, inflexibly defending a position against assault, awakes, weary but determined in a bleak dawn, to find that the position has been taken from the rear.

And like that army, she felt in the debacle a certain satisfaction, a cowed and contemptible but unmistakable relief. All had been lost save honor, she was able to say smugly, and honor, all being lost, could ask no more of her. The struggle was over, she was entitled in the eyes of all to lay down her arms.

In the eyes of all, that is, except herself; for after the first flush of bitter, but nourishing relief, she asked herself at once, has the defense been of no avail? How would I now stand with myself if I had not attempted it? She saw that while a failure in point of its result, in essence it had stood a defense of herself as much as of the position. As such it had protected her from her own weakness and despair and also from the degradation of inquisitive approaches. Even now, no one by a word or look had dared to hint of guesses or of knowledge. Whatever she had gathered, she had gathered by instinct. If she had assigned herself a rôle, she had compelled them to accept rôles for themselves. The whole became a species of farce, yet a farce which, like all farces worthy to be played, concealed an inner truth and was being enacted in accordance with certain universal laws.

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And so instead of finding herself relieved of further dissimulation, she knew that from now on, whatever happened, she must, as strongly as ever, maintain her pitiful hypothesis. Only so could she save whatever of herself was left for saving. And that there was something to be saved, she knew. Her love for him was desperate and unchanging. The blow was mortal. But no more than mortal. Love of the quality she bore him sprang from some quality within her which also could not be destroyed.

She was not then like an army which has been flanked out of its position. An army could be forced to surrender, or could be destroyed, and once that were done, the episode was unquestionably concluded. But she could not be captured or destroyed. The loss of the position did not, therefore, relieve her from maintaining, so to speak, her own formation.

At the end of the third week, Christobel met her in the front hall with a telegram. Night was falling, the hall was dark. She carried the flimsy envelope up to the library. What shock was to come? In the dark library, she fumbled for a match. The gas light sprang up. She tore the envelope. "Home tonight. Well. Love. F-G." She sank into a chair beside the fire, smiling tremulously. Here was the reward of honor. Yet how much was there of reward? No more than permission to go on, hopeless and futile as in the past. But that was something. The thread of life remained unbroken. While they both lived, while they were together, she did not give up. Give up? Not then, or maybe even, afterward.

And now, she had not long to wait. She stood up. She would change to a pretty dress, and sit beside the window in her bedroom.

The cab horse came clumping through the snow as always. What varying loads must he haul about in his daily toil, oblivious, indifferent, focused dimly only on his own dejection, indifferent to lovers, mourners, rascals, hypocrites, to virtue, merriment, greed, and cruelty, and to all other varied and unpredictable cargoes that rested behind him on the musty cushions. But of all cargoes, none could differ more than Fitz-Greene as he first had brought him home, eager and warm and radiant, and Fitz-Greene, as he brought him now.

The cab door opened, the bundled driver turned stiffly. Fitz-Greene's tall, narrow figure showed in the light of the downstairs windows. She stood up; then she sat down. At all costs, one must not press in upon him.

His step was on the stair. She leaned forward, listening. Let her prepare herself. He might go straight on to his upstairs room. No, he was coming down the hall. He was at the door. She looked up, smiling.

His face was terrible; old, pale, and haunted. "Clara." His voice was low and strained. "Clara." He was across the room and down in front of her, his face was in her hands.

Her heart stood still with fear and joy, "Fitz, dear," she said, "what is it?" She bent toward his bright head. At her touch, he stood up quickly. He smiled through his pallor. He touched her shoulder and withdrew his hand.

"I'm glad to be back," he said, and looked away. His voice was sad. He forced himself to look at her. "How have you been?"

"Oh, I've been fine," she said. She must not seem to study him. "You got my letters?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I'm afraid mine were very poor. I was busy every minute. Still, they always are. It was lucky we were never separated when I was courting you." He thrust his hands in his pockets and took on some assurance. "It must be a shock to get a letter like mine from a brilliant conversationalist. I suppose it's time for supper?"

"Oh, well," she said, "we can have it when you like. We always do, you know."

"Yes," he said, "you always do. I won't change," he said. "I'll just put on another shirt and my old coat. You can call me when you're ready."

"Yes," she said. "I will."

She watched him leave the room. His jauntiness was labored. Even so, was there any other figure in the world so gallant and engaging? Poor child, poor child! Lost and forlorn in a mystery. What must she do for him? What should she say to him? nothing, perhaps, as little as possible; be patient now, stand firm and quiet. For he was coming back to her. Be quiet, hold firm.

She went out through the bathroom, where she lit the gas, and filled the basin with hot water.

He was slow to answer when she called from the dining-room. She had gone there to make sure that everything was as it should be. She heard him coming down from his room. His light footsteps on the carpet dropped like small plummets down the stairway. He was stopping on the second floor.

"I'm here," she called out, "in the dining-room."

The footfalls left the stair and moved along the hallway toward her bedroom at the front. Fantastic notions swept her. He was bringing down his dressing-gown; he was bringing a present to put beneath her pillow. The footsteps came back down the hall and down the stairs. His face now had a trace of color and he was smiling, but his movements, while not heavy, seemed slow and muffled.

He stood at his place, looking down at the tall narrow cup beside his plate. "Hot chocolate," he said. "That will be nice."

"I thought you might want something warm."

"Yes," he said, "I do." He spread out his napkin, looking at it attentively.

"All right, Christobel," she called out. She hoped it was not a shout, too loud, too happy.

"Hello," said Christobel. "How you been? That so? Well, it don't look like they fed you right up there." She held out to him a platter of turkey hash, girdled with vegetables and browned potatoes. He took a little of everything politely. He was polite to Christobel, but absent. His attention seemed to be on the things immediately about him, on the heavy silverware, the cut-glass tumbler. Christobel went out.

"Were you lonely?" he said, without looking up.

"Yes," she said, "I was."

"You should have gotten Big Sister or Jeanne Balso. I wrote you, you know."

"Yes," she said, "I know. I didn't want any one else."

"Any one else? You're satisfied with poor company."

"I never said I was satisfied." Better a light note. "It's just the ill I know of." She smiled at him.

He stared at his plate.

(*Continued on page* 10)

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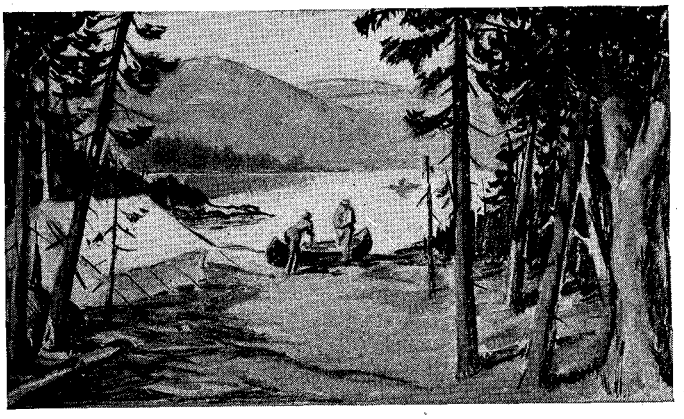

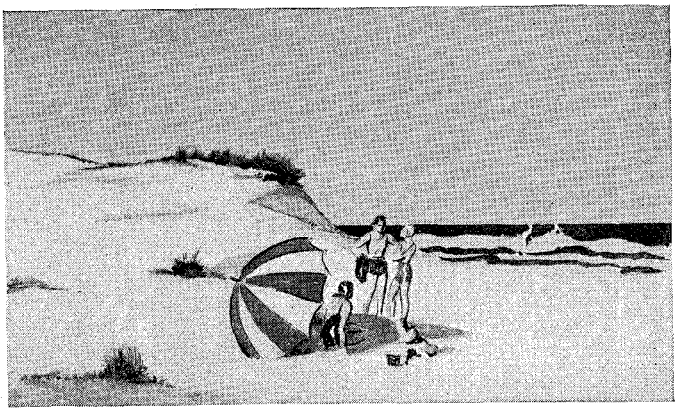

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Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.

Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.

If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.

Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

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In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.

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THE DARK SHORE

(Continued from page 64)

"And to be alone is an ill you know of, too." He looked up and managed to lighten his tone. "I see you are prepared to defend yourself to the last."

"To defend myself?"

"Yes." He still kept looking at her and still smiled, keeping both light and casual. "I noticed the pistol was gone from my bedstand. I happened," he added, "to be looking for those tablets of mine."

"Oh, yes," she said. "It was a silly idea. I just took it down to my bedroom. It's in the drawer of my bedstand."

"Yes," he said, "I found it."

"I took the bullets out," she said. "I was afraid of them. I just thought if a burglar came I would wave it at him."

"But if he waved back with a loaded pistol, he would have the advantage of the salutation. No," he said, "that was foolish. It's better either to shoot or to snore. Preferably snore."

"But what are you doing with a pistol then?"

"That," he said, "is the question. It's supposed to be an attribute of manhood."

"I locked the bullets up in my desk," she said. "I was afraid they might explode."

"The cartridges?" He flashed her a warm look. "You are perfectly ridiculous."

"Well, but they could explode if they fell down, couldn't they?"

"Not likely," he said. "Practically impossible."

"Well, if they fell into the fire, they could explode then, couldn't they?"

He was looking at his plate again. "Yes," he said, "they could then."

She was going to cry: "There you see!" He had started to eat doggedly and listlessly. She was checked. He had gone then to her room to find his pistol. Only that. There was no gift of his for her. No thought of her had sent him. She looked at him covertly. But what thought had he? It was a risk to look at him so. But what thought had he?

The food and the cocoa, however perfunctorily swallowed, brought his color back. In the end, he sat up and told her news of Philadelphia. He was amusing, as he always was, about his brothers. "The Infant Samuel in the lion's den," he said. "My nonentity is what saves me. Being lions, they can't imagine that anything so small is edible. And what's going on in town?"

"Not much," she said, "there was skating and then it thawed. And now there is good ice again. They're having a bonfire on the island tonight."

"Tonight?" he said. He looked about the room. "There ought to be a moon."

"Yes," she said, "I think there is."

"There won't be much skating any more this winter," he said.

"No," she said.

"Have you been?"

"No, I haven't gone since you left."

"You should have," he said. "That's absurd. Would you like to go tonight?"

"Tonight?" she said. "*That's* absurd. You're worn out."

"I haven't had any exercise, that's my trouble. Let's go for a little while. It will do me good."

"Oh," she said, "but it won't."

"I know myself," he said. "It will." He looked at her warmly. "Wouldn't you like to go? It may be our last chance. Come on," he said.

"I don't know," she said. "I just want to do what is best for you."

"I know that," he got up from the table, "better than anything." He came behind her chair and put his hands lightly on her head. "Come on," he said.

(Concluded in the next issue)

BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

John T. Flynn's new book will be out next month—*Securities Speculation: Its Economic Effects.* Last fall he served as economic adviser to Ferdinand Pecora in his work with the U. S. Senate Committee on Banking and Currency.

Stuart Chase is the author of the much-discussed *Economy of Abundance* and he has probably done more than any other one man to make economics popular in this country.

David Cushman Coyle in the past year has served as a consultant to the Housing Division and as a member of the Technical Board of Review in the Public Works Administration at Washington. Recent newspaper stories have made him familiar as one of the objects of Doctor Wirt's acrimonious speeches.

To many, **Claude Bragdon's** name will recall mainly the theatrical designing of Walter Hampden's *Cyrano.* He is an architect by profession but has been in his time a wood engraver, caricaturist, illustrator, publisher, author, artist-in-the-theatre, and lecturer.

Edward Harris Heth, who writes "Primer for Maine," was born in Milwaukee in 1909. Two of his stories appeared in *The Mercury* under Mencken.

After six years of thorough-going New York life, including hundreds of book reviews for *The Herald Tribune,* a few magazine articles and two short stories, **Virgilia Peterson** says she has gone into complete revolution against "freedom" and external stimulus and has married the man she intended to nine years ago. He happens to be a Polish prince and a business man, so she lives in the country near an ugly industrial centre in Upper Silesia where she sits in the sun and dreams about "the things I shall write about New York and its slaves to freedom."

The author of "I Am a Stupid Buyer," **Helen Christine Bennett,** besides writing for twenty-five years, has kept house from New York to the Gulf of Mexico and across to California. She believes firmly in direct and concerted action by consumers.

Mary Ellen Chase is having a new novel, *Mary Peters,* published by Macmillan in August. At Smith College, where she teaches English, they will tell you her classes are crowded.

THE letters which have come in about Dean Bell's and Dean Gauss's articles in the April issue go to prove the old theory that there's no surer way to start discussion than to publish something about religion and the church in connection with life today. The similarity of the titles of the two authors has caused confusion to some readers and we mention again that Dean Bell is a canon of Saint John's Cathedral in Providence, R. I., while Dean Gauss is not an official of the church but is Dean of the College at Princeton University.

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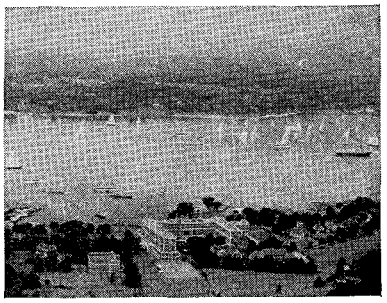

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

STRAIGHT THINKING

Sirs: I want to express my keen appreciation of your April, 1934, edition, especially as to the paper by Bernard Iddings Bell on the subject "Morality for a New Economic Age." Extensive reading, during the past four years especially, of numerous of the better publications as well as a large number of books on economic subjects has left me with a feeling that most of the writers are suffering with malodorous futility in all of their conclusions. Dean Bell has certainly penetrated the prevailing obscurantism and put his finger on the meat of the trouble—that we have put too much money to work, under contract, at the highest possible rate the traffic will bear, regardless of whether men work or not. Invested money requires no food or clothing, but we are attempting the ridiculous program of putting the maximum number of billions of it to work under long-term contracts (bonds) and letting humanity take its chance at getting a little of what is left.

The most conspicuous feature of the present situation seems to me to be the fact that Arthur Brisbane has alone and repeatedly called attention to the folly of our government "farming out" to bankers the business of creating money and credit, in a manner which costs the federal government always at least twice the amount of any money it so borrows (principal and interest) in the face of the simple fact that the only security behind any government bond is the willingness and the ability of the government to pay, through tax-gathering capacities, and yet bonds, with double cost, represent "sound money" while currency is by inference unsound, unless issued by a banker who thus "pays himself off" at the time he purchases (?) the bonds and draws interest on the bonds as well as the currency which he loans many times. But the remarkable thing is that in the face of these simple facts, not a single publication in America has ever taken the slightest notice of Mr. Brisbane's comments and Dean Bell's broad consideration of the matter is the first mention of this basic principle which must be recognized before we can claim to have done anything except experiment with superficial palliatives.

It is notable that Dean Gauss, in the same edition of SCRIBNER'S, also touches casually on the same subject. Are we at last to have some straight thinking from the Church? Burglars will never tell us how to eliminate burglary. Big business men will never tell us how to stop the depredations of big business. Bond coupon-clippers in the Senate and the Congress will apparently never become a party to the elimination of the money racket. I can think of nothing that you could do that would be more valuable than to enlighten your readers on the subject of the history of modern money. It is a short and crude story, but few know it. The first essential of democracy, if it is to mean more than a mere name for a theory, is an informed public opinion. Certainly the 1800 newspapers of the country are contributing nothing to this desired end; the schools have never heard of the subject, and the Church has chosen theology instead of ethics, so we are in a sad plight unless a few of the better magazines continue to do what you have just done so comfortingly to those of us who honestly desire a better world in which to live. More power to the Church, if Bell and Gauss are specimen representatives! And thanks to SCRIBNER'S.

Yours very truly,
JAMES CARDWELL RILEY.
South Bend, Ind.

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ATHLETE'S FOOT

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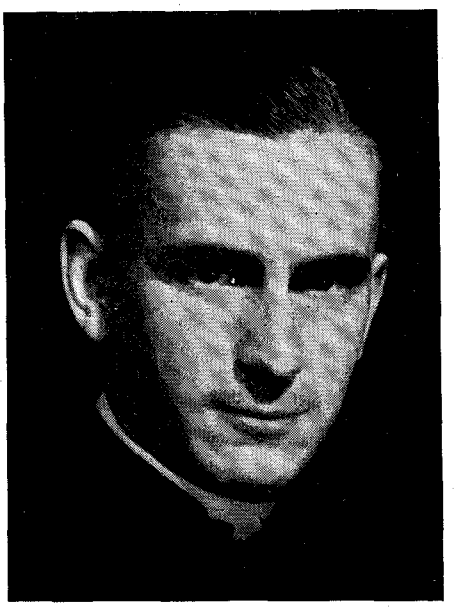
[Quoted from an actual letter in our files, from a minister, the original of which will be shown upon request]



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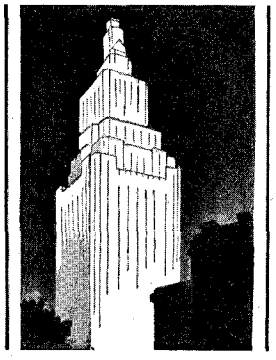

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BREVOORT

Sidewalk Café on Fifth Avenue. See life from behind a privet hedge.

CHATHAM

Chatham Walk in a private street has tables under umbrellas and a service bar to keep things lively. Candles at night but no music.

DELMONICO

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The Madison Roof is entirely open to the sky —with awnings, of course, for rainy weather. A long table against the wall is loaded with cold buffet dishes and one hot specialty dish each night. See what you're getting and enjoy it. As good as the family ice-box if you're in a hurry—and much more satisfying than most. From 5 P.M. on.

PARK CENTRAL

The Cocoanut Grove and the Tic Toc Club are open now. Weather permitting the skylight of the Tic Toc Club slides back and leaves your table open to the stars. Terraces encircle the entire Cocoanut Grove and let in every breeze that blows. Dancing for dinner and supper. Charles Barnett in the Cocoanut Grove, Bud Fisher in the Tic Toc Club.

PARK LANE

The mill wheel splashes in the Park Lane Gardens from noon on. It really does. A brook, white birches against mirrors, flowers growing before your eyes, and, through the open doors, festive tables in the sunshine. Open for luncheon and dinner with dancing.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Roof Garden twenty-two stories up is an excellent spot for viewing sunsets and the Hudson. Open from noon through dinner and supper. Music and dancing for all but luncheon. Don Bestor and Cugat's orchestra for dinner.

PIERRE

The Pierre Roof with Jack Denny's orchestra is covered, but two terraces offer a cool breeze and a splendid view to boot. Dancing during dinner and supper.

RITZ-CARLTON

The Japanese Gardens are outdoors, but not on the street and therefore are incredibly cool and peaceful. Quiet pools with goldfish swimming under little red bridges. Bamboo shaded porticos, roofed with Japanese umbrellas, looking toward the temple at the end of the garden. Open for luncheon, tea, cocktails, and dinner—with music but not dancing.

ST. MORITZ

Sky gardens, surrounded by wide terraces, Leon Belasco's orchestra for dinner and supper. The St. Moritz Café on the Central Park South corner is as near Paris as most of us will get. An awning over the sidewalk; mirrors in the wall; chess, checkers, dominoes and newspapers from all parts of the world.

ST. REGIS

The St. Regis Roof has Vincent Lopez for dinner and supper dancing.

SULGRAVE

The Sulgrave Terrace Gardens are of the sidewalk, but not on it. A hedge separates them from Park Avenue. Behind the hedge on the grass two rows of tables are divided by a flagged walk. If you tire of pretending you're taking tea in an English garden you can watch Park Avenue go by across the hedge.

WALDORF-ASTORIA

The Starlight Roof is really starlit, weather permitting, for the roof rolls back and you can lunch, tea, dine and sup with nothing but the sky above you. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians make dancing easy for dinner, and at supper he alternates with Zito.

●If coolness is all you want, there are some fine air-cooled jobs around indoors. The Renaissance Room at the Ambassador, for instance, with Jeno Bartel's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing. The Persian Room at the Plaza is another with Emil Coleman. And in the indoor Summer Garden at the Roosevelt you sit among palms and plants and watch a huge replica of Niagara in action with Reggie Childs as accompaniment during dinner and supper. After even a short tramp on the summer sidewalks, a long cold drink in the Barclay Café is as refreshing as a sudden breeze on a sizzling tennis court. KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON.

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